

TRAVELS

IN

EGYPT, SYRIA, CYPRUS,

THE MOREA, GREECE, ITALY,

&c. &c.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

INTERSPERSED WITH

Anecdotes of distinguished Persons,

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL OCCURRENCES.

BY

JOHN BRAMSEN.



Ordine gentis
Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam.—VIRGIL.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER XXV.

*Departure for CERIGO.—Calm and expected
Attack.—Island of ROMO.—ST. JUANE.—
—Storm.—Perilous Situation.—Island of
STAMPALIA.—The Deserted Island.—STAN-
DIA.*

Stan-Dia, (opposite the Island of Candia,) Oct. 1814.

AFTER remaining three days in the harbour of Rhodes waiting for a favourable wind, we sailed again on the fourth, with a fine breeze which continued till we were off the island of Simi. Here we lay for some time becalmed. The captain and many of the sailors pretended that the island was full of pirates, and were the whole day busily engaged in cleaning their muskets and getting

the four swivel guns of the brig ready, with all the solemnity of a preparation for action; but after all we found that neither the muskets nor the cannon were loaded. On our expressing surprise that this was not done when so much danger was apprehended, the captain said he did not see that it was necessary till the enemy should appear in sight. It was not difficult to perceive that our commander was a man of as little courage as nautical knowledge; and I believe the real secret of the matter was, that he was fearful of having the arms loaded, knowing that he had no authority on board.

On the 14th of October light breezes sprung up, and after a tedious course we found ourselves opposite the uninhabited island of Romo, where the breeze again slackened. Here five of the sailors lowered the captain's boat, without asking any permission, and rowed close under the island to fish. At six in the afternoon a fine breeze sprung up, but to our mortification these fellows still loitered near the shore. We were, however, keeping a steady course, and were within sight of the island of St. Juane, when the captain finding his

men did not come on board, was obliged to put about and lay too for them, continuing to fire muskets as a signal for their return. We were detained in this state of suspense more than two hours, and had lost much of the advantage of the wind before they came on board.

At nine o'clock we passed the island of St. Juane, with a fair breeze from the south-west; at ten o'clock it freshened, and we saw flashes of lightning to the south-east. About eleven the sky became much overcast, and the lightning grew more vivid. The wind continued to freshen, and about midnight blew very hard; our brave captain looked as black as the sky, he took in the main-sail, reefed fore-top-sail, and came below in a tremble to order the dead lights to be put in; at the same time informing us, with a very woeful countenance, that the weather wore a most threatening appearance. According to the custom of all the Greek vessels, there was a Madonna fixed in the cabin, under which was a lamp constantly burning. The cook came and administered incense to it with much gravity, as he also did to the cabin and the births, praying at the same time with the

captain in all the fervency of alarm. At one o'clock it blew a heavy gale and the sea ran high. To add to our distress, the wind was constantly shifting from north to east, so that after all our exertions they calculated that we were still eighteen miles from the island of St. Juane. Our situation began to grow perilous. We were surrounded by the various islands of the Archipelago, with whose bearings and situations it was evident our captain was perfectly ignorant, so that we were every moment in danger of running on shore.

At three o'clock in the morning I was awaked by a dreadful noise, and ran on deck to ascertain the cause. The night was so very dark that I could hardly see an object before me. The rain poured down in torrents, the thunder was loud, and the flashes of lightning very vivid. The wind had increased till it blew a perfect hurricane, the sea ran mountains high, and the vessel laboured very hard; the more so as the helm was held by one who evidently knew nothing of its use. I called for the captain, but no answer was returned. All was discord and confusion upon deck: the captain and his men were in a vehement dispute; the mate

had ordered the sailors to reef some of the sails contrary to his commands. I repeatedly inquired the cause of this confusion, but all the answer I received was, an increase of clamour and vociferation. After remaining some time in this state of suspense, the captain informed me with great agitation that the mate refused to obey his orders; that the brig was sailing at the rate of from eight to ten knots an hour, and that he was apprehensive we should run ashore on one of the islands by which we were surrounded. The mate pretended that he knew the situation of the island better than the captain, and assured us he would bring us safe out of the perils which threatened us. The captain was in and out of the cabin every moment, examining and measuring the chart; he was constantly attended by his faithful cook, who during the whole of these operations was continually carrying incense to the Madonna, and praying that she would enlighten the captain's mind.

About four o'clock we shipped two heavy seas. Most of the sailors had sought refuge in the cabin, where they lay stretched out on the chairs and benches, exclaiming *Maria San-*

tissima, and crossing themselves every instant. Only the mate and two men kept the deck, the others were too much frightened to move out of the cabin. The whole night passed in this state of uncertainty and alarm. When daylight appeared we found ourselves off the island of Stampalia, and only at the distance of about twelve or fifteen miles from shore, having run close under many islands during the night. Providence alone could have guided us securely through the perils which we had passed. We determined, if possible, to make Stampalia, particularly as the mate assured us he had been there before, and pretended to be well acquainted with the entrance of the harbour, which, he said, was a very safe one. This assurance revived the drooping spirits of the crew, and we were all in hope that a few hours would place us out of the reach of danger. But this hope was quickly disappointed; for we were hardly eight miles from the island when the wind suddenly shifted to the north-west, and entirely defeated our purpose. What made us regret this circumstance the more was the conviction that, had we not lost time in wait-

ing for our runaway crew near Romo, we should certainly have been enabled to make the port.

At half-past four it again blew a hurricane: the captain and most of the crew were of opinion that it was better to let the brig go before the wind, for as the sea ran so high and beat so furiously over the vessel, we should endanger her by keeping on our present tack. They said, the only choice we had was, either to try and make some port, or to lay close under the shore of one of the rocky islands. The captain considered the latter plan as too dangerous, and was determined to bring the ship before the wind; but there was no one to obey his commands. Almost all the men kept below, partly through fear of being washed overboard, and partly from a determination not to obey the captain's orders.

Mr. Maxwell, who, on all occasions of emergency, evinced the utmost coolness and self-possession, now exposed himself to every danger: and assisted by myself, the Scotch servant, and four men, who we had brought to a sense of duty, aided the captain, and succeeded in bringing the brig before the wind.

In doing this, owing to the captain's ignorance in carrying too much canvass, she was almost thrown on her beam ends, with her gunwale under water. As soon as she was about, the captain took in all sail and scudded before the wind. As all attempts to reach any port before night set in were ineffectual, the captain determined to keep on the present tack till morning. About midnight we were awaked by the cook, who was again incensing the cabin, and had so filled it with clouds of smoke that we could hardly breathe. The cabin with the lamp glimmering under the image, the dead lights in, and most of the crew huddled together on the floor, presented no very inspiring appearance. We enquired why they were suffered to lie in the cabin, and not in their proper births in the fore-castle? The captain cried bitterly, and said that the sea was breaking over the fore-castle so violently that the men could not sleep there; besides, added he, all depends upon the will of God. He repeated the old story, that according to all human calculation we must inevitably run ashore in two hours time, as we were almost entirely surrounded with islands, and as the

night was so dark it was impossible for human skill to avoid them. The only faint hope he had left was to make the island of Candia. We used every effort to cheer up both him and his men; telling them that though it was their duty to place their hopes on Providence, yet it was equally so to exert themselves to maintain their posts on deck and keep a careful look-out. The mate and four of the hands seemed to be the best acquainted with the Archipelago, and we prevailed upon them to keep watch till morning.

This night passed as uncomfortably as the preceding one: at every violent plunge of the vessel nothing was heard but exclamations of "*Maria Santissima siamo perduti!*"—"Most holy Virgin we are lost!" At daybreak the gale abated, and we found to our general joy, that we were not above twenty miles from a small island, which they pronounced to be Spina-longa; if therefore their suppositions were well founded, we could not be far from the island of Candia. The hope of shortly reaching a port of security cheered up our dispirited Greeks; they resumed their stations on deck, and made all sail for the island: but on coming near it they discovered

their mistake, and upon examining the chart seemed not a little staggered to find that Spina-longa was a port in Candia instead of an island. The sea ran so high that the captain would not risk attempting to enter an unknown port; but he was prevailed upon to alter his opinion by the assurance of one of the sailors, who declared he knew the place well, and would undertake to bring the vessel safe into harbour. The majority approving of the proposal, the captain at last consented, and the man taking the helm with a look of confidence, altered the course, and soon fulfilled his promise.

The entrance into the port was narrow, and between two jutting headlands; but when we had cleared these to our surprise we found ourselves at once in smooth water. The sensation which attends a sudden transition from a heavy sea into calmness and serenity I found very singular, though very agreeable. We dropt anchor quite close under the shore; so near, indeed, that it seemed as if we could almost have jumped on land. We secured the brig with ropes fastened to the rocks, and when this was done the vessel lay perfectly secure.

Proud of having accomplished his object, the sailor, who said he knew the island, now confessed that he never was in the place before ; but that he thought it better to risk making some port than to stand out to sea again, especially as the rigging wanted repair, and all hands were exhausted. We were astonished at the man's daring impudence, and returned thanks to Providence for our preservation. We immediately set about repairing the sails, and after taking the precaution to load our fire-arms and station a guard on deck during the night, enjoyed the luxury of a sound and tranquil repose.

The following morning Mr. Maxwell and myself, together with the Scotch servant, the captain and several sailors, went on shore. We took our guns loaded, and divided ourselves into parties, with a view to examine the island, and to discover whether it was a retreat for pirates. We found many stones heaped together in the form of a fire-place, and from the coals and ashes it was evident a fire had been kindled there: the various peelings of fruits were additional proof that it had been lately visited, and served to put us on our guard.

The island is about three English miles long, and consists of one entire rock; we saw no trees, but many small bushes of dwarf pine, and another kind of shrub of an odorous smell, with whose name I was unacquainted, but which resembled the wild myrtle. We saw several caves on the ridges of the hills; some of our party ventured in to examine them, but there was no appearance of any person, and they seemed to be merely places which pirates use for the purposes of concealment, and for depositing their booty. Whilst thus engaged we heard the report of a gun; we hastened to the spot to learn the cause, and found that Mr. Maxwell had shot a fine hare, who at the sight of him had not quitted her form, but had remained sitting, apparently surprised at the sight of a human being. The island was covered with ravens and jays, which were very vociferous; some of the sailors had robbed their nests and carried away their young, and the clamours of the plundered parents attracted swarms of their companions. The port has good anchorage, and is spacious enough for two frigates to lie in security. The place so abounded with fish that after a few hours fish-

ing our sailors returned with nearly a boat load : some resembled the gold fish and tasted like trout.

On our return we referred to our chart, and found that it was the uninhabited island of Stan-dia, a frequent landing-place for pirates, and sometimes for fishermen from Candia, who come over here to follow their occupation. We lay here three days, during the whole of which time the wind was extremely rough ; we could observe from the heights that the sea ran very high, yet the harbour was as smooth as if there had been a dead calm.

LETTER XXVI.

Island of CANDIA.—View of the Town and its Picturesque Environs. — CERIGOTTO. — ST. NICHOLLO.—Quarantine.—Governor of CERIGO.—Description of the Island.—Embark from the Gulf of MARATHONISI.

Cerigo, Port St. Nicholo, Oct. 1814.

ON Sunday the 18th October at seven o'clock we weighed anchor, and half an hour after were under sail: the wind freshened from the north-west with a rough sea; but as it was not quite favorable, we had not, even at four in the afternoon, entirely lost sight of Stan-dia. On the 19th we were entirely becalmed about three miles from the island of Candia, just opposite the town of the same name. With our glass we could distinctly see the fortifications, which are of Venetian construction, as also the walls which surround the town, and which had the appearance of considerable strength. We could even perceive that many of the houses were painted red. The captain told us that the harbour is very

bad, and that large vessels are much exposed there. The cruelty exercised by the present Pacha has nearly depopulated this once beautiful and flourishing island.

On the morning of the 19th of October we distinctly heard the discharge of cannon, and from eleven to twelve o'clock the fire was very animated, and only ceased at three in the afternoon. We sent several sailors to the mast-head, to see if they could discover from whence the fire proceeded, but without success. We had heard that the Pacha was on bad terms with the Grand Seignor, and that several villages were in revolt against him; it is therefore more than probable, that the firing we heard proceeded from some farther acts of cruelty committed by this rebellious chief.

The general aspect of the island is grand. A chain of high mountains intersect it; and Mount Ida towers in the centre, its lofty summits covered with snow. The town of Candia, surrounded by groves of orange and lemon trees, opposed to the transparent sea reflecting a cloudless sky, presented a pleasing contrast of nature. An English Vice-Consul resides at Canea, also a

Mr. Simons, a French merchant, who, we understand, are both very attentive to travellers.

On the 20th October, at ten o'clock in the morning, a fine breeze sprung up from the south-east, and we soon lost sight of this beautiful island. In the afternoon we came in view of Cerigotto, a small island twenty-five miles south of Cerigo; it is remarkable as containing only a single house, and that is inhabited by a Greek, who attends herds of cattle belonging to the inhabitants of Cerigo.

On the afternoon of the same day we entered the island of Cerigo. Its appearance was savage and wild, the shore was rocky, and there was neither tree nor shrub to enliven the scene. Our sailors being ignorant of the place, entered the small port called St. Nicholo, mistaking it for the port of the town of Cerigo: we were immediately put under quarantine. This port is very inconsiderable, but affords good anchorage: it is of such a depth that vessels of considerable burthen can lie close to the wharf; indeed this is the only secure place, as they are much exposed if they anchor at any distance from shore, where the currents run very strong. We were in-

formed that a large Spanish vessel, richly laden and bound for Cadiz, was wrecked off this port in a gale during the winter of 1813. The captain was on shore at the time, and it was with great difficulty that the crew were saved in the long-boat. There is a fort at the entrance of the harbour, which is garrisoned by some Sicilian rangers. On the 21st of October we quitted the brig Achmed, and felt no regret in so doing, having passed many uncomfortable days on board; she sailed the day after our landing with a fair breeze for Malta, the port of her destination.

On hearing of our arrival, Captain Taylor, governor of the island, favored us with a visit, accompanied by several officers; amongst them was Mr. Manucius, son of the former English Consul, to whom we brought a letter of recommendation. As we were under quarantine they could not enter our house, but he came to the door and made enquiries, offering us every accommodation in their power. Captain Taylor was so kind as to order that our quarantine should be made as comfortable as circumstances would permit; assured us through our guard, that he would do every thing to facilitate our expedition to the

Morea ; and as we intended sailing to the gulf of Marathonisi, to pay a visit to the Mainottes, he proposed hiring a small open boat to convey us thither. In addition to these favours, he promised to give us a letter to the Bey of the Mainottes, as did also Mr. Manucius.

The island of Cerigo is only forty-five English miles in circumference ; it was formerly called Cithera, and forms one of the seven Ionian islands. There is a town of the same name, which we were told is badly built and thinly inhabited ; we could not enter it in consequence of our quarantine. It has a castle situated on a rock and a small harbour ; the trade is very limited. The island is rocky, which added to the want of rain and the excessive heat during the summer, renders pasturage for cattle very scanty. There are hardly any cows in the island, of course milk and butter are scarce. The cultivated parts produce excellent grapes and oranges, with a few vegetables and lemons ; honey of a superior quality is made here. We went with our guard two miles from Port Nicolo, to visit some objects of antiquity ; we saw a kind of tomb, part of

a chapel and a wall remaining, but the whole is in so ruinous a condition, that it is impossible to trace its former state, and as the only communication we had was with our old guard from the health office, we could get no satisfactory information respecting it.

LETTER XXVII.

Pirates. — Adventure with them. — MARATHONISI. — The Bey. — Medical Consultation. — The Major. — Curious Particulars respecting the MAINOTTES. — Description of their Town. — The Castle. — Environs. — Visit to the Bey. — Our medical Reputation established. — Interesting Remains of Antiquity.

Marathonisi, October 1814.

WE embarked on the 24th of October, at three in the morning, on board the vessel which the Governor had hired for us, and sailed with a light breeze from the south. Our boat was not sufficiently large to permit us to venture far out to sea, being only of two tons burthen, and manned by a Greek and his two sons. A sail, four oars to row in case of a calm, a small anchor and a spy-glass, was the whole of our equipment. As the bay of Coron and the gulf of Marathonisi are the general rendezvous of the pirates of the Morea, our captain's intention was to coast along close under shore, and keep

a strict look out, though we were assured by Governor Taylor that, in consequence of an armed vessel belonging to the Grand Signior, which had been cruizing in these waters, the danger was not so great as formerly, and that many of these pirates have been taken and executed on the spot.

At half past four we got out to sea; the sky was serene, the water smooth, and the light breeze bore us pleasantly along. We had made nearly twenty miles, and no sail was in sight. At six we were only about seven miles distance from the cape of the Morea. We designed to make that point, and sail between the rocks and the shore, as being the safest passage for small boats.

It was about seven o'clock when we discovered a vessel, apparently a schooner, lying to, with all her sails loose; she was near the point of the cape, and so close under the rocks that she was almost concealed by them. We were still at too great a distance to be able to discern her movements; but about an hour after we plainly perceived that she had got under weigh, and was dropping very leisurely along the shore. Our captain in-

formed us that the vessel had a very suspicious appearance, and not a little resembled one he had been chased by a fortnight before, when sailing from Marathonisi to Cerigo: he therefore thought it advisable to sail outside of the rocks and keep more to the open sea, for with a light breeze we should soon be certain of outsailing her. We agreed to his proposal, veered about, and had not been an hour on this tack, going with a fresh breeze at the rate of about five knots an hour, when we discovered that the schooner was under a press of canvass, following our course. About eleven she gained so fast upon us, that with a glass we could plainly discover that she was built like a galley, carried several guns and was full of Turks and Greeks. She continued to come upon us, till we were only about five miles distant from her. Our captain and his sons crossed themselves every moment, and were continually pointing at the vessel and exclaiming "*Kakos! Kakos!*"

Our interpreter told us that the captain had no doubt but this was a pirate in chase of us, that our only chance of escaping was to row with all our might, and to hoist all the canvass we could. We immediately set too,

and rowed four hands incessantly ; this we all did by turns, and at the same time set all the sail we had. We found, to our joy, that by this exertion we increased our rate to about six knots an hour ; yet, in spite of all our efforts we plainly saw that the vessel gained upon us very fast, being under a full press of sail. Our captain proposed to lay-to and submit to our fate, as he pretended he saw the *fummata*, or flashing of muskets. It seems this is the usual signal of pirates for a vessel to stop her course, which if disregarded they fire and sink her. But we were determined not to consent to the captain's proposals, and thought it preferable to make for the shore, abandon our baggage and conceal ourselves among the rocks, in spite of all the dangers that it might expose us to, rather than yield in so cowardly a manner. We therefore continued sailing close under shore till near two o'clock, when our pursuers laid-to in the middle of the gulf, just opposite the port of our destination. It was probably their intention to fire upon us if we should attempt to cross the gulf ; but we continued rowing with all our might. Happily to our great joy and their disappointment at

about three o'clock it became a dead calm ; we were then about six miles ahead of the pirate, and determined to make for port. Our pursuers seeing our intention to cross the gulf, made all sail, and lowered a boat, but fortunately too late. We accomplished our object, and left the vessel in the gulf about four miles behind us.

It was not till near midnight that we gained the harbour, and found breathing time to congratulate each other on our fortunate escape. On our entrance a guard hailed us, and after learning who we were, permitted us to come on shore. When we reached the wharf the guard informed us that the Bey was not in town, and that the Major, the chief of their military force, was in bed ; they offered to shew us rooms where we might pass the night, to which we consented. We were conducted to a large house two stories high, built of wood. A large wooden staircase outside of the door led to the second story, which consisted of a miserable room unprovided with a single article of furniture. Lattice work supplied the place of windows. We arranged our mattresses as well as we could ; want of rest made us but little atten-

tive to the inconveniences of the place, as we were glad to repose ourselves after the severe fatigues we had undergone, having been the whole day exposed in an open boat to the weather, and labouring many hours at the oar without any refreshment.

About eleven o'clock the following day two of the Mainottes came to inform us that the Bey and the Major intended to pay us a visit. About twelve o'clock they came according to appointment, attended by a Greek merchant of Misitra, and eight officers belonging to their suite. We were treated with great politeness, and introduced to the merchant, who spoke a little Italian. We presented our letter to the Bey, who told us that he lived opposite our residence, and would be happy to see us: he added, that nothing should be wanting on his part to render our stay agreeable; he regretted that indisposition prevented him from personally attending us, but that the Major would with pleasure take that office upon himself. During our conversation some of the Mainottes brought us a pipe, and regaled us with coffee, which was served up in the manner I have already described at the house of Ali Bey. Our visitant appeared to

be about thirty, he was very pale, and apparently indisposed; he was affable in his manners, and seemed to possess a good understanding. He had short dark hair, and wore large black mustachios, but no whiskers. His dress was very plain, consisting of a small red berretta, or cap, a large loose gown, and green velvet waistcoat; he wore yellow slippers; a dagger and a pair of pistols hung suspended at his belt. The Major is a good looking man, and was more richly dressed than the Bey.

After the usual ceremonies had passed, the Bey surprised us by observing that he knew travellers generally possessed some knowledge of medicine, and were never without a medicine chest; he therefore requested that we would prescribe some remedy for a fever with which he had been for some time afflicted. He assured us it was impossible to obtain any medicines, either in this town or in the neighbourhood. Though all the terrible stories recorded of those who presumed to prescribe for eastern despots rushed into our minds, yet we promised to comply with his request, which pleased him much.

After about an hour's conversation they

left us, and were hardly gone when two Mainottes came, each bringing us a basket of fine grapes, one as a present from the Bey, the other from the Major, whose name we learnt was Isam Bey; they told us he was feared and respected even more than his superior; that his father was founder of this town, had expended a fortune on the place, and had been their former Bey. The Major himself had served as an officer in the Russian service, and formerly commanded at Zante. On one occasion he became more than usually communicative to us, and expressed a great wish to be again employed, either in the Russian or English service, as he neither liked his present station nor the army he commanded. The Major has two sons who are officers in the army, and two daughters, one of whom is married, the other keeps her father's house.

The Mainottes are quite independent of the Turks, and claim the privilege of choosing their own Bey, together with the other officers of their petty republic. They live in the defiles of this mountainous district, and regard war as the natural source of their existence and support. Their children are

trained in the same feeling. Indeed, their sole accomplishment and the principal branch of their education is the art of handling arms; to the use of which the women are equally accustomed as the men, and when their husbands are absent on military duty, they actually mount guard at home, with a musket on their shoulder. They are rather handsome, and generally tall and pale, yet stout and well shaped, and bearing in their bold looks the spirit of their profession. Most of those I have seen have black eyes and dark hair; their dress is plain, like that of the common Greek women at Zante. The inhabitants appear to live in great harmony together; and though habits of industry are incompatible with their general way of life, they are not without tradesmen and mechanics. They in general make but a miserable appearance, in a motley mixture of ragged Greek and Turkish dresses; but they all have a daring and defying appearance, and even children, as soon as they can handle arms, wear a dagger and a brace of loaded pistols, to which they immediately appeal in case of any dispute. About a fortnight ago, one of the women had a quarrel with two

Mainottes; in the height of her passion she seized the pistol of one of them, and shot him on the spot, and at the same instant wounded the other with a dagger.

The wharf commands a full view of the open sea, and the inhabitants sit there during the greater part of the day, looking for vessels. They often cruize about the Greek islands, where they commit great depredations; but travellers who throw themselves on their hospitality are seldom molested, of which I was an eye-witness. During our stay here, a Greek vessel entered the port in distress, with several Turkish merchants on board, who came on shore during the time she was repairing. Notwithstanding the enmity of the Mainottes towards the Turks, the respect which misfortune naturally inspires in men of the rudest hearts, restrained these ruffians from offering the least molestation to those, whom they considered as claiming their protection; and so conscious were the Turks themselves of the privilege to which their situation entitled them, that they sat in the streets and smoked their pipes as deliberately as if they had been in their own capital.

The Mainottes seem not to require much

sleep ; we generally heard them every evening till three in the morning, and not unfrequently till day break, dancing in the market to the sound of a tabor, which is their only music, and they always accompanied the tune, which was invariably the same, and which they called the war dance, with their voices.

This small town lies at the foot of a high mountain, and consists of a few miserably narrow streets ; the only place that is paved is the market square where the church stands : it is a low building of freestone, without either steeple or clock, and must not be criticised by the rules of Vitruvius. The houses are all low, seldom exceeding one story in height ; some few are of brick, but most of them are built of wood, and thatched with straw.

The Major lives in a castle situated on an eminence overlooking the town ; we mounted up to it, by stone steps in a very rugged and ruinous state. The gate was defended by two large mastiffs so fierce, that they were obliged to tie them up during our stay at the castle. The apartments were small, and contained no other articles of furniture than straw mats spread on the floor, and two low

chairs ; a profusion of pistols and cutlasses were suspended on nails around the room. The castle commands a very extensive view over the bay, so that the approach of an enemy may be seen at a considerable distance. In case the town should be taken, this place could hold out for a long time.

The Mainottes are fond of fishing and expert in it ; the fish are plentiful and they sell them cheap. The environs of the town afford but few facilities for cultivation, the place being surrounded by high mountains, which are partly barren and partly cloathed with pine and chesnut. There are but few gardens in the neighbourhood ; indeed the inhabitants are too indolent to cultivate the spots that might prove productive, contenting themselves with receiving supplies for their wants from Cerigo and Candia. A small boat arrived yesterday from the latter place, loaded with fine chesnuts, which were sold on the wharf at a very low rate. The port is spacious, but part only is secure for large vessels : the safest anchorage is to the west of the town, that side being sheltered by the high lands ; opposite the town it is not so safe, as large vessels must lay a quarter of a mile from the shore, for

want of sufficient water, and then they are much exposed to the south easterly winds.

One day as we were walking along the shore, about half a mile from the town, we remarked several large blocks of white marble projecting from the ground, as also a beautiful bath of the same materials with other remains of a spacious building. On expressing our surprise that these relics of antiquity had not been pointed out to our notice, the Major informed us that the seashore for some distance was full of similar marble fragments, and that wherever an excavation was made, these remains were sure to be found. He added, that very lately a lion of white marble, together with a column and a sarcophagus of coloured marble, containing two skeletons, had been dug up here, and that the latter was deposited in the church; these we afterwards saw, the sculpture was well executed, and the whole in a good state of preservation. We afterwards went to a spot, where, at a few yards distance from the shore, in a smooth sea, various edifices can plainly be distinguished beneath the surface; they told us that part of the walls of one of the larger buildings was visible above the water at certain seasons. These must be the remains of some town

that has probably been destroyed by an earthquake, or some other violent convulsion of nature. We were anxious to make some excavations on the shore opposite this place, but the Major appeared to elude our request, alleging as an excuse, that the Mainottes are too lazy and too proud to condescend to dig for strangers. I am confident, that for a certain consideration, permission might be obtained to search this spot, where it is very probable many valuable remains of antiquity might be found which would repay the labour and expense of such an undertaking.

We returned the visit to the Bey. I carried him some cream of tartar and tincture of bark, which Mr. Maxwell had brought from England; and my prescriptions had so happy an effect, either upon his complaint or upon his imagination, that the following morning he sent to inform us that he felt quite recovered, and was very thankful for our salutary assistance. We took care that a strong dose of Glauber salts should be taken some days after our departure, that in case its operations should not be approved of, we might be out of the reach of receiving the gratitude which these gentlemen frequently bestow on medical

men. We were credibly informed that Ali Bey beheaded a Christian physician, because a child of his died which the latter had attended. Accompanied by the Major and his suite, consisting of several officers of the army, we have visited the port and environs of the town.

The Mainottes are not well provided with horses, and never allow the few they possess to pass their frontiers, for fear of their being seized by the Turks. A Greek merchant, therefore, wrote to Misitra to furnish some, and when he came to inform us of their arrival, he requested permission to accompany us to his house in Misitra, where he pretended all travellers must alight, as it was the only lodging-house in the place.

LETTER XXVIII.

Journey to MISITRA.—Singular Escort.—Baniottes.—Description of the Country.—Adventure.—Valley of LACONIA.—MISITRA.—SPARTA.—Greek Merchant.

Misitra, November 1814.

WE quitted Maratonisi accompanied by the Greek merchant and sixteen Mainottes, each armed with a musket, two pistols, and a dagger. This escort, for which we were indebted to the kindness of the Major, was commanded by his two sons, whom he informed in our presence that their heads should be answerable for our safety. They were charged to guard us through the narrow defiles of the mountains, as far as their frontiers. Two miles from the town we passed three elegant antique fountains and basons of white marble, of Roman workmanship, and in a good state of preservation. After four hours travelling we arrived on the frontiers of the Mainottes; we then thanked our escort for their attention,

and made them a present : they fired a *feu de joie*, wished us a pleasant journey, and took a friendly leave of us.

These independent rovers entertain a great respect for the English ; and the Bey and Major are sure to pay attention to any of that nation who bring letters of introduction to them, from their desire to be furnished with arms and ammunition, articles which are, as may be imagined, of no small importance among them.

As a proof of the deference they pay the English, it may be mentioned that they keep on the best terms with Captain Taylor, the Governor of Cerigo ; and when these seas are difficult to navigate during the winter season, they permit the mail and dispatches of consequence to pass through their territory on the way to Patras, from which place they are forwarded to Corfu, the present seat of the government of the Ionian islands.

On reaching the frontiers of the Mainottes and entering the country of the Baniottes, we found a fresh escort, which the merchant of Misitra had ordered to meet us on this spot. It consisted only of two soldiers, one an Albanian, the other a Turk ; and yet we were

obliged to pay them the enormous sum of thirty Spanish piastres (equal to seven pounds ten shillings sterling) to escort us to Misitra. This Turk was formerly one of the most noted robbers in the country, and had been the commander of a gang who infested these very mountains, and who, not content with plundering strangers, even attacked and robbed the Turks themselves. In vain the Turkish government offered large rewards for the head of this bandit chief, who is called Hassan; they were actually necessitated to offer him a free pardon and protection if he would surrender himself. To this he at last consented, and has ever since remained attached to the body-guard of the Bey of the district. No one could be better qualified to act as an escort, as he knows the haunts of all the robbers in the country; the truth of the old adage of "set a thief to catch a thief," is here literally verified. He is between thirty and forty, dresses as a Turk, and has a countenance perfectly expressive of his old profession; it would have made a fine study for Salvator Rosa. He feels no hesitation in acknowledging his former mode of life, and had we been able to converse with

him in his native dialect, he most likely would have felt proud in entertaining us with a detailed account of his exploits.

We passed many high mountains, all occupied by the Baniottes, a notorious gang of robbers ; not, it is true, so independant nor so warlike as the Mainottes, but equally expert in their profession, and equally prepared to annoy the peaceable traveller. Although in revolt against the Turks, they dare not choose their own Bey : at least the Turks do not recognize him as such, and consequently, his power is merely nominal. Their country is fertile and tolerably well cultivated : they feed large flocks of sheep, many of which we met ; the shepherds that tend them, are no less notorious robbers than their masters. In passing some of the defiles of these mountains, we saw several large caves, where these banditti frequently lurk in ambuscade. Two of these mountain passes are particularly notorious ; on approaching them, our escort requested us to halt, and allow them to explore the place before we ventured to proceed. In passing the spot they discharged their carbines, and vociferated several Greek phrases, which I understood to be the watch-

word they formerly used, and which served as a signal to announce that they belonged to their tribe. Finding all safe, they made a sign to us to advance, and we passed the defiles without interruption.

We afterwards arrived at a village pleasantly situated on the slope of a fertile hill, and conspicuous for its old but strongly fortified castle, which we were informed was the residence of one of the judges. The country round the place was well cultivated and abounded with corn, barley, and linseed; the gardens were full of various kinds of vegetables, and produced peaches, olives, mulberries, and grapes of a superior quality. We were regaled with the fragrance of many hedges of honeysuckles, that beautiful flower so frequently introduced into the sculptured friezes of the Greeks. The inhabitants looked little less savage than the Arabs among the mountains of Jerusalem; they wore Greek dresses, if dress that could be called which was but a tissue of rags and tatters, and the shape and colour of which were alike doubtful. Yet, though barefooted and covered with rags, there was not one who did not carry a brace of pistols and a dagger. Our escort shook

hands with many of them, who had most likely belonged to his former band, and spoke to several that surrounded us.

In the meantime we were requested to ride gently on. We wondered what their motive could be for this private conference, and desired our Greek to keep behind and try to learn the subject of their deliberations. Being a countryman of theirs, no notice was taken of his joining them, and after continuing their consultation for more than twenty minutes they again returned to us. He informed us that they had been endeavouring to persuade our escort and himself to plan some scheme, by which they might rob us without their appearing to participate in the business. They said they knew we were English travellers and had our pockets full of gold, and promised they would willingly divide the booty with them. Our escort remonstrated and assured them we were poor pilgrims on our return from Jerusalem, which story had the effect of appeasing them. But our interpreter told us that nothing but the deference these men showed to their former companions could possibly have protected us from plunder. He said, that they

evinced every mark of respect to our guide, and called him captain and friend, as if he had still held his former rank among them.

The country in the neighbourhood of Misitra is very fertile and well cultivated. We passed a considerable village about four miles before reaching the town; the road near it was so rugged that our baggage horses stumbled at every step, and retarded our arrival at Misitra till a very late hour in the evening. Immediately on reaching the place we repaired to the house of Mr. Demitri, the name of the Greek merchant who accompanied us. Misitra is a considerable town situated on the Iri, a branch of the Vasilipotamos, the modern appellation of the once celebrated Eurotas, and at the foot of the not less renowned Taygetus:

..... *O ubi campi,*
Sperumque et virginibus baceata Lacœnis
Taygeta !.....

Before us lay the rich valley of Laconia, delightful for its situation and the variety of enchanting scenery which it presents to the view. The heights of the town are topped by a gothic castle, which is hastening ra-

pidly to decay. The place has to boast of a good church and a hospital; and the Jews, who are numerous here, have a synagogue. The houses are mostly built of wood, of but one story high, and are generally situated at the back of a spacious court-yard. The streets are narrow and have no pavement.

We took an excursion to see the ruins of ancient Sparta, which M. De Chateaubriand, by his visit there in 1806, has excited so much attention to by the discoveries he made. Former visitants, relying upon the authority of great names, had been accustomed to consider Misitra as the actual site of ancient Sparta, till this celebrated author satisfactorily proved the contrary. To the eye of the classical scholar the place must certainly have its charms, though it presents nothing to the view but heaps of shapeless ruins; and the neighbourhood of the place is so infested by the Baniottes, that the traveller must not think of venturing to examine these remains of antiquity, without obtaining an escort of at least two soldiers from the Aga of Misitra. If the genius of ancient Lacedemon has not descended to their posterity,

these banditti prove at least that they inherit the spirit of robbery which its laws inculcated.

We had not heard the best of characters of Mr. Dimitri the Greek merchant, and we did not quit him without witnessing a few of his tricks. The postmaster is one of his relations, and by way of detaining us as his inmates, he managed to keep back the horses we had ordered for our departure, and at last we were obliged to make complaint to the Aga, who sent an armed soldier with our Greek to the postmaster, threatening to give him personal chastisement if he did not instantly comply with our demands. The most advisable thing to be done on arriving here, is to send to the Aga of the town, who is very polite to travellers, and to request him to recommend a respectable house. In ordering horses, it will be proper to apply personally, as this plan will prevent much delay and imposition. The short way to Calamata, which is only sixteen miles, ought to be avoided, as it is so infested by the Mainottes that it is almost impossible to escape being robbed; the proper plan is to proceed

by the way of Leondari, which will take up about six hours and afford an opportunity to visit Sinaud and Megalopolis. At Calamata, Doctor Connelio Avil, a native of Zante, will be found a very desirable acquaintance by strangers, to whom he is always attentive, and willing to furnish those who wish to visit the Mainottes with letters of recommendation.

LETTER XXIX.

Departure for TRIPOLIZZA. — Bajourdie, or Passport.—Tartar, his Character and Behaviour.—Description of TRIPOLIZZA.

Tripolizza, November 1814.

ALTHOUGH our friendly landlord was more than commonly anxious to persuade us that an escort to this town was necessary, we were determined to follow our better judgment, and left Misitra without the incumbrance of one. The road is not very interesting; we were constantly ascending and descending hills where nothing but barrenness and desolation reigned, and only an occasional clump of stunted oak relieved the dreariness of the waste. We passed many Turkish as well as Greek travellers, who journeyed unconcernedly along without appearing to pay the slightest attention to our small cavalcade, and reached this place without any adventure worth relating. The distance is about eight miles. As the residence of the dragoman of

the Pacha, which is the best lodging-house in the town, was full, we were obliged to alight at the house of an old Greek who was recommended to us by the dragoman. The lodging was decent enough, but so intolerably infested with *pulci*, that although we were heartily fatigued with our mountain journey we could scarcely close our eyes a moment. It would be advisable for travellers to write to the dragoman some days before their arrival, in order to bespeak lodgings at his house, and to request him to have a *bajourdie*, or Turkish passport, ready for them, that there may be nothing to detain them on the road. However, it is better to prevent all possibility of detention by previously applying for it at their respective consuls in the first port of the Morea at which they touch. The *bajourdie* for our party was obtained by Mr. Stranie, English Consul at Patrass; but fearing it might not arrive in time, we also wrote to the dragoman of the Pacha, who obtained one for us five hours after the demand was made. *

* The fees for procuring it were as follow:—For the officer who brought it from the Pacha a present of thirty-one piastres; to the servants of the Pacha twenty-six,

Although this passport entitles the traveller to the service of the Tartar who accompanies him free of all expense, and though his food and lodging are provided for him at all the inns on the road, yet it is customary to pay five piastres per post to the *churgie*, or postilion, who shows the way, and twelve piastres per day to the Tartar.* He must also be provided for by the traveller during the whole time of his attendance; some present is also expected by the landlord as a recompence for lodging and provisions.

In order to make sure of a good Tartar it is necessary to write to the person who takes the passport, and beg him to be particular in his choice.† Wherever the Tartar comes, his orders must be immediately executed, as he represents the Pacha, and being “dressed in a little brief authority,” he takes care to make ample use of it. At the least neglect of his

and to the post-master, eighteen; besides eight to the chief of the Tartars, and the same to the servants and grooms.

* The piastres here spoken of are not Spanish piastres, but money of the Morea.

† Our Tartar's name was Chalib of Tripolizza. I commend him to travellers for his praiseworthy behaviour.

orders he will grow furious and lay his whip most unmercifully on the postillions; nay, sometimes he did not even spare the postmasters themselves, making use of his sabre with as little ceremony as his whip, and on more than one occasion we were obliged to restrain the tempest of his overweening zeal.

These men are differently dressed from the Turks; they wear a high red Tartar cap, large loose red trowsers of the Cossack shape, yellow half boots, a red jacket with large sleeves, a loose *dolman* suspended from one of their shoulders, a dagger, and a brace of loaded pistols in their girdle, and in their hands a whip, which, as I have already observed, they are very fond of using. They make what demands they please at the inns, which are immediately obeyed without any remuneration. This roughness of manners does not stop here, it extends even to the fair sex, by whom they are generally held in great dread. As soon as our Tartar arrived at the lodgings our landlord immediately locked up his three daughters and his wife, who was near sixty; what charms soever she might still retain in the eyes of her husband, to us, at least, she seemed more calculated to frighten than to captivate any human being—even a

Tartar. The Pacha often sends the Tartars as couriers; they have generally a *churgie* riding before them at full gallop, and they follow him at the same speed, constantly beating the horse, and often the rider if he cannot manage to distance them. We were advised when we came near a post to dispatch the Tartar forward, as well to order horses, which always takes some time to get ready, as to prepare lodgings, not always easy to be procured immediately. Experience made us take the precaution of ordering the *churgie* to return as soon as the Tartar had procured lodgings, and wait for our arrival at the gates of the town, as we had often been obliged to wander for hours in a strange place without finding them.

Tripolizza is a considerable town, situated in the valley of Tegea. The houses are modern and built of brick; some are extensive edifices and have spacious court-yards in front. This place is surrounded by strong walls, and is the residence of the Patriarch of the Morea, as well as of the Pacha; the latter has a spacious mansion, built chiefly of wood, with extensive court-yards and stables. There are several handsome churches and a large

mosque. Mantinea is only two hours ride from hence, and affords a pleasant excursion: the ruins of its walls are still visible, and it offers several other remains worthy the notice of the antiquary. Leondari is also within a short ride from the town. The trade of Tripolizza consists in corn and wool, but it is very inconsiderable; the exports are shipped at Lerna, a port twenty-four miles distant at the extremity of the gulf of Napolis.

LETTER XXX.

*Country from TRIPOLIZZA to ARGOS.—Scenery.
 —ARGOS.—Description of the Town.—View
 from the Citadel. — Antiquities. — Tomb of
 AGAMEMNON. — Mountain Scenery. — Co-
 RINTH.—MALARIA. — Antiquities. — ACRO-
 CORINTH.—Departure for Athens.*

Corinth, November 1814.

THE road from Tripolizza to Argos is extremely interesting, and offers many noble and enchanting views. The country is very mountainous, and the way over the heights is narrow and steep. We met a great many Greeks with their asses laden with wood, and some with large hampers filled with vegetables. They suffered these animals to wander at random along the road, which was sometimes so strait and so bordered by precipices that we stood in danger of being thrown down by the passing throng. It was in vain to call out to the drivers to proceed in order; they ran against our *churgie* and threw him from his horse. The road on this spot was particularly

dangerous, so that had he fallen from the precipice he would inevitably have been dashed to pieces. The only person to whom they paid any deference was our Tartar, who rode on before with all due gravity and self-importance. They always made room for him, but as soon as he had passed they pushed again into the road and boldly disputed the whole breadth of the pass.

Some very interesting remains of antiquity, part of which are in the pyramidical form, have been lately discovered about half way between Tripolizza and Argos, to the left of the road. This latter place is eight hours distance from Tripolizza. But few remains are left to tell of the once flourishing honours of this celebrated capital of the Peloponesus. Among them the most conspicuous ruins are those of the theatre, which was entirely excavated from a rock, and of which sixty-four seats are still remaining. The modern town consists only of a few narrow, miserable, and ill paved streets; but the situation of the place is very delightful, opening upon a fertile plain. It had formerly a fine citadel on a high rock, called Larrissa; the modern fortress is evidently built from the ruins of the former edi-

fice, as many fragments of antiquity are still visible in the walls. The view from this spot is at once beautiful and magnificent: the whole Argolic territory lay below us; to the south-east we looked down upon Nauplia, Tiryns, and a range of country extending even to the extremity of the gulf. The view to the west spreads over the greatest part of Arcadia, and is only bounded by the blue summits of the mountains of Laconia.

After our eyes had rested for some time upon a prospect so well calculated to awaken the most interesting recollections of the past, we descended into the town, and afterwards visited the bazar, where the shops displayed a variety of rich fruit that bore testimony to the fertility of the environs. Near the town is an object of curiosity not to be overlooked: it lies on the left coming from Tripolizza, and consists of a spacious cave, hollowed out of a rock, of very peculiar form, with a stream of limpid water issuing from it. If leisure permits, a visit ought also to be made to Nauplia, or, as it is now called, Napoli di Romania, which is a fine seaport, and memorable as the birth-place of Eurystheus. Another relic of anti-

quity is the tomb of Agamemnon, situated near a small village to the right of the road from Argos to Corinth. In its external appearance it seems to be nothing more than a mound of earth, of a circular form, but a trench leads to the door of the tomb, and on entering we were astonished to find it an immense circular chamber, built of stone, and terminating in a dome. There is something very grand in the internal view of this singular building, which appears, from the remains of many nails or rivets around the sides, to have been formerly lined with plates either of marble or of metal.

After quitting Argos we passed through a fertile plain, and crossed many high mountains covered with pines and chesnut trees. From the heights of this mountainous range we beheld one of those magnificent and extensive views that is sufficient to repay all the fatigues of the most toilsome journey, spreading from the Gulf of Lepanto to the opposite side of the isthmus as far as the Gulf of Ægina.

Corinth, known also by the modern appellation of Corantho, stands at the foot of the

mountains in a plain that extends to the sea of Crissa, now called the Gulf of Lepanto. It is a long straggling place, but can boast of some tolerable good buildings. It is well paved, and its castle kept in better repair, and in a more compleat state of defence than any I had for some time witnessed, but they want the convenience of a good harbour. The town is much infected with the *malaria*, and during the spring and autumn fevers of a very malignant nature are predominant, caused by its low situation and the bad quality of the water. Our stay here was consequently but short, and scarcely allowed us time to take even a cursory view of the antiquities of the place, which include, among many other objects worthy of attention, the remains of the temple of Juno, those of the temple of Octavia, and the singular dropping fountain of the nymph Pirene, whom the fanciful mythology of Greece represented as pouring forth such abundance of tears for the loss of her son, that she was changed into a fountain. At Nemæa, four miles from Corinth, are the celebrated remains of the temple of Jupiter. From the heights of Acro-Corinth the prospect is pronounced by a celebrated

traveller to be one of the most delightful in the world,* not only commanding the two seas that wash the shores of the isthmus, but catching a glance of the citadel of Athens itself, and of Cape Colonna, in the distance: the summits of Parnassus and Helicon tower to the north west; the Gulf of Lepanto spreads out its ample bosom like a vast lake enclosed between the swell of the two shores, while the mountains of Argolis and Sicyon rise boldly in the south.

* "It is," said Spon, "one of the most delightful views in the world." I can easily believe him, for even from the foot of Acro-Corinth the prospect is enchanting.—*Travels in Greece of M. de Chateaubriand*, vol. i, p. 178.

LETTER XXXI.

Turkish Kan. — Guard-House. — View of MEGARA. — ATHENS. — English Consul. — Society for the Education of the Greeks. — Signor LUSIERI. — Visit to the Temple of THESEUS. — Grave of TWEDDELL. — AREOPAGUS. — PNYX. — ACROPOLIS. — PARTHENON. — Remarks on LORD ELGIN. — ERECTHEUS. — Theatre of BACCHUS. — Monument of LYSICRATES. — Temple of JUPITER-OLYMPIUS. — View from Mount ANCHESMUS. — Climate. — Convent.

Athens, November 1814.

As the distance from Corinth to this city is sixty English miles, and is generally considered as a sixteen hours journey, we decided on leaving Corinth in the afternoon, with a determination to sleep at the Kan, a distance of six hours on the road. We found the ride for the first two miles very agreeable, keeping constantly in sight of the Gulf of Lepanto, through a fertile and well cultivated country; but about three miles further the road becomes

very rugged, and masses of rock which the rains had loosened from the mountains frequently obstructed the way. We passed many clumps of chesnut and pine trees, some of which were very large and luxurious.

On our arrival at the Kan we found to our mortification that it was full of Turkish travellers. The officer of the guard-house, which is situated near the latter place, very politely offered us part of his room for the night, and we were glad to accept his obliging offer. Our *churgie* put our horses in the stable, which was large enough to hold a considerable number, and we retired to our quarters. The guard-house is supported by the Aga of Athens, and an officer and six soldiers are maintained there. Their duty is to inspect the *bajourdie* or passport of travellers, who, if unprovided with regular ones, they are stopt and not suffered to continue their journey to Athens. They are obliged, every two hours, to dispatch a patrol into the neighbouring mountains, to arrest any person whom they may deem a suspicious character. The caves in these mountains afford an easy retreat to banditti, and the loneliness of the spot affords the tra-

veller no means of assistance. The Kan was no less miserable than the guard-house ; they had both large fissures in the walls, the rain poured in from the roof and beat through the broken shutters, which supplied the place of windows. The officer's single apartment served for drawing-room, bed-room, kitchen and cellar ; and what is more, was actually the mess-room of the small garrison, where they smoked and slept *en masse*. A large fire served for all to cook by, and a single closet contained their various articles of provision. It had rained in torrents during the latter part of the journey, and we were so tired and wet that in spite of the unsavoury vapours which floated around the place, the heat and smoke, and the swarms of vermin that brooded in the old mats without ever being discomposed, we laid down and slept as soundly as on the most luxurious couch ; nor had the constant bustle of the Turks and the noise of tongues the slightest power to disturb us. The soldiers who composed the guard presented a most deplorable appearance, and were almost in tatters ; their commanding officer was scarcely any better accoutered, and could only be distinguished

from the rest by the richly ornamented dagger and brace of pistols he wore in his belt.

Next morning, after making a present to the guard, we proceeded on our journey to Athens. After advancing about twenty-four miles we passed in view of Megara, which we left to the right. At a short distance from this place we saw many Greek women washing in a stream to the left of the road: several were well dressed and handsome in their persons, and altogether formed an interesting groupe. They appeared very merry in the midst of their occupation, and greeted us with a smile as we passed, which our Tartar did not fail to return, but his features gained no new graces from the expression of gallantry being added to them. After proceeding twelve miles farther we came to a very pleasant village, which was so inviting in its appearance that we halted there for sometime and took our dinner. The road from this place to Athens is very delightful, and increases in interest at every step.

At length we entered the *Via Sacra* as we passed the monastery of Daphne, erected on the ruins of a temple of Apollo. At some little distance farther we observed the re-

mains of an edifice, which I believe was dedicated to Venus. The mountain-pass now began to widen. We hastened onward with alacrity in all the fervour of expectation, and on clearing the angle of an opposing mountain the plain of Athens burst suddenly upon our view. The first object that caught and rivetted our eye was the elevated point of Acropolis, with its citadel and its towering columns. It stood on the opposite part of the plain, exhibiting a clustered group of the various buildings of the Propylæa, the Parthenon, and the temple of Erectheus. Mount Hymettus towered behind and presents a splendid background to this picture, unparalleled upon earth. He who could behold such a scene unmoved, must indeed deserve pity; a scene once enlightened by the wisdom of Socrates, illustrated by the virtues of Alcibiades, and ornamented by the patriotism and taste of Pericles. The recollections of the schoolboy and the maturer speculations of the man here blend together and unite to render this place at once the most interesting and the most memorable spot in the world. Here, during its brighter period, the human mind assumed the highest polish of which it was capable, excelling

at once in the love of the beautiful and in the powers of bringing that feeling into action ; and here, even in her decline, she summoned the youth of less polished climes to pursue their studies and drink at their fountain-head the streams of science and civilization. Pliny the younger, writing to Maximus, proconsul of Achaia, exclaims :*

“ Illam veram et meram Greciam, in quâ
“ primum humanitas, literæ inventæ esse cre-
“ duntur ; reverere gloriam veterem, et hanc
“ ipsam senectutem, quæ in homine vene-
“ rabilis, in urbibus sacra est. Sit apud
“ te honor antiquitati, sit ingentibus factis,
“ sit fabulis quoque ; habe ante oculos, hanc

* When you behold ancient Greece, where politeness and learning itself are supposed to have taken their first rise, revere the glory of their former days, and even that very antiquity itself ; for age, as it is venerable in men, is in states sacred. Honor them, therefore, for their deeds of old ; for those which time, and I do not scruple to add, which fabulous history recorded. Remember, it was from this nation we derived our laws ; that she did not receive ours by conquest, but gave us her own at our request. Remember, it is *Athens* that you approach !

“esse terram quæ nobis miserit jura, quæ
“leges non victa acceperit, sed petentibus
“dederit; *Athenas* esse quas adeas.”

On reaching the city we alighted at the house of Mr. Califarna, which is at a short distance from the residence of Mr. Logoteti, the English Consul. But we afterwards wished that we had taken up our abode at the house of Mrs. Macrea, the widow of the former English Consul, who keeps a comfortable establishment, and has a very select society, with the additional attraction of three lovely daughters.

I cannot give a better idea of the style of beauty by which these fair Athenians are distinguished, than is conveyed in the elegant manner of one of the most susceptible and most eloquent poets of the present age, who, it is said, in this instance was inspired by the immediate presence of the object whom he apostrophizes.

Maid of Athens, 'ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,

Zōn mē, σάς αγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
 Ζών μὲ σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well;
 By Love's alternate joy and woe,
 Ζών μὲ σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.
 Though I fly to Istambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul:
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
 Ζών μὲ σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Most travellers of distinction choose this house, and many of the walls are covered with memorials of their visit; probably the only trophies of their exploits upon record. There is also another very good house, kept by the widow of a French physician; indeed both the establishments are far superior in their accommodations to that in which we unfortunately had fixed ourselves upon residing.

Shortly after our arrival we received a visit from Mr. Logoteti: many of the English travellers here do not consider themselves as having been treated by this gentleman with that attention which they had a right to expect from one in his situation. We were one day waited upon by his son, who came to request that we would become subscribers to a society, whose object was to promote the education of the Athenian youth and extend the general interests of knowledge. The deficiency in these respects is certainly sufficiently apparent. The greater part of the Greeks are very confined in their ideas, and possess neither patriotism nor knowledge. It is melancholy to reflect that such a large population as that of Athens, and indeed of all Greece, should be so deficient in spirit and every manly feeling, as to allow a handful of Turks not merely to strip them at pleasure of their possessions, but what is more deeply lamentable and humiliating, to keep those who were once renowned for their spirit of freedom, in the most degrading state of slavery. A gentleman long resident here informed me, that he had himself known frequent examples of Turks, who had with impu-

nity robbed the Greeks of their sons and daughters, both destined to a fate of misery and debasement. Is it possible that a people, whose ancestors were so alive to disgrace and dishonour, should tamely sit down and endure all this? If some resolute effort were made, surely something might be done: if they were to act in concert, private wrongs, at least, might be redressed; as it is, if a Greek has singly spirit enough to complain, not only is he sure of getting no redress from the Aga, but it is probable his boldness will only serve to expose him to farther insult.

I found this truth confirmed in an instance that occurred under my own observation on board one of the vessels in which I was a passenger: it was in the person of a fine youth of seventeen years of age, the son of an eminent Greek merchant, who was actually obliged to fly from Athens and quit his native shore in order to elude the criminal pursuits of a Turk high in office. He had made his escape during the night, and reached the Ionian Islands, whence he was to sail for Triest to finish his education. I had a long conversation with the youth, who spoke Italian, and told me his story with the most

artless simplicity. It is to be hoped, for the cause of humanity, that crimes of this horrid nature will not always be permitted to pass unpunished. May we not be allowed to anticipate the happy moment when Europe will take the part of the suffering Greeks, and enable them to make an honourable stand in defence of their laws and liberties—those natural birthrights of man.

Mr. Logoteti's son seemed deeply impressed with a conviction of the advantages which were to result from his proposed association; and I hope his sanguine wishes will not be disappointed. We gave him to understand that an appeal to British generosity was never made in vain; and he has had reason to acknowledge that liberal spirit, of which traces are to be found in almost every portion of the globe. I am proud to bear testimony to the fact, that it is principally to the noble generosity of British travellers that this institution is indebted for its support. One of the first steps to be taken to secure this establishment must be to impress the chiefs of the Greeks of this town, who call themselves the patrons and protectors of this society, with a conviction of the necessity of

taking such steps as may secure the youth from being interrupted in their studies by acts of violence like those alluded to, otherwise the institution will entirely fail of its purpose, and instead of spreading the blessings of science and learning amongst the young Athenians, will only fill the pockets of a few villains in power. Let it not be imagined that by remarks like these I am seeking to damp the benevolence of the generous and liberal minded, nothing can be further from my thoughts. The only object I have in view, is to state facts that may enable those who feel interested in the undertaking to form a correct idea of the establishment and of all circumstances connected with it. *

* I was glad to see it announced some short time since, in the journals of the day, that the Earl of Guildford had formed an intention of establishing a college for the education of the Greeks. Such a plan would be hailed with joy, not only by every votary of Grecian antiquity, but also by every friend to humanity. The amiable and benevolent character of his Lordship is too well known to require any eulogium in this place, and his zeal in the cause of letters and the fine arts, as well as his enthusiasm for every thing pertaining to Greece, are universally known. From these circumstances may we not be per-

The other day we had the pleasure of a visit from Signor Lusieri, an artist of distinguished talents, who acts as agent to a celebrated English nobleman, and is employed in making drawings of the Parthenon and other valuable remains of antiquity. We paid a visit to Mr. Fauvel, the French Consul, and found him as he had been described to us, possessing great information and perfectly willing to communicate his knowledge. How different from many antiquaries, who are so wrapt up in their own speculations as not to have a moment to devote to their friends, who, if they are *walking* libraries of knowledge, cannot certainly pretend to be *circulating* ones!

After the minute and valuable descriptions of Athens which the curiosity of the public has recently called forth, it would be

mitted to form a well-grounded hope that the above plan will be carried into execution? The moment is propitious. I can bear testimony to the favourable impression which the Greeks entertain toward the English; and the relationship in which they now stand to them by the possession of the Ionian Islands, presents a greater source of encouragement than ever before existed.

useless to attempt in this place any thing like a complete delineation of this great and wonderful city—great even in her ruins ; once spreading her fame by the empire of her arms, and even in her ashes holding a still more durable dominion over the minds of men, by the remains of her genius and her arts. In the excursions which we made in the neighbourhood we were accompanied by Signor Lusieri, and had ample reason to congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in having been introduced to so illustrious a Cicerone.* He did us the honour to come himself to our lodgings at about ten o'clock, on the morning after our arrival, and we set out together on our classical researches.

We proceeded to the west of the modern town, where the houses stand more detached from each other and leave room for gardens. In one of these open spaces stood the temple of Theseus, the first building of any importance that arrested our attention. We

* For this introduction the writer is indebted to the kindness of a distinguished English nobleman, the Marquis of Sligo, who had himself, not unprofitably, visited this classic soil.

were immediately struck with the dignity, grandeur, and simplicity of the structure. It is of the Doric order, and considered to be one of the noblest remains of ancient magnificence : with the exception of the roof, which has fallen in, it is in a very high state of preservation. The walls are adorned with sculpture representing the favourite subject of the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and a sculptured frieze surrounds the whole building, descriptive of the labours of Hercules and the exploits of the hero to whose name it is dedicated.

After we had gratified our curiosity by a view of all the majestic beauties and harmonious proportions of this admirable structure, Signor Lusieri pointed our attention to a slab of marble containing the following Greek inscription from the elegant pen of Mr. Walpole :

Εὐδεις ἐν φθιμένοισι· μάτην Σοφίης ποτ' ἐδρέψας

Ἀνθεα, καί σε νέον Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε ματην.

Ἀλλὰ μόνον τοι σῶμα τὸ γήϊνον ἀμφικαλύπτει

Τυμβος· τὴν ψυχὴν οὐρανὸς αἰπὺς ἔχει.

Ἡμῖν θ' οἱ σε φίλοι, φίλον ὥς, κατὰ δάκρυ χέοντες,

Μνηῖμα φιλοφροσύνης, χλωρὸν, ὀδυρόμεθα,

Ἡδὺν ὁμῶς καὶ τερπνὸν ἔχειν τοῦτ' ἐστίν, ἈΘΗΝΑΙΣ

Ὡς συ, Βρέταννος ἔων, κείσαι ἐν σποδίῃ.

It was the grave of that promising and lamented votary of the muses and of antiquity, John Tweddell. When Signor Lusieri remarked with some emotion, that it was a singular coincidence that he who was such an enthusiast in the cause of Greece should find a grave among objects so kindred to his soul, I could not help thinking that this artist was but describing himself and his own feelings, and was secretly desirous of a like fate himself.

Leaving the Theseum we turned to our left and ascended the hill called Areopagus, which is memorable as being the spot where St. Paul preached to the Athenians, and where the most solemn of their tribunals was held. From this eminence we commanded a full

I have been favoured by a poetical friend with the following translation of this beautiful Greek epitaph:—

And dost thou sleep in death! Then why, lov'd youth,
Should the Muse bid thee cull the flowers of truth?
Yet doth the grave but hold thy mortal clay,
Thy soul to brighter climes hath wing'd her way.
Friends, mourn the friend: lament his early doom,
And pour the tear on Friendship's grassy tomb.
Briton, thy lot how sweet—thy fate how blest,
To lie in kindred dust—to sleep on Athens' breast!

W. J. W.

view of ancient and modern Athens. Before us rose the Acropolis, crowned with the Propylæa and the towering columns of the temple of Minerva, which even in their ruins gave us an impressive idea of the grandeur with which they must have appeared in the days of their glory. Below us lay the city of Hadrian, as it was emphatically called, to distinguish it from the ancient city of Theseus. Beyond it stretched the plain of Athens, bounded by the mountains of Parnes to the north, Pentelicus to the east, and Hymettus to the south.

Crossing a little valley, which the ancient Greeks called Cœle, or the hollow, which separates the hill of Areopagus from that of the Acropolis, we ascended the opposite eminence called the Pnyx, which is a kind of esplanade, formed out of a steep rock at the back of mount Lycabettus. This esplanade is supported on the north side, as being the steepest, by a wall composed of immense stones, which must have been piled on each other by such an effort of labour as would probably startle modern architects, even assisted as they are by all the improvements of time and the facilities of machinery. In the centre of

this circular platform stands a rostrum or pulpit of stone, hewn out of the solid rock, with an ascent of four steps hollowed out of the same.

The form of this ancient excavation and the uses to which it was applied, were but indistinctly known to the early travellers, as the place was obstructed with rubbish ; and it is to the perseverance and exertions of Lord Elgin that the antiquary is indebted for the discoveries that have been made. ‘ Here ‘ then,’ exclaimed Signor Lusieri, ‘ here you ‘ behold the very rostrum from which Pericles and Phocion animated the patriotism of ‘ the Athenians, and Demosthenes thundered ‘ out his eloquent denunciations against the ‘ arts and machinations of Philip !’ Viewed with these associations, it was indeed an interesting spot ; awakened by the view of such objects, the imagination has little difficulty in figuring to itself the orator in the attitude of exhortation, together with the varied grouping of the mute and listening audience. On descending from this place Signor Lusieri pointed out some large stones to our notice, to which the superstition of the Athenian women has attributed certain sin-

gular and marvellous virtues. It seems they come here and glide down these stones on their backs, fancying it a sovereign antidote against sterility. One of the miraculous stones was actually worn quite smooth by this singular exercise. Our illustrious antiquary had never witnessed this exhibition himself, nor could he inform us whether it took place during the day or beneath the veil of evening; I should think the latter is the case, and no doubt the husbands of the credulous ladies are not permitted to be present at the performance of these rites, otherwise, as at the Eleusinian mysteries of old, the charm would be most likely broken, and the miraculous effects rendered doubtful.

The next object of our visit was the Acropolis. As we ascended the steep rock that led to it, we were struck with the spirit of perseverance with which ancient Athens must have been animated, in not being deterred by these declivities from their project of making it the site of some of their most magnificent temples. None of the edifices that crown its summit are built of the materials of the rock on which they stand, they

are composed of the beautiful marble dug from the quarries of Pentelicus.

We now approached the top of the hill, which is surrounded by walls partly of ancient, but principally of modern construction. When we reached the gate, the name of Signor Lusieri was a sufficient passport, and we were admitted. But before proceeding on our researches we called at the residence of the old governor, which serves as a kind of resting place. He received us very politely, and offered us a pipe and a dish of coffee, together with some other refreshments; for which, however, it is always understood that some acknowledgment is to be made, as well as for the permission that is granted of seeing the interior of the fortress.

In the front of the space contained within these walls, stand the Propylæa and the temple of Victory. Behind these buildings, to the left, stands the Erectheus; and on the most elevated point of ground to the right, the celebrated Parthenon, or temple of Minerva. After dwelling for some time on the first of these buildings, and endeavouring to separate in our imagination the

simple and majestic Grecian structure from the masses of modern architecture that encumber it and conceal its beautiful symmetry, we hastened to contemplate that wonderful temple which is justly regarded as the triumph of architecture, and even in its ruins the pride of Athens. From whatever direction we view the Acropolis, the towering columns of this august edifice rivet the eye, and form by far the most interesting feature of the scene. Signor Lusieri, as you may naturally suppose, was more than usually eloquent and enthusiastic in his description of this temple, round which we lingered for a considerable time. Indeed it was impossible to satisfy the eye with viewing, or grow weary of admiring the correctness of design, the simplicity of style, and the harmony of proportions that characterize this building. Added to all these beauties, there is so peculiar a tint diffused over the marble by the hand of time and the genial skies of Greece, that nothing is wanting to make the picture perfect. I must confess, that when I read Cheateaubriand's description, in which he paints this building, as well as the other parts of the Acropolis, as "coloured with the

most beautiful tints of the peach blossom," and the sculptures of Hidas, "as seeming to start into life and move on the marble from the mobility of the shadows of the relief," I felt disposed to condemn him as a fanciful enthusiast, till I became myself an eye witness of the scene. Then I was obliged to confess, that even the glowing pencil of this artist had not been too vivid, but had only copied that which was visible in the days of Plutarch, who declares in his life of Pericles, the illustrious founder of this building, 'that a certain freshness bloomed upon these statues, and preserved their faces uninjured, as if they possessed a never fading spirit and had a soul insensible to age.'

The greater proportion of these very statues, thus mentioned by Plutarch, and many others of the finest remains of ancient genius, were first recommended to public notice by Mr. Cockerell, in conjunction with Baron Haller, Baron Stachelberg, and Mr. Grotius. They have since, under the patriotic feeling and unwearied exertion of Lord Elgin, been removed to England, and are thus preserved from the attacks of weather, to every change of which they were exposed, as well as to the

blind and wilful spoliations of the Turks, who wage war against the most refined fruits of human intellect. Thus secured, they have become the delight and instruction of a people generous and free as Athens once was, and emulous to contest the palm with her, even in the finer arts, for which she stood unrivalled, and in pursuit of which, wealth ought ever to consider its resources employed for the noblest purpose.

Of Lord Elgin, the illustrious patron of the arts, much has been said in praise, still more in bitterness and rancour. By one party he has been extolled as the benefactor of the fine arts and of his country, by the other he has been traduced as a modern Vandal and a sacrilegious despoiler. The subject is so immediately before me, that I may be well excused for hazarding a few remarks.

Who, on reading the sarcasms of a distinguished poet of the day, and the grave animadversions of certain other writers, would not be led to imagine that Lord Elgin had levelled half the remains of Athenian antiquity to the ground? Yet nothing can be farther from the fact. No building that remained in any tolerable state of preservation

was mutilated by him. It is true, that from the ruins of the Parthenon he removed those exquisite groups of centaurs and horsemen forming the *metopes*, and thus rescued them from that entire destruction that awaited them;* but from the temple of Theseus, which remains in a more entire state, his lordship was too reverential an admirer of antiquity to remove any thing, though its sculptures were far more easy of access than those of the Parthenon. Casts were taken, and drawings of them made by Signor Lusieri, but nothing was touched, nothing mutilated. The sweeping censures and indefinite railleries of the authors above alluded to, are also calculated to make the reader believe that every piece of sculpture brought by

* I am proud to find my opinion confirmed by one who is perfectly competent to decide on such a subject: I mean Mr. Wilkins, the ingenious translator of Vitruvius. "As I resided," says he, "at Athens while the collection now in England was removing, I can venture to say, that the absence of what was actually taken down from the Parthenon will scarcely be felt. The advantages," he adds, "that we may confidently expect to derive from the possession of the collection, are of too great a magnitude to permit us long to regret the loss the originals have sustained."

Lord Elgin to this country was forcibly torn from some mutilated edifice. Nothing can be more uncandid than thus to prejudice the public mind ; many of the marbles were dug up at a vast expense, from situations where they had long lain buried : this fact must speak for itself. Who would not see these masterpieces of Grecian art lodged in a safe asylum, for the benefit of the artist and the admiration of posterity, rather than hear of their being broken in pieces by the wantonness and rapacity of the Turks, which was daily the case ?* When these barbarians were asked what had become of certain statues described by early travellers, they did

* Much has been said of the respect shown to these buildings by the Turks, and pathetic are the terms in which a celebrated traveller* has described the tender feelings of the Disdar, who not only let fall a tear, but even “ took his pipe from his mouth,” (an expression of grief peculiar, I suppose, to the Turks), on viewing the removal of these sculptures. In spite, however, of the pathos of this scene, I was assured by the best authority, that this very man was known to allow these buildings to be mutilated for the paltry consideration of a few paras, obtained by the sale of the nails and other iron works about the buildings.

* See Clarke's Travels, vol. iii, page 484.

not blush to declare, that they had pounded them up to make mortar. Who, after hearing of this, can blame the laudable zeal of a British nobleman, in rescuing the remainder of these admirable specimens of art from a similar fate? The fact is, the commander of the fortress is poor, his stipend is but trifling and that not regularly paid, and I am convinced no offer of bettering his situation, by the sale of these relics, from whatever quarter it came, would have been refused. Many had already been disposed of to the French agents in a clandestine manner, and Lord Elgin only anticipated them, in removing the most valuable of those that remained.

Under these circumstances, I am astonished that any Englishman should quarrel with one of his own countrymen, for bequeathing these masterpieces of Grecian genius to a British posterity, rather than allowing the collection to be scattered abroad, to confer celebrity on other nations who might show themselves more sensible of its value. *

* It may not be improper here to notice that plaster casts have been taken by Sig. Mazzoni, under the superintendence of Mr. Westmacott, of the most important of these treasures, and are every way deserving the attention of artists.

From the Parthenon we proceeded to the neighbouring structure called the Erectheum, which is a kind of double temple, of the Ionic order of architecture. The portico is a singular production of art, and nearly unique in its kind; its peculiarity consists in having statues of females, called caryatides,* substituted in place of columns. There were originally six of these curious statues, but two have been removed, and their places most wretchedly and ineffectually supplied by brick and stone work. Signor Lusieri informed us

* The origin of the introduction of statues instead of columns into architecture is thus related by Vitruvius :
 “ Carya, a city of Peloponnesus, sided with the Persians
 “ against the Grecian states. When the country was
 “ freed from the invaders, the arms of the Greeks were
 “ turned against the Caryans. Upon the capture of the
 “ city, the males were put to the sword and the women
 “ led away captives. The architects of the age, in or-
 “ der to perpetuate the ignominy of this people, intro-
 “ duced statues of their women, instead of columns, in
 “ the porticos of their buildings; the ornaments and
 “ drapery were faithfully copied from the attire of the
 “ women, the mode of which they were never permitted
 “ to change.” Vide the learned and accurate Transla-
 tion of Vitruvius by Mr. Wilkins.

• Vitruvius, lib. i.

that the superstitious Athenians not a little regretted the loss of these statues, and were heard very gravely to assert, that the other four sisters used frequently, during the silence of night, to utter plaintive laments for the loss of their companions. You see, that if the descendants of Pericles have nothing of the patriotism, at least they inherit all the imagination of their ancestors. You will learn with regret, that this beautiful specimen of the most favoured days of Grecian genius has been converted by the Turks into a powder magazine: so that, either by the hand of malevolence or of carelessness, it may probably be destined to experience the same fate as a part of the temple of Minerva once did under the Venetians.*

On descending the Acropolis, we turned to our left, and were shewn a grotto, said to have been dedicated to Apollo and Pan, whose statues have been found near

* When these modern Goths invaded Athens, under Morosini, in 1687, they actually had the wantonness to fire shells upon the Acropolis, one of which penetrated the Parthenon, and blew up a part of that noble structure.

the spot. We proceeded a short distance farther, and stopped to survey the ruins of the theatre of Bacchus, which once exhibited the representation of the animated dramas of Euripides. Little remains to mark its former site, except the circular excavation in the rock out of which the seats were formed. Above this spot towers the choragic monument of Thrasyllus, which presents a fine subject for the pencil of the artist.

After surveying these interesting objects, till our minds were nearly bewildered by their variety and magnificence, we took a short excursion beyond the banks of the Ilyssus, which is now but an insignificant stream, and from thence returned to the city. Signor Lusieri had the politeness to accompany us to the door of our lodgings, and then bade us adieu, with a promise of visiting us again the following morning.

According to appointment our learned friend waited upon us at an early hour. The day was fine, and we proceeded with fresh spirit on our excursion. In passing through different streets of the new town, we saw many columns, and other considerable remains, which were in a great measure sur-

rounded by modern buildings. We proceeded to the north of the Acropolis, and stopped to view a singular but beautiful piece of architecture, formerly known by the name of *Fanari tou Demosthenis*, or the lantern of Demosthenes, but now ascertained to be the choragic monument of Lysicrates. It is of the Corinthian order, and the form is circular. Signor Lusieri assured us the roof was composed of a single block of marble, and pointed our attention to some finely sculptured foliage by which it was encircled.

Again passing the theatre of Bacchus, we advanced into the plain, at the extremity of which tower sixteen gigantic columns of the Corinthian order of architecture. They far surpass those of the Parthenon both in size and loftiness, but it requires no very discriminate taste to decide how far they are inferior to the former in beauty: they stand as monuments of an age that had degenerated from the severe simplicity of Grecian art; but stationed even as they are on a naked spot, and isolated from other buildings, the effect they produce is inexpressibly striking. Signor Lusieri assured us, that though many travellers of eminence had doubted of what tem-

ple these were the remains, he considered it as now proved beyond doubt that they belonged to the temple of Jupiter Olympus, which ancient writers describe as being constructed with double rows of columns, ten in front and twenty-four in flank, amounting altogether to one hundred and twenty-four. Some of these columns still support portions of the architrave, and the same hermit's dwelling, (on which the eloquent Chateaubriand has been so ingenious in his observations,) is still remaining, perched on the top of the western entablature. What a scene for a solitary being to contemplate! especially after reading the solemn denunciations that had been made against Jerusalem—"One stone of thee shall not be left upon another."

After satisfying our curiosity by an attentive survey of these majestic ruins, we proceeded out of the gate that leads to Mount Anchesmus, and about twelve o'clock began to ascend this celebrated mountain. The day was fair and we reached the summit without difficulty. The view was magnificent. Below us stood the detached and towering columns of the temple just described: farther on the ruins of the theatre of Bacchus; and

beyond, the Acropolis rose crowned with its matchless remains. The windings of the Ilissus were distinctly to be traced, with its island, to the back of the ancient Lyceum, and the stadium of Herodes on the southern bank. Mount Hymettus spread his curtain to the south-east, and beyond appeared the sea, the deserted Piræus, and the coasts of Salamis, Ægina, and Epidaurus; in the distance the citadel of Corinth was dimly visible.

On descending we took a little circuit through a country partly waste and covered with heath, partly enlivened with groves of olives, and interspersed with fields of barley and vineyards. We then returned to the city and accompanied Signor Lusieri to his own residence, which is delightfully situated under the rocks of the Acropolis, near the elegant monument of Lysicrates before described. It has a neat garden attached to it, where, as from a terrace, you enjoy one of the finest views of Athens and its picturesque environs. Indeed it is a residence altogether worthy of this great artist. After we had taken coffee, he showed us his collection of drawings, among which there were some representing the views from this very garden; of their fide-

lity to nature we were, therefore, competent to decide: added to this they possess a delicacy of touch, which we could not too much admire.

At certain seasons the climate of Athens, as well as of the greater part of Greece and the Morea, is very unhealthy; the last summer has been particularly so, as fevers arising from the *malaria* have been more than usually prevalent. There was scarcely a traveller here who did not suffer under its influence; and though the disorder is abating at Athens, many are still invalids and confined to their rooms. Among this number we were sorry to find Mr. Cockerell, an English gentleman whom I have already mentioned, and who is well known for his talents and unwearied exertions to discover the hidden treasures of antiquity. He told us that as soon as he recovered sufficient strength he should lose no time in prosecuting his researches, particularly in the islands. We paid a parting visit to Mons. Fauvel, a gentleman well known for the enthusiasm with which he continues his pursuits here. He showed us the valuable collection of antiques which a long resi-

dence at Athens had enabled him to form, and to which, at a great expense, he is daily adding some valuable relic.

No place in this city is more desirable as a residence for strangers than the Capuchin convent, an additional recommendation to which is its proximity to the house of Signor Lusieri. One of the monks, a native of Piedmont, showed us the building, and the generality of the brothers seemed civil and well-informed men. The situation is airy, and considered as out of the reach of contagion. The only society of Athens is among the travellers who visit it, as the modern Greeks retain but little of the hospitality proverbial to their ancestors. In general they live very retired, and appear shy of mingling with strangers.*

The plan we had marked out for ourselves was a visit to the plains of Marathon, to the

* Travellers who are desirous of obtaining a good interpreter would do well to enquire at Mrs. Macrea's for a young man named George, who has attended many of the English and bears a good character. A Turk, called Hassen, will be found an honest and faithful janissary.

island of Eugia, and to the promontory of Sunium; but we were dissuaded from undertaking these excursions by the alarming reports that daily reached us of the prevalence of infectious fevers in these places. We were therefore necessitated to abandon our project, and to forego all the pleasure we had anticipated from its realization,

LETTER XXXII.

VESTIZZA.—Post-house.—Agreeable Rencontre.—Picturesque Scenery.—PATRAS.—Description of the Town.—Inhabitants.—Observations on GREECE and the MOREA.—Romantic Adventure.

Patras, November 1814.

FROM Athens we returned to Corinth, where we changed horses and set off for Vestizza, which we reached late, after an eighteen hours ride through a mountainous, and occasionally a steep and dangerous road, the disagreeables of which were, however, more than counterbalanced by the magnificent views it continually presented. On reaching the town, which is small, and differing in no respect from others of the same size throughout Greece, our Tartar conducted us to the post-house, a wooden building in a miserably dilapidated state. The staircase, which was on the outside of the house, scarcely served to effect an ascent into a

large room, lighted only by apertures, without shutters, and containing not a single article of furniture to divert our attention from the bare walls and broken roof, through which the rain had poured upon the floor and rotted it into gaping fissures, which shewed us the stable underneath, and threatened us with a transition into it in case of a single unwary step. All these minor miseries were however forgotten when we learned that two English travellers were at that moment sharing them in common with us ; and more particularly when we found that one of them was Mr. Spencer Stanhope, an acquaintance of Mr. Maxwell's. A meeting between friends at such a distance from their mutual home, and under circumstances so unexpected, is perhaps one of the most gratifying occurrences to which the varieties incidental to human life can give rise, and in the present instance its value did not fail to be duly appreciated.

Mr. Stanhope had been a prisoner in France, and had obtained his liberty on condition that he should go to Greece and render himself useful to the French institute. With a view of forwarding the interests of this learned

body, he was accompanied by Mr. Allison, a young architect of promising talents. They pursued their researches with an ardour that rendered them negligent of their health and of the precautions necessary to counteract the effects of the *malaria*. The consequence was, that they both caught a severe fever in one of the islands, and were with difficulty conveyed to Athens, where they lay for several months confined to their beds.

Being unprovided with a Tartar they agreed to join our party and go with us to Patras, which was only the distance of a nine hours ride through a pleasant and interesting country. Our two companions set out a little before, but we soon overtook them and joined their cavalcade. The weather was fine, and after an agreeable ride we arrived in sight of the Gulf of Lepanto, and rode for several miles along the shore, which presented the appearance of a fine lake, backed by a bold and lofty mountain. The rocky heights of Lividia towered to the north, the winding shores of the Morea spread their softer beauties on the other side of the bay, and directly in front arose the blue summits of the island of Cephalonia.

We passed many ranges of hills, delightfully cloathed with verdure and a variety of underwood, and on some of the declivities the vine hung in all its clustering luxuriance. Some straggling huts lay along the shores of the Gulf; they were constructed only of loose stones and were the residence of fishermen.

About four o'clock we reached Patras, and immediately repaired to Mr. Stranie, the English Consul at this port. He is a native of Zante, and not deficient in the duties of hospitality. He very kindly offered us the use of his table during our stay in the town, and took upon himself to procure lodgings, both for us and our companions. This gentleman is considered very rich; he keeps an excellent house and is highly respected as well by the Turks as by the Greeks. His janissary, whose name is Mustapha, is not only active and civil, but also intelligent; "God save the King" were the only words of English that he knew, and in order to give us an idea of the high esteem he felt for the nation, he was constantly placing his hand on his breast, and repeating them with a fervour that made us smile.

Patras is a small seaport town, situated at the foot of a mountain, upon the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. The main street is the only good one in the place. Among the few houses constructed of brick, are those of the English and French Consuls, which are tolerably good buildings and have spacious court-yards in front. There are also several Greek churches as well as synagogues. That part of the harbour which fronts the town is not considered very safe, as it is exposed to heavy seas during the winter months; but the part which lies farther up the Gulf has not the same inconvenience and will allow of vessels coming close up to the wharf. Its trade is considerable, particularly with Triest, Corfu, and Zante. Their principal exports consist of currants, honey, wax, and silk.

The situation of the town is very pleasant, and in clear weather we could plainly distinguish the islands of Zante and Cephalonia. The climate, as in the greater part of Greece, is at certain seasons unhealthy, contagious fevers being very prevalent. The inhabitants bear only an indifferent character; they are slothful in their habits, and not a little addicted to a spirit of revenge. This place

like Zante, formerly served as a retreat for outlaws and malefactors who escaped the hands of justice in other parts: but through the spirited exertions of Mr. Stranie and General Campbell, the governor of the Ionian islands, these abuses have been latterly corrected. The women dress after the Greek fashion, but do not appear to pay any particular attention in ornamenting their persons; they are more graceful in their manners than remarkable for beauty.

The Tartar's engagement with us having ceased, he bade us a friendly farewell and departed, leaving upon the whole a favourable impression of his conduct on our minds; yet, notwithstanding his tenets as a Mussulman, we could not reckon sobriety among his good qualities. We have engaged a passage in a brig under the Ottoman flag, which is laden with currants for Triest, but the captain has promised to put us on shore at Corfu.

Before quitting these shores, it may not be improper to offer a few observations on Greece and the Morea. It is a very necessary precaution to avoid all deserted islands, and when a

choice is offered, the preference should be given to vessels of the larger size, as they are better adapted to encounter both the rough seas, and, what is still more dangerous, the hordes of pirates that infest these parts, but particularly the promontory of Negroponte, Skyro, and the gulf of Salonica. Persons embarking at Zante for Smyrna should take their passage in a large vessel well armed, otherwise they will be exposed to the same perils which we ourselves encountered near the promontory of Maina. Zuttuma, Larissa, and Thermophylæ, are considered as places of eminent danger, therefore it will be necessary not to pass any of them without sufficient means of resistance in case of attack.

Baron Stachelberg, a near relation of the Russian ambassador at Vienna, and who resided in the same hotel with us at Triest, gave us a very interesting account of his being captured near the island of Hydra by a Mainotte privateer. These robbers carried him to their retreat among the mountains, where he was kept in a cave for several days, living on nothing but oil and onions, and sleeping the whole time

upon the bare ground, without ever changing his clothes. Thus deprived of every comfort and every hope, he must inevitably have perished, had it not been for the prompt and spirited exertions of Baron Haller (who I believe is a Bavarian nobleman), and Mr. Cockerell, an Englishman, of a spirit no less enterprizing than his friend. Having the pleasure of being acquainted with both these gentlemen, I hope they will pardon me for giving publicity to an action, so replete with disinterested generosity and personal courage, that it well deserves to be recorded.

Imagining their friend to be safe in the island of Hydra, they gave themselves but little concern about his long silence. But how were those feelings of security banished, when Baron Haller received a letter from the captain of the Mainottes, informing him that his friend was their prisoner, and demanding the sum of eighteen thousand piastres of the country, as the price of his ransom: and farther stating, that if Baron Haller would bring this sum to a certain spot among the mountains, a party of his associates should meet him, and conduct him to the cave where his friend was confined.

The letter concluded by observing, that if the above-mentioned sum was not produced at the time specified, it was determined that the prisoner should lose his head. This strange epistle enclosed a letter from the Baron himself, giving a melancholy account of his forlorn condition, and imploring his friends to use every effort to rescue him from his sad and perilous situation. Baron Haller's exertions to raise the sum and save his friend were unremitting : he was joined in them by Mr. Cockerell, who was not less indefatigable in his endeavours to accomplish the object of their mutual wishes ; and such was their zeal in the cause of friendship and humanity, that the very day following the receipt of the letter they had succeeded in raising the sum of twelve thousand piastres, with which Baron Haller immediately set out, accompanied by a Janissary, to the appointed spot.

The same evening they reached a miserable village, which, according to the description in the letter, was the place fixed on for the rendezvous. The Baron had hardly rested an hour or two, when he heard a loud knocking announcing the arrival of a party of the banditti, who were come to conduct him to their

quarters, solemnly assuring him, that in case he could not agree with their captain respecting the terms on which the prisoner was to receive his liberty, they would escort him back to the same spot. Urged on by the warmth of friendship, and the courage of a soldier, the Baron did not hesitate a moment, but at once agreed to accompany them. They told him his Janissary could not be permitted to attend him, bursting at the same time into a volley of bitter invectives against the Turks. But nothing could daunt our hero; he had heard that these pirates were very scrupulous in keeping a promise, and he resolved to trust his safety to the truth of the report. After three hours ride they were stopped at the foot of a high mountain by a patrol of their own band, who demanded the watchword, and then permitted them to proceed.

After passing several high mountains, and being frequently stopped in the narrow defiles by these patrols, they reached the mouth of a large cave, which they entered. It was faintly lighted by a lamp. On being introduced to the captain, who was sitting smoking on an old mat, the first object that caught Baron Haller's eye was his captive friend

lying on the ground, and already much emaciated by illness. The feeling heart will naturally imagine the affecting nature of such an interview! Baron Haller requested his friend, in German, to cheer up and hope for the best: not, however, to manifest any symptoms of regard, but to remain as cool and unconcerned as he possibly could, till terms had been agreed upon, and the avarice of these wretches appeased.

The captain of the horde received the Baron very civilly, and told him he had better take some rest before they proceeded to adjust the business of the meeting. With this request he was not unwilling to comply, and after refreshing himself he was again conducted into the presence of the captain, who asked if he had brought the eighteen thousand piastres named as the price of his friend's liberty. The Baron affected much surprise at the prisoner's being called his friend, and remarked with well-dissembled indifference, that he had come to ransom a servant who belonged to a gentleman of his acquaintance, but that he found him in so weak and sickly a condition, that he thought so high a ransom would be but ill bestowed.

‘ However,’ he added, ‘ as I have come so
‘ far to save the life of a Christian, I am
‘ willing to give ten thousand piastres : if
‘ that will satisfy you, I have no objection to
‘ advance the sum ; more I am not authorized
‘ to offer ; therefore if it will not suffice, you
‘ must even keep the prisoner, and do with
‘ him what you please.’ The captain replied
that he should not depart from the stipulated
sum, and that if the Baron did not think
proper to accede to his terms he might with-
draw, concluding by a declaration, that the
life of the prisoner should be the consequence
of the refusal, and that but one day’s grace
more should be allowed him. The Baron
was not to be intimidated by these threats,
but remained firm to his purpose : he was too
well acquainted with the character of these
robbers, not to know that their avarice was
a passion which they would indulge, even in
preference to the gratification of their cruelty ;
he therefore withdrew with the same escort
that brought him, affecting perfect indiffe-
rence, and purposely forbore bidding farewell
to his friend, whose fortitude was somewhat

shaken when he heard what was the issue of the conversation.

The Baron, however, returned to the village, confident of the success of his plan ; it was, therefore, with no small pleasure he heard the next morning that the Mainottes had arrived again, and wished to see him. On being admitted into his apartment, they informed him that the captain had consented to take the ten thousand piastres, but on condition that another thousand should be advanced for his private purse. The Baron took the eleven thousand piastres, which he had in gold, and returned with the Mainottes to the cave, where the captain requested him to count out the sum in the presence of two of his officers, and as soon as they ascertained that the amount was correct, the prisoner was unbound and delivered to his benefactor. But previously to his dismissal he was obliged to pass through the ceremonies usual on such occasions, which were to submit to the operation of shaving from the hands of one of the Mainottes ; to eat onions dipped in oil with them, as a parting relish, and to shake hands all round, in token of a friendly

farewell. After performing all this with the best grace he could command, three of the Mainottes escorted him and his deliverer back to the village, wished them a pleasant journey, and departed.

Now, for the first time, the two friends were left alone, and enabled to give vent to their mutual feelings, in the expression of which the gratitude of the one was only to be equalled by the joy of the other, at the successful termination of an enterprize so full of anxiety. As Baron Stachelberg's health was much impaired, they rested a day at the village, and started the next morning for Athens, where they were welcomed back with transports of joy by all their friends.

This anecdote will show the fallacy of certain statements, which a celebrated traveller has recently made in more than one part of his work; a work remarkable for the boldness of many of its remarks. The following observations, which he hazards when speaking of the Mainottes and other lawless tribes of the Morea, are, I conceive, so calculated to mislead the traveller, and to involve him in the most serious difficulties,

that they loudly call for refutation. ...‘ We
‘ are not so *well* acquainted with the latter
‘ (the Mainottes), but have reason to believe
‘ that they also have been greatly calumniat-
‘ ed in the accounts published of them from
‘ the hearsay statements of the Turks and
‘ Greeks.*’.....

...‘ Perhaps the time is at hand, when we
‘ shall know more of a region,’ (he is speak-
ing of the Morea), ‘ *as easily to be visited* as
‘ the county of Derbyshire, and where the
‘ traveller is not exposed to *half* the dangers
‘ encountered every night in the neighbour-
‘ hood of London. *Groundless* apprehen-
‘ sions, calculated only to alarm children,
‘ concerning *imaginary* banditti and the sa-
‘ vage nature of its inhabitants, have been
‘ hitherto powerful enough to prevent tra-
‘ vellers from exploring its interior ; but
‘ *these are beginning to vanish*, and we may
‘ hope that many years will not elapse before
‘ the shepherds of *Arcadia* and *Laconia*, of
‘ *Messenina* and *Elis*, will have become as
‘ good guides to the antiquities of their

* Dr. E. Clarke’s Travels, Part II. sect. ii, p. 455.

‘ mountains and valleys, as the natives of
‘ Puzzoli now are to the ruins of *Baide*.’*

I am quite as anxious as this traveller can possibly be for the happy results anticipated in the latter part of this quotation, but not less so to correct the mis-statements contained in the early part of it. †

* Idem, pages 670 and 671.

† A most interesting and satisfactory account of this district may be found in Doctor Pouqueville's Travels in the Morea.

LETTER XXXIII.

Passage to CORFU.—Port in LIVIDIA.—Nocturnal Alarm.—THEAKE or ITHACA.—Description of the Island.—Modern Greek Oratory.—Inhabitants.—CEPHALONIA.—CORFU.—Improving State of the Country.—Climate.

Corfu, December 1814.

As the captain had assured us we should sail the following morning at day-light, we thought it advisable to go on board the preceding evening. But we might have spared ourselves the trouble, and have enjoyed a sound night's repose on shore, for it was eight o'clock before we got under weigh. The breeze was fair and continued so till three, when the wind shifted and the aspect of the sky denoted squally weather. Though our brig was old and deeply laden, she sailed very fast; indeed she had been built for a privateer, and what is very unusual in an Ottoman merchantman, the captain and his

brother were tolerable seamen. From the threatening appearance of the sky and the contrary winds they thought it advisable to tack about and make for a small port in Lividia, which we soon reached and dropt anchor in the bay.

It lays at the distance of about forty English miles from Patras, surrounded with high rocks, and apparently very secure. The captain, who spoke Italian, informed us that it was not much frequented by navigators, as the neighbourhood was greatly infested by robbers, insomuch that a village half a mile from the port was entirely inhabited by them. The declivities of the shore were covered with thickets of underwood, and we could observe a considerable forest some distance up the country. Our captain took the necessary precaution of doubling the watch and placing the men under arms, and gave particular orders that, if any boat should appear in sight, they were immediately to give the alarm. These robbers make use of flat-bottomed boats, covered with planks to conceal their men, so that only two or three can be seen, and no suspicion is excited. They affect to be fishermen and

come alongside of ships under pretence of inquiring if the officers will purchase any fish, but at a signal given the planks fly open, and the robbers board the vessel by surprise and carry off their plunder, often murdering the crew and sinking the vessel to avoid detection. Our captain said that such an act of cruelty and outrage was committed not many months ago.

Night came on ; and we had hardly retired to rest, when we were aroused in the utmost confusion by a report that a boat full of men was seen rowing towards us. Every one ran to arm himself with a musket and to take his post on deck. There were sufficient muskets and cutlasses on board to arm not only the crew but also the passengers. Some of our small number were only half dressed, but nothing could persuade them to lose time, and consequently each one took his post in the same state in which he was when the alarm had surprised him. All was ardour and animation, every one being determined to defend the vessel to the last extremity, rather than tamely surrender to these savage plunderers. To an unconcerned spectator the scene we presented would have been truly

laughable. Mussulmen and Greeks, English, Scotch, and your humble servant a Prussian, all in motley accoutrements and brandishing a variety of different weapons. Even our companions, Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Allason, though still suffering from illness, participated in the general enthusiasm of the moment.

We saw the boat approaching. When they came within hearing our captain hailed them in a stentorian voice, and gave them to understand in their own language, that we were well armed and prepared to receive them, if they presumed to venture near us; threatening them at the same time to sink the vessel, if they did not keep out of the reach of his guns. We could now plainly see that it was an open boat, carrying a large sail. Our captain still persisted in believing, or at least pretending to believe, that they were pirates, although they answered in Greek, that they were fishermen and had no intention of robbing us. After hovering a short time about our brig, taking care however to keep out of gunshot, probably with an intention to measure our force, they stood off and we lost sight of them. Thus,

we may truly say, *le combat finit faute de combattans* ; and we retired to our births without being disturbed by any similar alarm.

We again put to sea the following morning, but the weather looking rather unfavourable our Mussulmen made for land, and towards evening entered a small port of the island of Theaki, which they called port Antonio ; it can afford anchorage only to small vessels. We saw an old building partly fallen to decay, and were told it was a convent, but that its only inhabitants at present were an old Greek monk and a lay brother his servant.

During our stay, several Greeks of the neighbourhood held a kind of political meeting in this place. A man, who was by trade a saddler, appeared to be their chief orator. His arguments were no less violent and distorted than his gesticulations, and it was evident he was no friend to the present government ; at least if I might judge from some portions of the declamatory harangue, which he delivered in broken Italian.

This island was once renowned, under the name of Ithaca, as the birth-place and kingdom of Ulysses. At present it can boast no

traces of traditional greatness or classical remains, beyond those peculiarities in the face of nature which continue unchanged, as if to attest the fidelity of the poet who has immortalized them : but under the inspiring recollection of his descriptions, every feature in the rude landscape assumed a peculiar attraction, and we wandered by

“ The solitary shore and rolling sea,”

with more pleasing emotions than the most cultivated scene could have excited ; for we could not cast our eyes over them without recalling at every step the faithful attachment of Ulysses to his country, and admiring the power of those fine affections of the heart, which irresistibly entwining themselves with its earliest associations and dearest objects of regard, can invest the most barren spot with every requisite for enjoyment. How proudly does Ulysses, under all his misfortunes and adversities, still vaunt himself of his birth-place ! With what fondness does he dwell upon and magnify the advantages it possessed, and with which his patriotism and wisdom taught him to be fully satisfied !

“ My native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air :

Dulichium, Same, and Zacynthus crown'd
 With shady mountains, spread their isles around.
 Low lies our isle; yet blest in fruitful stores;
 Strong are her sons; though rocky are her shores;
 And none, ah none so lovely to my sight,
 Of all the lands that heav'n o'erspreads with light!
 In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
 With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay,
 With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
 And added magic to secure my love.
 In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
 My country's image never was forgot;
 My absent parents rose before my sight,
 And distant lay contentment and delight."

Pope's Odyssey, B. 9. l. 22.

The account which Homer puts into the mouth of Pallas concerning this island and its productions, may still be quoted, with very little deduction for the partiality of the narrator or the fancy of the poet.

"The rugged soil allows no level space
 For flying chariots or the rapid race;
 Yet, not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
 Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:
 The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
 And clustering grapes afford a generous juice:
 Wood crowns our mountains, and in every grove
 The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:
 Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
 And rising springs eternal verdure yield."

Pope's Odyssey, B. 13. l. 289.

The vales of Ithaca are indeed sufficiently fertile, and abundance of oil and wine is made here, which is esteemed the best in the Ionian islands. It is of a red colour and sweet flavour, and is excellent enough to justify the taste of Penelope's suitors in draining large goblets of it to the health of their fair mistress.

From the summit of the mountains that surround this small port we enjoyed a very extensive and beautiful view of the Morea as well as of the islands of Cephalonia and Santa Maura. The inhabitants appear to be very poor, and if I may be allowed to judge from those I saw, are an indolent and ignorant race. Several boys flocked round us, and begged we would take them on board and carry them to England, where, they had formed an idea, that every one must necessarily be wise and learned. They expressed a wish to learn to read and write that they might be received on board of an English ship; "For," said one in broken Italian, "here we learn nothing but to keep pigs." I have no doubt but the wisdom of the present government will encourage this laudable spirit, and

not be inattentive to the desire of information that thus openly manifests itself.

Several Greeks came to converse with us : they all appeared very particular in their inquiries after Colonel Church, * for whom they evidently entertained no common esteem. In the afternoon of the following day we again weighed anchor and stood out from the port, but it was evident that our captain was anxious, for some motives best known to himself, not to keep out at sea during the night : accordingly, towards the close of the day, he put in to another small port in the island of Cephalonia. The bay was full of fishermen, and we observed a vessel of considerable burthen at anchor in the inner part of the harbour. We learnt that she had put in here in distress some months ago, under English colours. She was unloaded and undergoing the necessary repairs. This island is about forty Eng-

* I found that this officer had formerly commanded a Greek regiment at Zante. I have not the pleasure of knowing him, and therefore cannot be accused of flattery when I record a fact so honourable to himself, that in all the Ionian islands I visited, he was generally spoken of by the Greeks in terms of high esteem.

lish miles long and eighteen broad, and although equally hilly with Theake is reckoned more fertile, but the wine produced here is of an inferior quality.

The inhabitants of Cephalonia are better informed and more industrious than those of the neighbouring islands: as a proof of which it may be mentioned that they carry on a considerable trade not only with the other Ionian islands but also with the Levant. They export great quantities of oil, wine, and anchovies, which are caught here in great abundance; the inhabitants esteem this fish a great luxury, and eat them at all their meals with oil and onions.

The following morning our captain again ventured to sea with a fair breeze, and without any farther adventures we at last reached Corfu, where we dropped anchor not far from the town, and after the usual visit from the health-office, were permitted to land. We took up our residence at our old hotel, *la Cloche de Venise*, but did not find that it was at all improved since our last visit here. We found, however, that considerable alterations for the better had taken place in the town; and it was evident that the inhabitants already be-

gan to feel the value of the wise and paternal government whose protection they have now the happiness to enjoy. Under these benign auspices a spirit of industry and activity seemed to have revived; the port was full of ships, trade had begun to flourish, and all was life and bustle upon the wharfs. The streets were cleaner and better paved, and most of the houses had been whitewashed by order of government. I observed, too, that many new buildings were going on, particularly in the high street and on the esplanade. It might perhaps have been the effect of imagination, but certainly it struck me that even the inhabitants themselves looked more neat in their dress and persons.

During our second residence in this place we met with the same kindness and attention from Governor-General Campbell and Mr. Foresti * as we had experienced on a former occasion. We also received the most polite attention from Brigadier-General M'Kenzie, Mr. Meer, Secretary of the Ionian islands,

* I am happy to record that this gentleman's merits and exertions have been rewarded by the honours of knighthood.

and Captain Smith of the royal navy : to these we may also add the names of Majors Jordan and Drake, and of Captain Maxwell ; and I am happy in this opportunity of testifying to those gentlemen the sense I have of their politeness.

We were informed that the heat during the last summer had been intense, and that fevers were very prevalent during the autumn ; many strangers unused to the climate had suffered severely, nor had the garrison escaped its violence. Since our departure the excavations outside of the gates, of which I spoke in my former letter from this island, had been successfully continued, and a great quantity of marble discovered ; they had also replanted many of the mulberry trees which formerly shaded the walls of the town, but which the French had cut down to convert into fascines during the siege of the island. A considerable number of workmen were employed in repairing the harbour, and several other improvements were begun in order to promote the comfort and accommodation of the inhabitants. The theatre was still open, and had received a great acquisition in an actress from Naples, who had given fresh spirit to the per-

formances, and had inspired such a taste for the drama that the house was now constantly well attended.

Governor Campbell very kindly offered us a passage in a *scampa via* that sails every week from this place to Otranto with the mail. This species of vessel is a kind of open boat, so constructed that it may draw as little water as possible, in order to enter the shallowest harbours. It carries a twelve-pounder at the head, and can either be rowed in case of a calm, or hoist a sail when there is a breeze. It has no cabin, but a kind of locker in the stern, where they deposit the mail and stow their provisions. The complement of men is four-and-twenty, including the captain and pilot.

LETTER XXXIV.

*Departure from CORFU.—SANTO STEFANO.—
SANTO MERINO and its Inhabitants.—Scampa
Vias.—Arrival at OTRANTO.—Wretched Qua-
rantine.—Signor CORCHI.—Kindness of MU-
RAT.—Description of OTRANTO.—Environs.
—Mistake, and its ridiculous Consequences.*

Otranto, December 1814.

WE embarked on board the *scampa via* with Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Allason, who were still of our party. As the wind was very slack, we continued rowing along the shore till towards night, when we entered a small port called Santo Stefano; it is situated at the north side of the island of Corfu and is only frequented by small vessels; there are but two houses, which belong to fishermen. Here we anchored till daylight, and then set sail again; but the wind being contrary, we were forced to put in at Santo Merino, a large rock rising in the sea, sixteen miles

east of Faro ; it is inhabited by a small colony of Greeks, and does not consist of above twenty miserable huts. It has no harbour, and no vessel of any size can lay there as the surf runs very high. Our sailors dragged the *scampa via* upon the beach, where it lay safe and dry during the night. The poor Greeks, who appeared to be little better than half savages, were alarmed at the sight of us, and could with difficulty be prevailed upon to approach. We occupied one of their huts, and arranged our mattrasses for repose, assuring them that we would make them ample recompence for their trouble, as well as for any refreshment we might take. They live by fishing and the sale of fowls, which they rear and carry to Corfu and other places in the neighbourhood ; they also feed considerable flocks of turkeys, and keep a few goats. We inquired the price of a small turkey, and they had the conscience to ask us a Spanish piastre, equal to about four shillings and sixpence of English money. I suppose they were resolved to make us pay high, by way of amends for the fright we had caused them.

We had a most beautiful view of the Albanian coast, Corfu, the island of Faro, and

the castle and shores of Otranto, from the top of the rock ; the day was clear, and the blue outline of the scene strongly marked. As early as three o'clock the following morning we left this rocky shore and sailed with a fair light breeze, which continued till half-past ten, when the wind freshened and fortunately was in our favour. The sea grew rough, and we saw that our captain, who was an Italian, became somewhat uneasy ; for he was aware that these open boats are not manageable in a high sea, consequently the danger must be great. He was very anxious to get under the Italian shore, a feeling in which we all very heartily participated. The weather looked squally, and the sea run high and often beat over us : the motion of the boat was so violent that we could not keep our seats without danger of being washed overboard, and were therefore obliged to lie down. Nothing could be more uncomfortable than our situation, entirely wet through and benumbed with cold. At last, to our great joy, the town of Otranto rose to view, and at about half past two we had the good fortune to enter its port.

We landed and were conducted to the health office, where we were detained several hours, and during the whole time of examining our passports the utmost precautions were taken not to touch us. We were ordered to perform forty-seven days quarantine, and were for that purpose conducted to a miserable convent a quarter of a mile out of the town. In vain did we remonstrate, and assure the gentlemen in office, that Corfu was never more healthy than at that time, and that Mr. Maxwell had despatches from the governor of Corfu for the English Consul in Sicily. All was in vain. They said our only resource was to write to the intendant at Lecce, that the fault did not lie with them, as their orders were peremptory. The convent was a very large building, but the rooms allotted to us did not possess a single article of furniture ; there were no fire-places and the windows were miserably small, many of them admitting the cooling zephyrs of December through their gaping apertures.

We had, however, the pleasure of a visit from the English Agent, Signor Corchi, who

very kindly procured us beds and other conveniences, and laid in a stock of provisions for our use. Before his visit, the person appointed for our guard had charged us double for every thing he bought. He scarcely left us a moment, and when obliged so to do, locked all the doors, as if we had been prisoners. We, however, obtained permission to walk out in the fields to respire the fresh air, but always under condition of being followed by our persecuting attendant. The convent was so very damp that our clothes were obliged to be kept constantly aired; this humidity proved very injurious to the health of Mess. Stanhope and Allason, who had not yet recovered from the fever.

At length, by the advice of Mr. Corchi, we sent an express to the king of Naples, Murat, requesting that orders might be given, either for our release from the quarantine, or for permission to perform it in a more healthy spot than the convent. A week after, we had the satisfaction of receiving the pleasing intelligence, that not only had permission been given for our immediate release from quarantine, but that, as a farther indulgence, we were

allowed to proceed to the capital. Nor was this all; a command was added, that the superintendant of the health office should afford us every assistance that we stood in need of for continuing our journey. This order was in the hand-writing of the intendant of Lecce, and was addressed both to the health office and to the English agent at this place. It may easily be imagined that we felt but little regret in quitting our dreary residence, where we had spent a whole fortnight in the most comfortless situation. The only thing about the place that I recollect with any satisfaction is the terrace, which served us as a walk, and from whence we beheld a bold view of the sea and delightful prospects of the surrounding country. Otranto is tolerably well fortified, but the harbour is very bad. The town is old and ill-built. The house of the commandant is the most respectable in the place, but even that is only good by comparison. The inhabitants do not bear the best of characters; almost all are of an indolent disposition, as is sufficiently manifested in the lands which surround the town, for although the soil is rich and nature has done

her part, they are suffered to lie barren and neglected. Many houses in the environs are deserted and in ruins; there is no trade to give an impulse to activity. The inhabitants are too poor to build, and either too proud or too lazy to repair. They appeared to be under serious apprehensions of an incursion of the Algerines, who have frequently had the audacity to land during the night and carry off many of the inhabitants, together with their cattle and effects. Those who live near the sea are of course more exposed than those within the walls of the town; many have in consequence abandoned their former residence and sought refuge in the town. The place is surrounded with mulberry trees, which yield abundance of fruit. The harvest this year was very indifferent; Signor Corchi informed us, that for many years he had made an observation, that the harvest was good and bad every alternate year. There are several gardens about the town, well stocked with orange trees of a superior quality; they have also fine grapes, peaches, and abundance of vegetables, particularly cauliflowers of most luxuriant growth. Lin-

seed and corn did not appear to be equally plentiful.

The climate is considered unhealthy; the heat during the summer months is very intense, but the winters are mild, and several days in January the sun was as warm as it is in England during the month of May.

Before I leave Otranto I must not omit mentioning a singular adventure that befel us. I have already said, that with a view to facilitate our progress and avoid the quarantine, Mr. Maxwell had undertaken to be the bearer of despatches from the governor of Corfu. So willing were the partizans of Murat to flatter themselves with an idea that their sovereign was on good terms with the British government, or, at least, so anxious were they to impress the minds of the Calabrians with such a belief, that this simple circumstance was magnified into an embassy that had just arrived from the court of London. The report spread with the rapidity of lightning. Our *scampa via* was swelled into a ship of war, and Mr. Maxwell was invested with the high title of a general and ambassador from Great Britain; even Mr. Stan-

hope and Mr. Allason, as well as myself, did not escape our share of honours: the two former gentlemen rose into secretaries of legation, and I was honoured with the brevet of a colonel and aide-de-camp to his excellency. Although we did every thing in our power to stop the progress of this ridiculous report, we were repeatedly told, even by the guard of the lazaretto, that the inhabitants were not unacquainted with our characters and the nature of our mission, and therefore it was in vain to make such a secret of it. The friends of the legitimate sovereign were on the other side not less active in framing conjectures upon the business.

We had observed, that an ecclesiastic was more than commonly attentive to us, and lost no opportunity of watching for the absence of our guard, apparently anxious to converse with us. A favourable moment offered, and he introduced himself to me:—

‘ *Soyez le bien-venu, monsieur ; ainsi que vos autres amis, nous savons, nous autres, votre mission,*’ laying a very significant stress upon the words ‘ *nous autres.*’—
‘ *Quand je dis,*’ continued he, ‘ *nous autres,*’
‘ *je parle de ceux loyaux sujets de sa majesté*

‘*légitime.*’ I gave him to understand that I did not comprehend the drift of his conversation, and assured him that our journey to Naples had no political views, as we travelled merely for pleasure; but I saw that my reply served only to confirm him in his error: all the answer he returned was a significant shake of the head, at the same moment rapping his snuff-box, and taking a more than usually ample pinch of snuff. After a short pause, he assured me that he had received information from his friends in Sicily, and knew all that was going on. ‘*J’ai des bons amis en Sicile,*’ said he with no less emphasis, ‘*et je suis bien*’ ‘*informé de ce qui se passe.*’ To strengthen his assertion, he actually drew a letter from his pocket, dated from Sicily, which he gave me, and wherein his friend requested him to assure his loyal associates, that Joachim Murat would not long be king of Naples, and that the legitimate sovereign would be soon again upon the throne of his beloved people.

Immediately on our arrival at Lecce we were waited upon by the commandant of the place, who in the name of the general of division, with more than common officiousness offered us his services. He furnished us with two gend’armes, as an escort,

to accompany us to Bari. On our journey to that place our escort would scarcely permit us to stop at an inn, and to our surprise seemed determined that we should stay either in private families or at the intendant's of the place. On our inquiring the reason of all this, they informed us they had their superiors' orders to act thus.

When we reached Bari the joke was at its highest pitch, and we were not a little surprized to find ourselves conducted by our escort to the mansion of the Intendant, Prince Pi—o. Although we travelled in an humble *veturino*, drawn by four shabby mules, which you will naturally think might alone have been sufficient to convince them of their ridiculous conceit, yet immediately on our arrival we were ushered into the drawing-room, which to our complete confusion was filled with an assemblage of all the fashion and nobility of the town, a great portion of whom were busily engaged at the *rouge et noir* tables that filled the centre of the apartment. We were instantly announced with ' *mon Prince, voilà Messieurs les Anglois,*' when, as if the bank had been suddenly broken, every one hastily quitted his seat

and turned with eagerness to salute us. The Prince took Mr. Maxwell by the hand, assured him how happy both he as well as the whole nation were, to hail his arrival on their shores, and at the same moment presented him to the Princess, who with all due ceremony requested him to take a seat on the sofa. We, of course, received only a slight salute, according to our supposed rank, and were accommodated with chairs in the middle of the apartment. You may well imagine our confusion, when you recollect that not only his Excellency, but the rest of his suite were only in their travelling accoutrements and covered with dust. It was in vain that we remonstrated, and assured them there must be some mistake, at the same time requesting we might be conducted to an hotel. All was in vain : the ambassador, *malgré lui*, was assured that every arrangement had been made for his abode at the Prince's mansion.

We had scarcely seated ourselves when curiosity was at its height, and actually many were spying with their glasses, to examine the ambassador and his retinue with all due attention. Many critical remarks were made; some found his Excellency very young, and

others observed that his suite was rather *mal équipé*. But this was not all: the Prince actually carried the farce so far, as to conduct each lady and gentleman successively before the sofa where his Excellency was seated, in order to pay their homage.

After this ceremony a servant announced that supper was on the table, which I suppose was to his Excellency, as I can assure you it was to the legation, no unwelcome news, as it was now past nine o'clock and none of us had dined. We were conducted to a splendid saloon, where a table was laid for more than thirty persons; but to our mortification, the repast consisted of a multitude of *petits plats*, which served but to convince me, that though we were magnificently received, the remnants of the dinner, which was here displayed, were rather scanty. Among other delicacies was an omelet, so highly seasoned with onions that nothing but extreme hunger could have made us touch it.

It was not till one o'clock that the party separated. Mr. Maxwell retired to his apartments, where, to convince us how complete the deception was, he informed us that many of the Prince's papers were left open in

the room where he slept, as if to give him to understand that every reliance was placed on his discretion. The two secretaries, Messrs. Stanhope and Allason, were provided with apartments at the palace of the bishop, whose own carriage was dispatched to fetch them. As for myself, I was lodged with the commandant, where I received the most marked attention.

In a word, leaving other feelings out of the question, it was a fortunate joke for us: it was the means of procuring us many good accommodations and much polite treatment; nay, what tends to show more than any other thing that it was a government trick, was, that the soldiers at the different guard-houses actually presented arms when we passed. It was evident that Joachim Murat was anxious to play off this farce upon a part of the Calabrians only, for as soon as we reached a village at a short distance from Ponte di Bovino, we were as suddenly degraded from our honours and titles as we had before been invested with them: we were therefore again obliged to put up with most miserable inns, sleeping in wretched beds, and to content ourselves with the most scanty repasts.

Here the joke ended; nor did we hear another allusion made to the circumstance on our way to the capital. This anecdote will serve to convey an idea of the paltry tricks to which this government condescended to stoop, in order to forward its views.

LETTER XXXV.

LECCE.—Sketch of the Town.—Inhabitants.—French General, his Idea of an English Breakfast.—Veturino.—BARI.—PONTE DI BOVINO.—Banditti.—Arrival at NAPLES.—Hotels.—Fashionable World.—Rouge et Noir Tables.—MURAT.—Balls.—An illustrious Traveller.—Theatre of Don Carlos.—The Chiaja.—Masquerade.—Ball given by the English.

Naples, January 1815.

WE quitted Otranto about noon, along with Mr. Corchi, who had not only the kindness to hire a carriage and horses for our journey, but likewise to accompany us as far as Lecce, which place we reached in the evening, and took up our quarters at the *Hôtel del Sole*, the best inn, called the *Hôtel Royal*, being full. A considerable part of the road to this place is very bad: as it does not rank among the post roads, little or no attention is paid to keep it in repair.

We were informed that not long ago Murat had paid a visit, both here and at Otranto: no doubt the object of it was something more than curiosity. He promised the inhabitants of Lecce that an order should be given for their roads to be repaired, and flattered Otranto with an assurance that its harbour should be enlarged, and every step taken for the revival of its trade. The good people, however, did not find the promises of such a prince very substantial, nor did they bear their disappointment in silence, but loudly complained that they had been deceived, and that their new sovereign had held out hopes to them which he knew would never be realized.

Lecce is a large and well-built town; most of the houses are of freestone and from three to four stories high. The cathedral, and the palaces of the intendant and of the bishop, are very elegant structures; there is a good play-house, besides several other handsome public buildings. The streets are broad and well paved, and the inns generally large and tolerably well regulated, though not with any very scrupulous regard to cleanliness. The town is well peopled, but the

inhabitants are miserably indolent, and seem scarcely to know how to kill their time: standing in crowds in the street, with no other apparent object than to stare and gape at each other. They can, however, be active enough in a bad cause; and strangers will do well not to go much among them without being armed, or to be out after dark without some attendants. During our stay in the town a Greek captain of St. Maura was assassinated in the night by two Neapolitan soldiers, and robbed of money to a considerable amount: the Greek appeared to have made a spirited resistance, as he had mortally wounded one of the assassins; the other was sent to prison, and condemned to undergo the punishment due to his crime.

In travelling through these parts an escort of *gensd'armes* may always be had, and though the nervous traveller may start to hear that many of them are still greater rogues than those who carry on that occupation unmasked, yet he may rest assured that he is, at least for the time being, safe in their hands. At every stage they expect the trifling sum of about three *carolini*, each equal to about fourteen pence: this they consider as a kind

of tribute paid to their band, and rest satisfied when the demand is complied with ; but should they be attacked by numbers superior to their own, they have no scruples of conscience in galloping off, and leaving their charge to his fate ; if, however, the number of the assailants be in any decent minority, they will then make a gallant resistance.

We received a polite invitation from General Bag—zi, who commanded the military force of the district, to breakfast with him the morning after our arrival. He inhabits a large mansion very richly furnished, is a Corsican by birth, and grand officer of the legion of honour. He received us very politely and in full dress, being decorated with all the insignia of his order. As soon as the usual ceremonies had passed, he asked us if we would begin with rum or with punch and roast beef ; on our appearing puzzled at the question, he said he knew the English were fond of punch, and that he had accordingly ordered some for our breakfast, as well as a piece of roast beef, which he believed his servant had got ready. We could not help smiling at his mistake, and confessed that he had hit off the true English taste, with the

only difference of an error in point of time. We were then served with the usual breakfast. We found our host very amusing ; he entertained us with anecdotes of the most celebrated beauties of the place, and long accounts of plays, balls, &c. ; he ended by warm assurances of his esteem towards the English nation, though not without hints of attachment to his countryman Napoleon. In addition to the character of a brave commander, he has the reputation of being amiable and obliging, a union of qualities not always found in the tool of a despot.

He professed a high esteem for the governor of Corfu ; in proof of which he told us, he had undertaken to contribute to the amusement of the town, by engaging an actress of considerable beauty and first rate talents to improve the theatricals of the Ionian islands. At his desire she set off for Otranto, and he had written to his Excellency, to request him to dispatch a sloop of war in order to carry her over, and seemed to feel rather mortified, that instead of complying with his request, no other passage was offered to his fair *protégée* than one on board a *scampa via*.

On leaving Lecce we hired a large carriage and four mules for one hundred Neapolitan ducats, equal to about twenty pounds, to convey us to Naples; and stipulated that the two *veturini* (drivers) should procure us accommodations at the best inns and settle for all our meals during the journey. The innkeepers in Calabria are generally rogues; but this mode of travelling, where time is no particular object, will be found a protection against rapacity and imposition. By adopting it we were likewise enabled to avoid the post-houses where we had frequently not only been obliged to wait many hours for horses, but also exposed to the mischievous curiosity of unprincipled idlers, who learn the way travellers mean to take, whether they are well armed, and all particulars respecting the property they have about them, and then hasten to communicate their information to bands of robbers who lie in ambuscade on the road. It is likewise advisable to have conditions specified in writing, and to be well provided with specie for the journey.

Signor Corchi was going to pay a visit to a Neapolitan prince who lived in the neighbourhood, and whom we met a few miles

from the town. He was walking, while his carriage followed. On recognizing the consul he came up and addressed him, and when Signor Corchi presented us, he politely expressed a wish that we should spend some days at his palace. This, of course, we could not accept. On his leaving us we learnt that he had formerly resided in the capital, where he kept a splendid establishment; but, like too many of the Neapolitan noblemen, was addicted to gambling, to which passion he had sacrificed a considerable part of his property, and was now living on his estates to recruit his finances.

After taking leave of Signor Corchi we proceeded to Bari, through bad roads and a neglected country, where misery is visible in every village, nay in the countenance of every peasant. The inns on the way are large, and have the appearance of comfort and accommodation on the outside, but the interior generally presents nothing but filth and wretchedness. Bari is a considerable seaport town and has a lively appearance. Most of the houses are built of freestone and are three stories high; the streets have likewise the rare advantage of being broad and well

paved. The cathedral is an elegant structure, rich in superb altars and decorated with the works of some of the most celebrated masters of the Italian school. The king's palace, the residence of the bishop and the intendant, are all elegant structures. The town can boast of several fine public buildings and squares; of the latter the *grande piazza* is the most extensive. The place is pleasantly situated, and the environs are very picturesque: from the intendant's house we enjoyed a most delightful view of the beautiful seats about the town, as well as of the sea.

The road from Bari to Naples is very good, and the country appears fertile, but the inhabitants have a wild and savage appearance. Most of the villages and small towns seemed the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. The streets were obstructed with filth; few good buildings were to be seen, the houses seldom exceeding one story in height, and many of these deserted. By the vigilance of the police this part of Calabria is not so much infested by robbers as formerly, except the environs of Ponte di Bovino, which are their head-quarters. They live among the

defiles of the mountains and are well armed and mounted. We found the road covered with troops, who were waiting to escort several waggons laden with money belonging to the royal treasury. These are fine subjects of speculation for the robbers, who a little time before had stopped and plundered several of them laden with thirty thousand Neapolitan ducats, although they were guarded by an escort of more than four hundred men. The peasants call these banditti by the softened name of *malcontenti*, which delicacy of feeling may be easily accounted for, as many of their own body are suspected of belonging to them.

There are great quantities of game between Bari and Barletta, particularly of pheasants, snipes, and larks. We saw several bears prowling at a distance; one of the gend'armes, to impress us, I suppose, with an idea of his courage, rode boldly up to them and fired his carbine, but he missed his aim and they made off.

It was on the 24th of December, when we first beheld the imposing and magnificent spectacle of Mount Vesuvius, towering above the region of beauty and fertility that lies

stretched at its feet. On a nearer approach to the capital we found the road lined on each side by gardens and villas, which present a cheerful appearance, and form a singular contrast to the wild and barren features of this volcanic mountain. Our curiosity increased as we approached the metropolis, and was by no means lessened when we entered the crowded streets of the city. The promiscuous multitudes that throng the avenues of Naples are different from the crowds of most great cities; a double line is generally formed, which moves along in its separate direction, and presents the idea of men in pursuit of some object. Here the crowd has no certain point of direction, and conveys the image of bustle without business. The only object to which attention seemed directed was sometimes a showman loud in the description of his curiosities, sometimes to a ballad-singer who was entertaining a group with a display of his comic powers. Here fat monks were seen elbowing their way through the crowd, and jostling against a lemonade seller, decorated with his flags and vociferous in the praises of his favourite be-

verage. The *Largo di Castello* was all clamour and bustle ; and on passing the *Chiaja* we saw multitudes of Lazzaroni on the wharf, some seated smoking their pipes in all the apathy of idleness, others with their wheelbarrows eagerly demanding employment. Not far off was the fashionable walk, crowded with all the beauty and elegance of the place. Here the high towering French bonnet, with its profusion of flowers, was eminently conspicuous, and reminded me of an observation made upon the wearers :

Babel's confusion on their tongues,
Its tower upon their heads.

We alighted at the *Hôtel de Gran Bretagna*, situated on the *Chiaja*. This hotel is certainly the best in the town : it is well kept, elegantly furnished, and delightfully situated, opening upon the public walk, and at the same time commanding a most extensive and magnificent view of the bay in the front, of Mount Vesuvius on the left, and the *Strada Nuova* to the right, bordered by delightful country houses : an assemblage of picturesque beauties beyond any thing I had ever before seen. It must be allowed

that this hotel is extravagant, but by entering into an agreement immediately with the landlord, for the apartments and other expences, much of the imposition that is but too generally practised in Italy may be avoided.* There is another good hotel at the *Largo di Castello*, called *Il Sole*, and kept by an English woman: its aspect is not so good as that of the *de Gran Bretagna*, but it is conveniently situated, on account of its being in the square near the theatre of *San Carlo*.† The *Quatri Nazione* is the third best hotel, which is equally well frequented; its situation is chearful, being near the bay, but it does not bear a high cha-

* For a large sitting-room and four bed-rooms, together with a room for two servants, we paid seven Spanish piastres per day, equal to about one pound eleven and sixpence; for dinner, one Spanish piastre and a half each, equal to about six shillings and ninepence; breakfast, six carolines, about two shillings and threepence; *valets de place* and convenient carriages may be procured at the hotel.

† This theatre was lately destroyed by a great fire, but has been rebuilt by the king, for which act I understand the Neapolitans speak of their monarch in transports of affection and gratitude, which the wisest regulations for their happiness as a nation might have failed to produce.

racter for comfort and cleanliness ; a new hotel, under the name of *Hotel Royale*, is erecting nearly opposite the palace, and promises to afford a comfortable residence. There is a multitude of other inns in the place, but of inferior accommodation ; and it will be found advisable to take furnished lodgings either on the *Chiaja* and its neighbourhood, or in the *Strada di Toledo*, in preference to any of them. It is a good method to breakfast at home and dine at the *restaurateurs* ; the best houses of this description are *La Villa di Napoli*, nearly opposite the palace, in the *Strada di Toledo*, and *La Corona di Ferro*, in the same street ; both these places are kept by Frenchmen, but the first undoubtedly claims the preference, both in point of accommodation and company.

I had the honour of being admitted into a select English society that dined daily at the *Corona di Ferro*, at fifteen carolines a-head, including a bottle of *vin du pays* for each person. Nothing can be more pleasant than such an arrangement, the party being composed of the most distinguished English travellers. There are several other *restaurateurs*, but the society among them is

less select, and the accommodations in every respect inferior.

The inhabitants of this capital are notorious, even to a proverb, for the laziness, dirt, and dishonesty that prevail among them. The females are by no means of a fair complexion, but they are tall and well made, and celebrated for their fine animated black eyes. Their irregular mode of living is the principal cause of the want of a good complexion, as a Neapolitan lady seldom quits the gambling table before two or three o'clock in the morning, and never rises before twelve or one. They are passionately fond of plays, which consume the evening hours, so that they can have but little time left for useful occupations or healthful exercise. Their meals take up the least portion of their time. Many ladies of rank and title, who inhabit an elegant palace, keep a brilliant equipage, together with a box at the opera and at the principal theatres, have their repast served up by half a dozen footmen in rich liveries, though it seldom consists of more than a *costolina*, highly seasoned with oil and onions, and a dish of plain macaroni. They are rarely longer than half an hour at table, which

is one reason why strangers are seldom or ever invited to their dinners. There are, however, some few exceptions to this general rule, among which is the Bishop of Taranto, who is very hospitable, and is seldom without a circle of the most distinguished nobility and foreigners. His table is spoken of here as a sumptuous one, but it would certainly be considered as very inferior in any other capital.

The society at Naples is very limited and indifferent: on entering the saloon at one of their routs, a stranger would imagine that he was visiting a gambling-house rather than an assembly. A large table stands in the middle, where the ladies, dressed after the French fashion, and in general pretty highly rouged, occupy the front seats; the gentlemen either take an active part in the game, and occupy the second seats, or else are busied in discharging the faithful duties of a *cavaliere servante* behind the chairs of their Signoras who are engaged in play. Several young English noblemen and gentlemen have rendered their names famous in these circles, by the exorbitant price they have paid for their introduction into them. Such are the

pleasures of a rout in the dissipated city of Naples.*

Their balls generally open with a quadrille; this is followed by waltzing, and afterwards, at several of the parties where I was present, an English country-dance was called for, out of compliment to the many English ladies of rank who were present. As soon as the dancing began, the other part of the company retired to the adjoining rooms, where the amateurs of *Rouge et Noir* set to with avidity. I observed several old ladies take their seats at the table, whose eagerness to pocket a few of the Spanish piastres was but too visible. Their example was followed by others of the younger branches, who gradually dropped in from the ball-room, so that in an hour's time not above ten ladies have been left in the dance, and even these would veer round insensibly to the magic circle of at-

* The following is the form of one of the printed invitations with which I was honoured by the Princess of B—— Sp——. “ La Principessa di B—— te Sp——
“ prega Signor B. de voler la favorire la sera Martedì
“ 3 del corrente, alle 8 di Francia, nel suo Palazzo, à S.
“ Marcellino, che vi sarà un poco di musica.”

traction, till the musicians found themselves playing to an empty room. I observed that several ladies played very high, and yet I could not help smiling at the immense disproportion between their rank and title and the credit they possessed at the bank. It was with difficulty that many of them could obtain trust for a single Napoleon. Could one imagine such a want of gallantry in a subject of Joachim Murat? but I suppose this is a word that does not occur in the vocabulary of one of the sons of Plutus. It was curious to observe the contrast in other parts of the table, where I saw several English gentlemen borrowing from fifteen to thirty Napoleons, without even being known to the banker; all he did was to enter the sum to *Milordi Englesi* in a memorandum book, which always lay open before him. Sometimes five or six of these English *Milordi* were on his list together, without the possibility of his distinguishing their names; but such was the confidence he reposed in their honour, that he never took the trouble to ask the question. A happy exception to the too general predominance of gambling or insipidity in Neapolitan society will be found

in the family of the Marchioness de Berri, in the *Strada di Toledo*, who has given her daughters an excellent education, and always draws around her a select and agreeable circle. Her palace possesses likewise no ordinary attractions to the admirers of the fine arts, in a noble gallery, and an exquisite groupe by Canova, representing Venus and Adonis. I was informed that one of his Majesty's Ministers, who shall be nameless, was violently in love with the Marchioness's eldest daughter, and that his heart was nearly broken by a refusal. The noble statesman must have forgotten that he had seen nearly sixty winters; and although his enlightened talents and attainments are fully worthy of the time which they have had to ripen, it must be allowed that these of themselves are hardly sufficient to captivate the heart of a beautiful lady of nineteen.

After the manœuvres which have been practised to dupe the Calabrians, it may easily be believed that this court is at once the seat of folly and intrigue. Murat, in order to gain popularity, affects to rule his subjects with a sceptre of gold; but in the empire of

love he sways with a rod of iron, making up matches with the same facility with which he breaks them off. The court is splendid and the royal retinue numerous, and no expense is spared in order to display pomp and grandeur. The necessary consequences are, that the government, in order to defray this extravagance, is obliged to have recourse to exorbitant taxes, of which the nation justly and bitterly complains; particularly at the present moment, as the country has little or no trade. It is easy to imagine that measures like these tend to foster the spirit of opposition, signs of which have already begun to manifest themselves. Murat affects to despise the conduct of Napoleon, which he pronounces to be cowardly and unbecoming a sovereign. On this subject he expressed himself to a distinguished nobleman in nearly the following terms:—*J'ai résolu, en cas que je sois assez malheureux pour perdre l'armée, dans laquelle je mets toutes mes espérances, de défendre la couronne aussi long-temps que le sang coulera dans mes veines; car je suis déterminé avant d'abandonner le trône, d'y placer des tonneaux de poudre: j'y mettrai le feu moi-même, afin de*

ne quitter la couronne qu'avec la vie. His Majesty is affable and attentive to strangers, and wishes to be thought particularly so to those of the British nation : he extended his politeness so far as to order that horses and grooms should be provided from the royal stables for many English travellers of distinction who attended his levees. It was expected that those who were invited to his hunting parties should wear the royal hunting dress, which consists of a short green jacket trimmed with gold, a hanger, and a hat in the style of *Henri quatre*.

During the time, however, that the court displayed the most marked attention to foreigners, their letters were often detained at the office of the minister of the police ; and even of those which were fortunate enough to reach the place of their destination, the greater part bore the marks of having been opened. A certain nobleman was not a little surprised when he found his invitations at the court suddenly suspended ; but the mystery was explained by a courtier, who observed to him—*Je vous prévins, Monsieur le Comte, qu'en conséquence des expressions peu favora-*

bles dont vous vous êtes servi dans votre lettre sur l'armée du Roi, vous avez encouru la disgrâce de Sa Majesté.

This nobleman is a cavalry officer of high rank in one of the armies on the continent: and is not less brave in the field of battle than renowned in the circle of fashion. The seven different orders with which he is decorated are honourable testimonies of his heroism; and his adventures in the campaign of fashion he took care to record in a journal, which he entrusted to the care of a hussar, whose features bore as many marks of valour as were exhibited in those of the officer he served. A whistle from his master, which appeared as intelligible to him as the call of the bugle, was the signal for his entrance. My friend favoured me with reading some extracts from his volume of adventures; and while he was so employed, the old warrior filled his pipe, with a grin which had a double effect through his conspicuous mustachios, and seemed, like Leperello, proud of displaying the thousand and one adventures of his master. Among many other whimsical occurrences which befel my friend, as recorded in this

journal, was one which would never have happened in any other country than this. One morning he was surprized by receiving an invitation from a certain princess, to dine with her *tête-à-tête*. He could not but wonder at the circumstance, as he knew very little of her highness, and of that little the principal part was, that she was no longer young and had never been handsome, nor had sixty-five years passed over her head without making proportionate ravages upon the few charms her person had ever been gifted with ; he could not, therefore, with all his gallantry, construe it into an assignation. However, to gratify his curiosity, he was punctual to the time of invitation. All things were in order for his reception, but the repast was far from being splendid ; a maccaroni and a *stufaccio*, highly seasoned with onions, were all the delicacies this princely table could boast of. It was not till the desert was served that the riddle was explained, and the cause that had led to this enchanting *tête-à-tête* unfolded : the grand *dénouement* of the comedy was, a request from the princess that he would purchase of her a dozen pair of silk stockings,

in order, as she said, to assist a female in distress ; nor did she fail to enforce her suit with a long eulogium upon my friend's well-known charitable disposition. It was impossible to resist the petition, and the purchase was accordingly made, at not less than fifty per cent. dearer than it could have been obtained in any shop in the metropolis.

The king's aides-de-camp are numerous, and are generally liked by all parties, being men of talent, as well as of pleasing manners. I have heard several English noblemen speak of their conduct and attentions in the most flattering terms.

You must doubtless have heard of a certain illustrious visitant, who this season has chosen Naples for her winter residence, and who, it is understood in the higher circles, is not less pleased with the society of this enchanting capital, than with the attention shown to her by his Neapolitan majesty Joachim Murat, who spares no pains to make her abode in his kingdom agreeable. The Queen is said not to be on equally friendly terms with her illustrious guest, the cause of which some attribute to her majesty's want of hospitality, others to those fanciful

whims in which the great are too prone to indulge themselves.

The palace of the illustrious personage is splendid, and delightfully situated at the *Chiaja*, and a guard of honour is stationed, by order of the King, at the entrance of her mansion. Her residence in this capital certainly contributes not a little to enliven its society, as she gives dinner parties every day, and a ball once a-week. Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Maxwell and myself had the honour of being presented to her by the Honourable Mr. Craven, who acts as first chamberlain. We were ushered into a spacious and elegant apartment, where we found a large circle, mostly composed of Neapolitan nobility of both sexes, together with some English of distinction.

I had the honour of dining with this illustrious traveller, and found the society mostly composed of English. Besides those belonging to the establishment were the Earl and Lady Landaff, the Marquis of Sligo, the Honourable Montague Mathew, Madam Falconnet, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Mr. Coffin, Mr. French and Mr. Sauvayre.

The ball on the 7th January was particularly splendid, and was attended by the whole court, as well as all the first society in the place. Many English ladies of rank excited general admiration, as well by the beauty of their persons as by the elegance of their manners, in both which particulars they formed a pleasing contrast to the Neapolitan ladies.

At ten o'clock his Majesty arrived: the Queen was expected, but it was reported that she was prevented from being present by indisposition. Murat was attended by a long retinue of courtiers, all decked out in embroidered coats, to whom he formed a striking contrast, being simply dressed in a plain green coat with white mother-o'-pearl buttons, and a white waistcoat; his shoes were tied with riband, and he wore no decorations; his mustachios were large and black, and his hair hung loose over his shoulders without any powder. Such was the dress of this great sovereign, which it must be confessed was quite in character.

After he had kissed the hand of the illustrious hostess, he walked about the saloon,

and conversed with many of the ladies, particularly with the Duchess de Gallo, whose husband is his prime minister. Lady Landaff and Lady Oxford also drew a large share of his attention. Murat is considered by the ladies as graceful in his manners and studious to please all, and appears to be quite a *Chevalier François*, till he opens his mouth, when the charm is at once dissolved. Vulgar oaths seem familiar to him, nor did he restrain himself in the use of them even when conversing with women of the first rank : so disgusting was this to many present, and even to his suite, that I heard several of them make their remarks upon it.

A Neapolitan nobleman near me was bold enough to make several ill-natured observations : among the rest he expressed his surprise that a certain illustrious personage should dress *à la Française*, and not after the fashion of her own country ; he also wondered at her affability, in waltzing with strangers. Being desirous of breaking off this conversation, which was neither pleasant nor becoming, I retired to the other side of

the saloon, but he soon followed me, and continued his observations. 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'is it customary in England for the pages to waltz in company with the illustrious personages they attend? I am surprised that the young *protégé* does not dance with a lady of his own age; instead of which he chooses one of the best dancers in the ball-room without any regard to the disparity of her years.' The loud laughter of four English gentlemen, who at that moment entered the ball-room, next drew his attention. The fact was, that these boisterous sons of mirth had just quitted a convivial party, and were rather *dans le vigne du Seigneur*, and, probably, not apprised of the illustrious personage being present.

We had a masked ball given not long before by the same august personage, at a garden near the *Castello del Uovo*, which was equally splendid. The garden belongs to a branch of the royal family: it was lighted with a great variety of coloured lamps; there was also a grand display of fireworks, and every thing went off with *éclat*. The King and the Queen attended in masks: his Majesty ap-

peared first in a hunting dress, but soon changed his costume to that of a British tar, but it was so *outré*, that he did not gain much credit; in fact, to represent a sailor with a kind of epaulettes of coloured riband, is more appropriate to heros of the stage than those of the Nile! The Queen supported better the character of a Sultana. The illustrious hostess wore a fancy dress. The royal family appeared highly delighted with many characters that were well supported.

A short time before this *fête* I was present at a party, where a circumstance took place, which served to evince the marked attention that Murat prided himself upon showing to his illustrious visitant. It was at a dinner party at Baron Ross—i, the Governor of Naples, and one of his majesty's aides-de-camp, a gentleman known for his attention towards strangers. During the dinner an officer came to inform him, that the commandant of the *Castello del Uovo* had sent him to acquaint the Baron that there was a considerable quantity of gunpowder in the fort, and as he understood that a discharge of fireworks was to take place near it he

could not be answerable for the consequences. The governor returned for answer, that the King had already been apprised of the circumstance, and had given orders that wet blankets should be spread over the place where the powder was kept, as well as on the windows of the *Castello*: that he trusted these precautions would be sufficient; but, at all events, his majesty had determined the *fête* should not be interrupted. Means no doubt were taken to convey these royal condescensions to the ear of the illustrious personage, for whose gratification they were intended; for what, it might be asked, is the loss of a fort and its inmates, if they be likely to impede the progress of a lady's amusements?

We did not omit to visit San Carlos, which is truly a magnificent structure: the interior is vast, and yet all in the most harmonious proportion; indeed, it is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest specimens of modern architecture in Europe. The orchestra is in every respect full and complete. Madame Kohlbrandt is the *Prima Donna* of the house; her voice is at once sweet and power-

ful, and is said to have lost none of its vigour, though she is now past the prime of life. The *corps de ballet*, next to that of Paris, is considered as one of the best in Europe. It was announced that on the first of January the King would go in *galla* to the opera. I was accommodated by the governor with a seat in a box not far from that set apart for the royal family.* On this occasion the house was splendidly lighted, and filled with all the rank and fashion of the capital. The King came at an early hour very gorgeously attired, and followed by a numerous retinue. His approach was announced by the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums. On his appearance he was greeted with two rounds of applause: that from the body of the house was only faint, but his retinue and those who, I suppose, were hired for the occasion, were very boisterous in their plaudits. The King bowed three times and sat down: the Queen was not present, which was ascribed to indisposition. His majesty laughed heartily at

* For a curious and interesting account of the theatres, see the Count de Stendal's 'Rome, Naples, and Florence.'

the buffoon, whose mimicry and distortions he seemed to enjoy much ; perhaps from a kindred feeling. The court is fond of dancing, and I understood the ballet was principally supported out of the King's own private purse: to Madame du Bourg, who is the principal dancer, he paid the sum of 32,000 carolini, as he thought the managers acted very grudgingly in refusing her this trifle for the public gratification. The theatre offered a beautiful *coup-d'œil*, and the performances went off in good style.

On masquerade nights the pit and the stage are formed into a level, and the boxes are so large and commodious, that in them ladies of rank frequently entertain a supper party. A table is placed in the middle of the box and a curtain drawn before it, so that the company may amuse themselves free from observation. The champaign often circulates very freely, insomuch that I once saw some ladies so far enlivened by its inspiration, as to pour the contents of whole glasses by way of libation upon the pit, which instead of propitiating, served but to rouse the indignation of the divinities in masks below : a

Pan and a *Flora* in particular expressed their wrath very audibly.

On these nights two saloons are thrown open on the right and left wings of the house, which communicate by the grand staircase. In the middle is a large table, forming a bank of *Rouge et Noir*, where ladies are frequently seen in their masks gambling very high till five or six o'clock in the morning, when they return with aching heads and not a few with empty pockets. A band of music is stationed in one of these saloons, but nobody dances there. More than once I heard a remark made, that the Neapolitan ladies do not manage a mask with the expertness and vivacity which strangers were led to expect. It is the *etiquette* for the gentlemen to go unmasked, and it was observed, that they had generally to begin 'the merry war of words.' As for intriguing, they require no mask to assist them in that qualification.

The *Chiaja* is the favourite walk, and is much frequented by the fashionable ladies. It is a beautiful garden situated on the borders of the sea, decorated with fine statues, and commanding a charming view of

the Bay. The ladies are seldom seen abroad except in their carriages, when they ride out shopping. The *Strada di Toledo* is the Bond Street of Naples, and is lined with the best shops in town. During the three days of the carnival this street was crowded with the nobility and all the most fashionable inhabitants, who rode masked in their carriages; and among the many vehicles which were sported on this occasion, one in particular excited more than common amusement: John Bull was literally personified by an Englishman of rank, in the inside of the carriage, while the coachman was dressed up as a bear. This allusion was eagerly caught at, and approbation was expressed by a storm of *confetti*, which was returned by John Bull with equal vigour, for, that he might not be outdone in this sport, he had actually provided himself with two whole sacks of this sugared weapon.

The lower orders of the people paraded the streets on foot, in every variety of caricature, exhibition and whimsical device. All the world was in masks, even the coachmen and footmen not excepted. The ladies

carried large baskets filled with *confetti*, with a volley of which they saluted those they knew, or whose appearance attracted their attention. The royal family generally attend, and are sure not to escape their share of the usual salutation. This contest of *sweetness* does not always terminate without some mixture of *bitterness*; and duels have frequently been the consequence of too great liberties taken in this way. Not a few complaints have been made by the ladies against certain young Englishmen, who were accused of using these weapons with intemperate zeal.

At this season Punchinello reigns here in all his glory, and claims a more than common attention. Indeed it would appear that these claims are justly founded, especially if we are to believe a late traveller, who endeavours to dignify him into a lineal descendant of the Atellan farcers. A resemblance has been thought to exist between his mask and that of a bronze figure which was discovered at Rome; and from the projection of his nose a derivation has been attempted: ‘*a pulliceno, pullisenello, punchinello!*’ This, however, seems very far-fetched, and it is much more natural to imagine that punch is but a cari-

cature of the Apulian peasant, and was brought into notice to perform much the same part as the *Fool* or *Vice*, in the old English plays. It is an old adage, that 'no man is a prophet in his own country,' but Punch is an exception to this general rule, as he nowhere excites such universal and unexhausted interest as in his native city. The following anecdote will serve to shew the extent of his influence. During the time of Lent it is usual for the Capuchin friars to preach in the open squares. While one of these reverend fathers was holding forth with much enthusiasm on one side, Punch suddenly made his appearance on the other; the balance of power did not long remain doubtful, for the audience began to drop off rapidly from the Capuchin. What was to be done? Piqued at the successful efforts of his rival orator, the ingenuity of the preacher was awakened; he drew forth a crucifix, which these good fathers always carry under their habit to make a sensible appeal to their audience at the conclusion of their discourses, and holding it up, he exclaimed, '*Ecco il vero punchinello.*' This expedient had its desired effect; the people

were struck with the force of such an appeal, and flocked back to hear the conclusion of the sermon.

A number of English travellers of distinction proposed to subscribe and give a ball to the royal family, to express their sense of gratitude for the attention they received. I was honoured with an invitation, which ran as follows :

‘ Naples, Janvier 1815.

‘ Le Marquis de Sl—o,

‘ Le Comte de Land—ff,

‘ Le Général Mat—w,

‘ M. Lat—che,

‘ M. Saw—e,

‘ Chargés de la direction du Bal que les Anglois,

‘ maintenant à Naples, se proposent de don-

‘ ner a LL. MM. le Roi et la Reine,

‘ Mardi prochain, le 10e de ce mois, vous

‘ prient de leur faire l’honneur d’y assister,

‘ à sept heures et demie du soir.

‘ Numo. 226, Chiaja.

‘ A. M. B.’

But in consequence of the indisposition of the Queen the ball was postponed. Unfortu-

nately my departure was fixed, so that I could not have the pleasure of being present at it. I understand that the expense to each subscriber amounted to nearly a hundred carolini; it was given in an elegant mansion situated at the *Chiaja*.

LETTER XXXVI.

Description of NAPLES.—Churches.—STUDIO NUOVO.—The CHARTREUSE.—The Palaces of BERRIO and the Bishop of TARANTO.—Grotto of PAUSILIPO.—STRADA NUOVA.—MOUNT VESUVIUS.—POMPEII.—PORTICI, &c.

Naples, January 1815.

‘*Vedi Napoli e mori*’ is the warm and enthusiastic exclamation of an Italian; yet however rapturous the expression may sound in the ears of many, by the admirer of the charms of nature it will not be deemed extravagant, for in no other part of the world is so grand an assemblage of the sublime and beautiful to be witnessed. But these scenes have been so frequently and so ably described, that it would be little better than presumption in me to attempt to give even a sketch of them, after the glowing pictures which they have elicited from the hands of so many masters. I cannot, however, refrain from noticing some of the more prominent beauties of this justly celebrated city.

The cathedral is an excellent structure; its interior is rich in sculpture and paintings;

the cupola is painted by Lanfranc. There is a very elegant church, called *Jesu Nuovo*, that formerly belonged to the Jesuits. *Santa Maria Nuova*, *Santa Donna Regina*, *Santo Philippo Nero*, *Santo Paolo Maggiore*, *Santo Severino*, *Monte Olivetto*, and several other churches, are of superb architecture, and contain fine paintings of the Italian school. The royal palace is the work of Torlana, and by its fine proportions and general grandeur of effect does great honour to him as an architect, although its exterior, as well as the greater part of the public buildings in this city, is somewhat gloomy in general appearance. The interior is, however, sufficiently splendid; every apartment abounds with elegant paintings and fine tapestry, and the state room in particular is superb.

The *Studio Nuovo* is an extensive and elegant building, containing a valuable collection of statues which once ornamented the *Palazzo Farnese* at Rome. The library belonging to this establishment is rich in manuscripts and rare specimens of the press of the fourteenth century; and justice obliges me to mention that the French general, who commanded here during the war, manifested a spirit very rare in his contemporaries, in so far respecting this ve-

nerable depository of knowledge, as not to permit any of its treasures to be molested or carried off, to add to that accumulation of trophies, which at once ornamented and disgraced the capital of France.

Before quitting the subject of these palaces, it is impossible not to remark how little attention is shewn by the inhabitants to decency and decorum in these splendid buildings. The *immendezzaio* inscribed on the interior walls and staircases of almost every building, public or private, is a proof of the justice of this assertion. The house of our banker had a most beautiful staircase of marble, but all its beauty could not protect it from pollution.

Besides this establishment Naples can boast of six public colleges for the aid of science, and a number of observatories as well public as private. The *Chartreuse*, formerly a church, but now converted into an hospital, is an elegant structure, and the views from the gallery in front truly enchanting. The church is very richly ornamented, particularly the altars, which display many first-rate paintings. The council-room was some years ago damaged by lightning, the traces of which are still visible, but fortunately no injury was done to the fine pictures which decorate it.

I might fill a volume by enumerating the works of renowned Italian masters which are to be seen in this city. I might speak of the palace of the Marchese de Borrio, the Bishop of Taranto, and a hundred others. In one of the apartments of the latter we saw a large picture from the hand of an artist whom the Bishop supports, and who seems fully to justify the hopes that are formed of his future excellence. In another apartment we observed a cat painted by the same artist, which was admirably executed. We did not neglect, during our stay here, to visit the famous grotto of Pausilipo; it is about 2,316 feet long, and is cut through a mountain of sand stone: it is said to be one of the wonderful undertakings of Lucillus.* On the top of it is situated the celebrated tomb which is supposed to be that of Virgil, and which is thickly overgrown with bays, laurels, and myrtles. The grotto is a quarter of a mile long, and so dark that

* Plutarch, speaking of this grotto, thus expresses himself:

Τα δὲν τοῖς παραλίοις καὶ περι Νεανπολὶν ἔργα λοφὺς ἀνακρεμαντος ἄωτῶ μεγλοῖς ἀρυγμασι.

‘ The works which he did on the shores and in the neighbourhood of Naples, suspend mountains in the air by means of immense excavations.’

it requires torches to examine it thoroughly. The entrance is situated at the distance of about half a mile from the *Chiaja*. From this place we proceeded to the *Strada Nuova*, where they are making a new road along the sea shore, from which we caught some enchanting views of the city of Naples and its environs.

On the following day we made an excursion to Vesuvius. The base of the mountain is covered with towns, among which are Portici, Torre del Greco, &c. They are considerable places, extending over the second region of the mountain, and cover the lower parts of it with fertility and population, forming a striking contrast with the devastation we found in proceeding higher. The ascension was easy till we came to Atrio del Cavalli, where we were obliged to dismount. From the looseness of the ground, which is formed entirely of ashes, walking is extremely difficult, and guides are here particularly necessary. Thick clouds of smoke were issuing from the crater when we reached the summit; and so powerful were the sulphureous exhalations that we all felt the giddiness and oppression caused by them for some days after-

wards. The bed of lava extends to a considerable distance down the mountain, and in some places has formed itself into broken masses of enormous size, which have a singularly wild appearance. It is impossible for description to do justice to the magnificent and almost boundless prospect that presents itself from the summit. Naples, with the graceful sweep of its bay and the curve of its promontories, lay extended like a map before us. To the north-east towered the bold and snow-clad heights of the Appenines, forming a wild yet beautiful horizon, with their diversity of summits strongly marked on a cloudless Italian sky. To the west shone the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, studded with beautiful islands and marked by numberless white sails that seemed at this distance like light vapours floating on the bosom of the deep. We found our descent still more difficult, and requiring greater care and management than the journey up the mountain; the ashes in many parts lay so loose as rendered it impossible for us to calculate with any precision upon our steps. On removing the surface of the cinders we found the ashes at the depth of a few inches below were so

hot that it was impossible to hold them. We returned to Naples not a little fatigued with our journey, and much incommoded by the sulphurous vapours we had inhaled, and this prevented our making a variety of observations which a less obnoxious atmosphere would have enabled us to do.

The same night I enjoyed a spectacle from the balcony of the hotel, not exceeded by any thing we had seen on our excursion. The weather was rather stormy, and the moon which only appeared at intervals, amidst the clouds that flew rapidly before her face, alternately silvered over the immensity of waves which were chasing each other in the bay, or left them to a gloom the more suited to their awful grandeur and monotonous roar. The *Strada Nuova*, with the villas that adorned its side, was in the same manner sometimes wrapped in shade and sometimes distinctly visible. To the left towered the summit of Vesuvius; a thick smoke issued from the volcano, tinged by the red flames that occasionally burst forth, and forming at once a sublime and beautiful appearance. No sound of human existence broke upon the solemnity of the scene, it

was nature triumphing in her own sufficiency, and the contemplation of her powers filled the breast of the solitary individual who was gazing on them with the most refined and exalted feelings.

A few days after our excursion to Vesuvius we made another to Pompeii, which is about fourteen miles from Naples. We were much pleased with a view of the remains of the amphitheatre; its arena, and whole streets, which have been lately excavated, and which are the most entire of any Roman buildings that we have any knowledge of. We entered several of the houses; some appeared to have been apothecaries', and others bakers' shops; from the singular kind of sign or designation over the door of one of them, it has been supposed that it was a house of ill-fame: most of the houses are small, but the rooms are compact and well proportioned. On our return, we visited Herculaneum and its immense theatre. A guide with a torch showed us the numerous doors and dormitories, and the multitude of benches: some fresco paintings on the walls are still in a tolerable state of preservation.

It is remarkable that among the number of manuscripts found here, so few of any con-

sequence have been unrolled. The first that was attempted with success was in Greek, but since that Latin works have been chiefly discovered. It is said that a priest of the congregation of Somaschi invented the method of unrolling these *papyri*, but the King of Naples did not give the undertaking the encouragement it merited, and it was not till the Prince Regent of England, who has always shewn himself a munificent protector of the arts, undertook to defray the expenses, that any serious progress was made. Mr. Hayter was fixed upon to superintend the proceedings, and since that period the laudable undertaking has been advancing with equal rapidity and success.

Nor must I conceal another fact, for the truth of which I have the best authority. The Queen took a great interest in the excavations that have been made, as well here as at Portici, and advanced considerable sums of money from her private purse towards the prosecution of the work, a feeling equally honourable to her taste and generosity.

Portici, which is little more than a league from Naples, forms a pleasing subject for an excursion. It is delightfully situated, and has

a collection of ancient pictures, contained in twenty-two apartments, which are subjects of great interest to the learned, on account of their being frescoes from Pompeii and Herculaneum. The designs have all the noble simplicity and severity in them of the early Greek drama ; and the grouping in those pieces wherein the figures of horses and of females are introduced is wonderfully fine. Engravings have been made at Naples of these frescoes, which give a very satisfactory idea of the correctness of their drawing and the grace and ease of their attitudes, in which their chief excellencies will be found to consist. Pæstum lies at the distance of sixty English miles, and is celebrated for its ruins, which are full of interest. It is necessary to engage a boat and take a guide to visit Baia and Cape Misenum ; other objects worthy of curiosity are at Pozzuoli and the lake d'Agnano, at which latter place is the singular grotto Del Cane : the islands of Proceda, Capri, Ischia, and Somento, are also extremely interesting.

The country about Naples is very fruitful and produces abundance of corn, fruits, vegetables, oil, and both red and white wine.

That of the best quality, called *lacrima christi*, is produced near Vesuvius. It ought not, however, to be drank by strangers without some caution, as its qualities are found injurious to those who are not seasoned to the climate. The city has a considerable trade, and exports oil, silk, soap, &c. The harbour is tolerably good, but vessels are obliged to lie so close to the shore, that in a gale they are in great danger of running foul of each other. The number of inhabitants is estimated at about 400,000. The climate of Naples is considered healthy, and the winters mild and agreeable, but the heat in summer is so excessive, as to be insupportable to those of more northern climates.

We have hired a *veturino* to convey us to Rome; he has agreed to furnish us with a commodious carriage and four horses, and to provide every thing both for ourselves and our servant on the road, for which we are to pay forty-seven Neapolitan piastres and a half, equal to about twelve pounds sterling. He has also engaged that we shall be in Rome in four days and a half. It is not without regret that we think of quitting these enchanting scenes; and our concern is aug-

mented by the necessity we are under of parting at the same time with our companions from Vestizza, who have participated with us in their beauties, and in whose agreeable society they have appeared with even additional attractions,

and exports oil, silk, soap, &c. The harbour is tolerably good, but vessels are obliged to lie so close to the shore, that in a gale they are in great danger of running foul of each other. The number of inhabitants is estimated at about 400,000. The climate of Naples is considered healthy, and the winters mild and agreeable, but the heat in summer is so excessive, as to be insupportable to those of more northern climates. We have hired a viceroy to convey us to Rome; he has agreed to furnish us with a commodious carriage and four horses, and to provide every thing both for ourselves and our servant on the road, for which we are to pay forty-seven Neapolitan pistres and a half, equal to about twelve pounds sterling. He has also engaged that we shall be in Rome in four days and a half. It is not without regret that we think of quitting these enchanting scenes; and our concern is any-

LETTER XXXVII.

Departure for ROME.—MOLA DI GAETA.—TERRACINA.—Adventure.—VELETRI.—Arrival at ROME.—Hotels.—Inhabitants.—Roman Ladies.—Fashionable Circles.—LOUIS BONAPARTE.—The Prince PIOMBINO.—English Society.—Balls.—Theatres.—The Carnival.—The Corso.—Horse-race.—The Pope.—Governor.—Roman Execution, and Observations on it.

Rome, February 1815.

WE left Naples with that reluctance which every traveller must experience in quitting one of the most beautiful places in the world. The only places of any consequence where we halted were Capua and Mola di Gaeta. The country round Capua is fertile and well cultivated. Mola di Gaeta is a long straggling place, but has a fortress of considerable strength. The inhabitants are little better than a gang of lawless banditti, and look more savage than the wild Arabs of the east. They are miserably cloathed, particularly the women, who are absolutely in rags.

The next place we stopped at was Terracina, an ancient town, built on a rock; it serves as another head-quarter for hordes of banditti. It is delightfully situated on the borders of the sea, and is sheltered on one side by high mountains, which offer very romantic views. They were repairing the ruins of the port, which was built by Antoninus Pius. The town contains many good edifices, particularly the cathedral and the new palace of the Pope, which are objects well worthy of attention. The principal inn is a very extensive building, commanding a fine open view of the sea and possessing good accommodations. As this is a frontier town travellers are obliged to stop at the Custom-house, which is situated near the inn, where it is advisable for them to sign a paper purporting that they carry no goods about them that are liable to the duties; by doing which, and adding a *douceur* of a few *carolini*, they can easily avoid the inconvenience of having their luggage opened and their trunks discomposed. We had signed a similar paper at Fondi, the last town on the Neapolitan frontiers, and we found it saved us much unnecessary trouble, as well as the chance occasionally of deten-

tion. There is another species of imposition practised on these roads which ought to be strictly guarded against: it is the alarming of travellers by exaggerated accounts of the danger to be apprehended from robbers in the places through which they have to pass, and endeavouring to force upon them an escort beyond what they have any occasion for, and which serves no other purpose than that of enabling their commandant to carry on a system of extortion under the name of remuneration. We had this kind of manœuvre attempted to be practised upon us at Terracina by the commandant, who first sent one of his emissaries to appal us with stories of robberies and murder, and then came himself to attest the truth of the statements. As we were inclined to give him credit for knowing the intentions of the sort of people against whom he appeared so anxious to put us on our guard, we desired him to let us have a couple of soldiers by way of guard. The next morning he was not only obliging enough to grant our request, but double it also, sending four soldiers instead of two at the appointed hour, headed by the original alarmist, who had waited upon us from him at the inn the

day before, and who now brought a receipt for the sum due to an escort of four, and a request from the commandant that we would pay the money before we set off. We refused either to do this or take more than two men with us, notwithstanding their loud representations of the dangers that might await us. These dangers seemed, however, to have only a soothing effect upon their nerves, for as soon as they had seated themselves behind our carriage they fell asleep; and when they had gone far enough to enable them to demand their reward with any shew of decency, they stopped us with the information that we were quite out of the reach of danger, and had nothing to do but pay and go forward, which we accordingly did, fully convinced that we were at least as safe without such attendants as with them.

Veletri is the last place of any importance that we pass through before we arrive at Rome. It stands on the brow of a hill, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country; but the inhabitants, like those of too many other parts of Italy, look like personifications of dirt and misery. The streets are narrow and filthy, and the major part of

the buildings mean and ruinous, though among them are the *Palazzo Ginetti*, and some other handsome edifices, as well as several handsome fountains, and a bronze statue of Urban VIIIth. by Bernini. Nearly the whole of the way from this place to Rome the country is thickly strewn with productions evidently volcanic, which indicate that the surrounding mountains must formerly have been of that nature. The accommodations at the principal inn were tolerably good, but they were not inexpert in the art of charging.

At Veletri the danger of being robbed may be considered as at an end, the road being so well guarded by the *Spiridi*, a kind of horse-guard, which, like the *gensd'armes* of the south, are now established in other parts of Italy. Their dress is not different from that of private citizens, except that they usually wear a large Roman cloak embroidered on the collar; they are armed with a blunderbuss and a brace of pistols.

We passed the spot which had witnessed the zeal and unwearied exertions of the late Pope, who in the course of a few years, and from his private purse, had been

able to accomplish that which had foiled the efforts of many Roman emperors. The Pontine marshes can now boast of an excellent road, and are free from many of the evils that anciently infected them. However, even in their present improved state, there are some places which are still subject to pestiferous vapours, insomuch that we were assured by a native that, during the months of July and August, the air is so dreadfully mephitic, that birds have actually been seen to drop dead in their passage over the spot. This may, perhaps, bear the appearance of fable, but we heard the same attested from other respectable quarters.

At length we had the supreme gratification of beholding the majestic dome of St. Peter's towering above the surrounding landscape. We reached Rome the 5th February, in the afternoon, and immediately repaired to the *Hôtel d'Europe*, on the *Piazza d'Espagne*, which is considered as the best in the place, and forms the rendezvous of the most distinguished English travellers. The house has the rare advantage of being clean and well furnished. We adopted our usual method of

making an agreement with the landlord for our apartments, &c.* There is another good establishment in the same square, called *Hôtel de Londres*; it is kept by a Frenchman, but has not the reputation of being equal in its accommodations to the other; the table is perhaps better, at least for those who are fond of French cookery. There is a third hotel kept by a German in the *Strada di Monte*, but it is not considered either as genteel or so well kept as the two already mentioned. At four o'clock there is a good ordinary, for six pauoli each person, and the table is well provided. It is an excellent house for men of business, and for those to whom economy is an object; but here, as in most other large towns, we found our old plan of hiring furnished lodgings the most comfortable. We engaged very good furnished rooms at the *Palazzo di Fiano*, for here the nobility think it no disgrace to let out a part of their palaces,

* The terms for our dinners were fifteen pauoli for each person, equal to about six shillings and ninepence English money; for our breakfast four pauoli each, and for two bed-rooms, a sitting-room, and servant's-room, fifteen pauoli per day.

at the rate of about forty Spanish piastres a month, equal to about ten pounds English. It is situated on the *Corso*, which is by far the most genteel and healthy part of Rome. The Duke himself resides here, and allows his cook to provide for his lodgers' table, of which permission we frequently availed ourselves.*

The inhabitants are of an indolent disposition; their chief and most serious occupation seems to be, to parade during the day time on the *Corso*, and to play at billiards, or lounge in the coffee-houses during the evening. One of the most celebrated of the latter description is the *Caffe Nuovo*, at the palace of the Prince Ruspoli, and certainly deserves to be seen. A joke was told me

* Good lodgings may be procured at the *Piazza d'Es-pagna*, or in its neighbourhood, at moderate prices. It is advisable for travellers to breakfast at their apartments and to dine at the hotel. The carriages here are very miserable, and hence the comfort of having one's own. It will be found a convenient plan to engage a servant by the month; the preference should be given to a German or a Frenchman rather than to an Italian, as we found the servants of the latter nation not always truly trustworthy.

that took place here, which has some point in it. Justly indignant at the acts of rapine committed by the French, an Italian exclaimed with warmth : ‘ *Da vero tutti gli Francesi sono ladri !* ’ A French officer, who sat near him, feeling hurt at the sweeping nature of such a censorious remark, laid his hand on his sword, and interrupted him, ‘ *Non tutti, Signore !* ’ to which the other drily replied : ‘ *Non tutti, ma BUONA PARTE !* ’

The Romans are generally badly dressed, and pay very little attention to their persons. The ladies maintain their ancient reputation for beauty of person and dignity of deportment : they are generally tall, have fine lively eyes, and the aquiline nose for which their nation is remarkable. Most of them wear black veils, and those of the second class a black silk cap, which is very becoming. They are, in general, but indifferently educated, and are of course deficient in many of those softer graces which render an English woman so attractive. They rise very late, take a turn in the *Corso*, or receive their visitors ; but after this are seldom to be seen in public.

The places of public worship are very thinly attended, and a respectable inhabitant

remarked to me, ' that he did not believe ' there was a place in Europe, where the inhabitants are less religious than at Rome.' Such are the invariable effects of the poison of revolutionary refinement and infidelity. In spite of outside show and the external marks of reverence which Bonaparte affected to pay to religion, it is known that he felt something more than indifference towards it. He despoiled the sanctuary and sapped the very foundations of the church, by endeavouring to render its ministers subservient to his caprice and ambition. This feeling was not the offspring of sudden choler or momentary irritation; it formed part of a firmly combined and deeply concerted system, which had been maturing for years.

It was no small satisfaction to us to find good English society here, as very few Italian houses are open to strangers. The Romans have an aversion to mix with foreigners, and, of course, lose many favorable opportunities of improving their manners, and correcting peculiarities of conduct that can only be discovered by an intercourse with men of other habits and dispositions. I am happy to mention some exceptions to this general rule,

among such are the Marquis de Potansiano and the Duke de Bracciano. The former is a well educated and amiable nobleman, and very attentive to his visitants ; the latter is a rich banker. His connection leads him into a very wide range of acquaintance : and every Thursday he has evening assemblies, at which all foreigners of consequence are present, and which are, on that account, more agreeable than the generality of Italian parties. The Duke has an amiable family, who pay marked attention to the English. At these parties I always found the Cardinal F—, whose name has made so conspicuous a figure in the history of the last twenty years. He seemed very fond of a rubber at whist, at which I generally found him busily occupied. It was observed, however, that he was not so deeply engaged, but what he had leisure to see and hear all that passed around him. A Frenchman who stood near, and was criticising his game, observed rather drily : ‘ *ce vénérable prélat est adroit ; il joue bien les cartes, et tire toute la partie possible de son jeu ; mais il n’a pas souvent les honneurs.*’

Lucien Bonaparte has also evening assemblies, but he is visited by strangers rather to

satisfy their own curiosity, than out of any feelings of esteem for him. One or two English noblemen, whose names scarcely need be mentioned, are the only persons of that nation upon terms of familiarity with him. His brother Louis sees no company, but on application travellers will find no difficulty in procuring permission to inspect his small but valuable gallery. He bears a good character among the inhabitants for acts of charity and benevolence. Another amiable trait in his character is his attention to artists in distress ; he is sure to become a purchaser under such circumstances, and has thus become a noble patron to modest and suffering merit. I was informed that when he heard of his brother's desertion of a neighbouring island, again to raise the standard of rebellion, he exclaimed : ‘ *Mon Dieu ! ne trouverai-je donc pas un asyle pour vivre tranquille ?* ’

The Prince Piombino gives many magnificent parties, but lately he has refused permission to any visitant to see either his gallery or villa. I understand that this prohibition arose from the following circumstance. Two English travellers of distinction were introduced to the Prince, and were promised

an admission to his gallery and villa. On the following day they left their cards at his palace, and inquired when it would be convenient for them to be admitted. Some days elapsed without either their visit being noticed or any time specified for seeing the gallery. They became indignant at this neglect, and wrote to the Prince to say, that if it was not his intention to return their visit, they requested he would send back their cards. The pride of the Italian caught fire at what he considered an unwarrantable liberty, and he determined, by way of reprisal, that no stranger should for the future be admitted to his gallery. This dignified vengeance was carried so far, that admission was refused even to an ambassador resident at the court of the Holy Father. Among the Italians themselves, the principal and almost only occupation of the evening is the game Boston, to which, immediately after the usual salutation of *Felice Notte*, they sit down with an earnestness that seldom leaves them sufficient leisure afterwards to utter a single word but what may have some reference to the game. The Princess Doria's parties, which I had frequently the honour of attending, were all

of this description ; yet she is a very amiable woman, and unites with gracefulness of person an affability of manner, which makes her conversation peculiarly interesting. The Prince seldom attends, and even when present speaks but little ; he is accounted quite a devotee, and has certainly the retired habits of one. His gallery is considered as the most splendid in Rome, and his conduct with regard to it is the very reverse of the Prince Piombino's, as strangers find not the least difficulty in gaining access to the invaluable masterpieces which it contains. The Princess Chigi has a musical party once a week, which is well attended by strangers of distinction, as are also the assemblies given by the Polish Princess Sartor—y, who inhabits a part of the palace of the Duke of Fiano.

During the last fortnight Rome has been particularly gay, as the number of English families have much increased, and consequently a succession of routs and dinner-parties has followed. I had the honour of attending many of these circles, which were full of life and cheerfulness, and formed a striking contrast to the gloom which reigned

in most of the Italian parties. One of these balls, given by the Honourable Mr. Foley and his sister Lady Gage, was particularly agreeable; waltzing was quite the rage, and many a country squire, who had come to a resolution of renouncing the joys of the chase, for the more refined pleasure of admiring the Italian sky and viewing the venerable remains of Roman greatness, has actually been induced to take a lesson in the many difficulties of this fascinating dance, in order to be able to fall into the general fashion. It may easily be imagined what patient and persevering efforts they have made; what aching and giddiness of the head they have endured, in order not to be the last in displaying some portion of grace and dexterity in the evening waltz. Many ladies who were condemned to practice with these tardy proselytes to Terpsichore, paid dearly for their condescension, and were happy to get relieved from their unskillful partners. Nothing is wanting but a Morning Post to detail the minutiae of these exploits, as the *Diario Romano* is of too gloomy a cast to enter into the spirit of fashionable circles.

Some days ago I had the pleasure of dining with the Honorable Mr. Ward, where I was introduced to the celebrated author of the "Classical Tour in Italy," a work that has experienced so favourable and so merited a reception from the public.*

* It was with great regret that on my return to England I heard of the death of this elegant and accomplished scholar. He was seized with a fever while accompanying his friend, Lord Brownlow, on a second tour to these classic regions, and expired in a land so congenial to his heart. Mr. Eustace was a catholic priest, but he had none of the prejudices of his profession. He was dignified without pride, and cheerful without levity. In his intercourse with the world he never lost sight of his sacred character or its duties, which he fulfilled without ostentation, and yet without any affected concealment. His tour in Italy, though ushered into the world by a man till then unknown, except to a confined circle of friends, experienced a rapid diffusion, and acquired the author a sudden and deserved reputation. This work exhibits an intimate acquaintance with classical and polite literature, and bears evidence to the author's cultivated and refined taste. But there is a still more valuable and a more beneficial spirit which breathes throughout his works—a spirit of christian liberality and benevolence. In the various parts of his work, when he comes in contact with authors who, not content with attacking the abuses of his Church, had attacked religion itself, he exhibits a pleasing proof

I had the honour of paying a visit to the Baron de R—dohr, who acted as diplomatic agent from the court of Prussia. I was shewn into his study, which was hung round with specimens of his pencil, where I found him busily engaged in painting. He devotes much of his time to this his favourite art, which is rather a singular prepossession for a man of politics. I did not consider myself as possessing sufficient judgment to pronounce upon the merit of his performances ; but a German painter of some eminence informed me that these amateur essays were rather proofs of his industry than of his talents. This censure, however, might be a proof of his merit, if the truth be acknowledged of the old adage, that “two of a trade can never agree.” The Baron received me with great

that religious argument may be exempt from bigotry, and freedom of discussion be untinged by acrimony. The reconciliation and union of Christians were the objects of his warmest wishes, and it is singular to observe that he, who was so shortly to breathe his last in a foreign land, should thus express himself in the Preface to his Travels : “If a stone shall happen to mark the spot where my remains are to repose, let that stone speak of peace and reconciliation.”

kindness, and I found him so intelligent and amiable, that I was surprised to hear he was no favourite among the English resident here : so little so, indeed, that some mischievous wag was bold enough to convert the name of this diplomatic artist from R—dohr into *d—bore*. The fact, I believe, is, that like most men who are attached to a favourite pursuit, he imagines all the rest of the world are as warmly interested about it as himself, and therefore it forms the chief topic of his conversation.

We are fortunate in being here during the Carnival, as this year it is particularly gay ; the public places are all overflowing with company, and we find the ladies more talkative in them than at their private parties. During the whole day the common people walk masked in the streets, while the genteeler class ride in their carriages in every fanciful variety of costume. The *Corso* is the central point of attraction, and at all hours is crowded to excess. Not a carriage in Rome but is in requisition ; they are obliged to proceed in a double file, and when the maskers within catch a glimpse of an acquaintance in passing, they salute him with a

shower of *confetti*. Many of the Roman *élégantes* bespeak seats at the *Corso*, which are erected in front of the *Palazzo Fiano*, or on the ballustrade of the *Caffé Nuovo*. These two places are the most fashionable rendezvous, where the Roman ladies sit masked, and hold a *tête-à-tête* with any friends or adorers whom they may be deprived of seeing at their own mansions. They are generally provided with a small basket of *confetti*, and as their acquaintance and admirers pass in review, they must be prepared to receive a volley of them. It is thought quite the supreme *bon ton* for a Roman beau, to mark how many distinguished beauties he is in favour with, by having both his coat and hat covered as white as a miller with the flour of these *confetti*. I could not help smiling as I stood on the balustrade before the *Caffé Nuovo*, to see one of the Secretaries of Legation, belonging to a country celebrated for its gallantry and devotion to the fair sex, who resembled an animated sack of flour. A Frenchman * near me was quite enchanted at

* It was the observation of an eminent German statesman, that the ambassadors of the nation alluded to were

the sight, and exclaimed in a tone of emphatic admiration—*Ma foi, ce jeune homme est bien répandu.*

After all the boisterous mirth and merriment of the day, the gaieties concluded with a race in the *Corso*. The Englishman, who forms an idea of such an amusement from the courses of Newmarket and Doncaster, will hear with astonishment of theunjockey-like expedients resorted to by the modern Romans. Six horses are decorated with flowers and ribands, and equipped with a kind of saddle furnished with a species of goad that serves to stimulate them to full speed. Six cannons are fired by way of signal for all the carriages and horses to quit the street, while a patrol of the guard are active in clearing the course. All is now ready, and the horses are let loose without any rider to govern them. The mob, who form an avenue on each side, shout with all their might, and off they gallop at full speed. I witnessed these singular kind of

better informed of what passed at the courts where they resided than any other resident Minister, and he attributed this to the resources which gallantry and intrigue opened to them.

races three times, and what may appear wonderful, they always terminated without any accident. When these races, if so an Englishman will allow them to be called, are finished, the carriages resume their places in the *Corso*, and traverse the street till night comes on and shrouds the gaiety of the scene.

The Carnival is the only time when theatrical amusements are permitted in this city, and the state of the theatres sufficiently shows that the public is but little interested in them. The decorations are paltry, and the performances indifferent ; and were even every requisite for the gratification of the spectator complete in its kind, the laws for the management of the police during the time of the performance are couched in such arbitrary language, and executed with so much severity, that no one who has a spark of freedom left in his breast can enjoy an amusement so clouded by despotism. Yet even the gloom that this thought inspires, is continually broken in upon, by the contempt and ridicule which cannot but be excited, by seeing those degraded sons of modern Rome eagerly catch and apply to themselves, with every mark of

satisfied vanity, whatever compliments may be paid in the piece to the freedom and greatness of the eternal city, as she was in the simplicity of her primitive glory.

The inhabitants are apparently much attached to the Pope, at least if we may judge from the enthusiasm with which he was received whenever he appeared in public. On these occasions he was preceded by his guard on horseback, and surrounded by his Swiss, armed with halberts and dressed in long yellow gowns with black facings. His suite followed in three carriages drawn by four horses each, and a great crowd collected where he passed, exclaiming, '*Santo Padre, dateci vostra benedizione.*' Although the streets were far from being clean, ladies as well as gentlemen knelt down to receive his benediction; foreigners of course are not expected to be so devout, and no observation is made provided they take off their hats, a mark of respect which no reasonable man would think of refusing. The Pontiff was attired in white, a colour which he always wears. His hand was constantly employed in forming the sign of the cross upon the kneeling crowds that filled the streets where he passed.

The Abbate Taylor, who acts in the capacity of master of ceremonies to his Holiness, presents the English travellers in one of the private rooms of his palace at Monte Cavallo. The Pope consults the feelings of his visitors, and dispenses with the ceremony of kissing the cross or his slipper; he holds out his hand to them to kiss. In one of the late presentations he put many kind inquiries in Italian to a gentleman of my acquaintance; on his answering in French, he repeated his question again, as if anxious to have it understood, that he declined conversing in that language, which in his mind can certainly be associated with no pleasing ideas. The Pontiff is a man about the middle size; his nose is rather aquiline, and his eyes, though small, are dark and expressive. The character of his countenance is benevolent, but I could not trace in it any marks of that firmness of mind which he has shewn himself to possess. In proof of his disinterestedness, it is known, that while prisoner at Ancona the economy of his table enabled him to subsist upon the most trifling allowance. The monthly stipend which Bonaparte allowed

him, and which was regularly paid, was never employed, and on his release he returned the whole sum to the governor of the place, with a remark that it was the wages of iniquity, and should be paid back untouched to its possessor.

Another trait, that is very honourable to the feelings and character of this great man, should not be passed over in silence. So anxious is his Holiness to avoid even the most distant suspicion of that attachment to nepotism, which has been but too justly urged against many, who in other respects have filled the papal chair with becoming dignity, that he has never allowed his nephew to reside in Rome, but has obliged him to attend with assiduity to the duties of a pastoral office that was assigned him in a distant part of Italy.*

* He is known to be particularly attached to the English, and lets no opportunity pass of testifying his grateful sense of the favours he has received from that nation. Conscious how much the arts are indebted to British heroism, by the restoration of some of the first masterpieces of antiquity to his capital, he was anxious to give a proof of the sincerity of his feelings, and the presents which make so conspicuous a figure in Carlton House stand as

We were present in the Pope's private chapel on Ash Wednesday, and witnessed the ceremony of placing ashes on the forehead. The cardinals were the first to receive this rite of humiliation from the hands of the holy father, and they were followed by a long train of the heads of religious orders. After this the Pontiff stripped himself of his mitre, and received the ashes himself from the hand of the senior cardinal. It was an impressive scene, and the ceremonials accompanied with that humbling memento of holy writ, 'remember man that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return,' is well calculated to repress the pride of the heart, and teach one in so exalted a situation to know himself and practise humility. The Prince Ruspoli was the nobleman in waiting, and many other persons of distinction were present. I had the honour of sitting between Lord Holland and the French ambassador, and we were surrounded by many English ladies of rank,

proofs of the sincerity of his gratitude. He felt, with the poet :

*' Sien grazie al suo gran cuore,
' Sien grazie ai Numi, all' Anglico valore.'*

who appeared much affected with the ceremony before them.

We hear that the governor of Rome is no favourite with the inhabitants, on account of the severity with which he discharges his office; he sometimes carries his power so far, as to interfere even with domestic occurrences. The Countess B— had the strange taste to fall in love with her cook; as soon as this piece of scandal reached the ear of the governor, he wrote her a severe letter, admonishing her to mend her morals, and pay more respect to her rank and situation in life; but love will not submit to the controul even of a Roman governor, and the Countess answered the letter with haughtiness and defiance, declaring that no one had a right to interfere in the concerns of her family. The governor, it appears, was offended at her boldness, and sent the amorous ‘ruler of the ‘roast’ by force out of the city, with a threat that should he again be found under her roof they should both be committed to prison.*

* The following epitaph is a proof how far the sentimental feeling of a Roman lady can be extended.

As another proof of the arbitrary manner
in which this man exercises his power, I may

‘ Se mai donna vi fu al mondo, ch’abbia cagione di
‘ piangere per qualita perdita che far si possa in questo
‘ calamitoso Mondo, sono Io veramente quella, perduto
‘ avendo il mio Gatto. Dato me soaveano gli Dei per
‘ refrigerio del mio vedovile stato ; ma morte invidiosa
‘ me l’ha subitamente con gran dolore rapito ! Non mi
‘ dolse mai tanto la morte di mio marito. Dal mio fedel
‘ Gatto riceveva io mille dolci trastulli, ed ognuno per
‘ la sua piacevolizza l’amava caro lo teneva. Oh ! quan-
‘ ta destrezza nel pigliare i topi ; era assai più veloce che
‘ il vento. Ma se il topo era picciolo, non lo degnava
‘ punto ; tanto eradi generoso cuore, voleva per preda
‘ li grandi e ben membruti. Ah ! sempre finachè vivro
‘ piangerò et sempre la tua nobile imagine mi starà
‘ negli occhi del cuore, perchì in temperanza, in amore
‘ ed in bellâ non sara mai chi a te ardisca di pareggiarsi,
‘ non solo fra gl’ Italici gatti, ma fra gl’ Iberi ed Inglesi.
‘ Oh, se con le lagrime rivocar à vita si potesse, io farei
‘ de’ miei occhi due abundantissimi fonti, per piangere
‘ sì lagrimoso male. Certo pero sono io, che se gli
‘ Egitti avessero avuto un simile animale, l’avrebbero
‘ solo per Iddio adorato, lasciando da canto l’adorar
‘ aglio et cipolle. Piangete ancor voi meco fedelissime
‘ gatte il vostro sposo amato, quale più non rivedrete, nè
‘ l’usato piacere sentirete ; nè un simile mai ne troverete,
‘ non se ricercaste dall’ Indico mare sino alle neve del
‘ polo. Addio :—se la mia voce fosse ben più alta et più
‘ sonora di quella che ebbe Stentore se la mia lingua più

adduce the following circumstance. We were present at a masked ball which was given at the theatre in the *Strada del Babuino* ; the house was well lighted and crowded to excess, as it was the last day of the Carnival. The masks appeared in general more ingenious, and the characters better supported than at Naples. Crowded as the place was, numbers were not to be deterred from their favourite amusement, but began waltzing, to the no small annoyance of the rest of the company. About eleven o'clock, when wit was sparkling with all its brightness, and merriment was at its full height, we were astonished to see the servants begin to extinguish the lamps and candles ; the commissary, with several officers of the Pope's guard, was in one of the front boxes, and announced that he had received an order from the governor that the amusements were to be closed, and that every one was requested to retire peaceably home. The company submitted quietly to this order ;

‘ facunda di quella di Catullo, non potrebbe mai dire
‘ l'affanno che io sento per la morte del mio amato gatto.
‘ L'acerbo dolor mio tutti li sensi miei perturba, guas-
‘ tami la memoria, rubami le parole.’

no orator arose to address the crowd, no lamps were broken, no O. P. confusion ensued; at half past eleven not a candle was left burning, and where a few moments before nothing but glee and festivity had reigned, only gloom and silence prevailed.

How far the imputations of cruelty which attach to this man may be founded on fact, I cannot pretend to judge, but certainly the punishment of the *polo* is disgusting in the highest degree, and utterly unworthy of a civilized nation. This instrument is constantly standing in the *Corso*. It consists of a high pole, up which the malefactor is drawn with his hands tied behind him. When near the top, which is a considerable height, he is suddenly precipitated down, by which act his bones are broken in a shocking manner, and the poor wretch is left to suffer under the most excruciating pains. During the time the French were in Italy this cruel punishment was very wisely abolished, and it is hoped that the wisdom of the reigning Pontiff will not long permit it to disgrace the civil code. I trust the same will be the case with another barbarous custom yet exist-

ing in this city, which is that of quartering the body of a criminal.

On going one day to the *Piazza del Popolo*, one of the squares of the town, I saw an immense crowd collected ; in the midst of this square a kind of platform was erected, which was surrounded by soldiers ; it was an execution. One of the malefactors was hanging, and six others were standing with their hands pinioned awaiting their turn. When the culprit suspended showed no further symptoms of life, he was cut down and quartered. Nothing could be more shocking or more disgraceful to humanity than such a spectacle. The hangman had his sleeves tucked up, and proceeded to work with all the indifference of a common butcher. The rest of the poor condemned wretches were made to stand near, and be spectators of that fate which was shortly to be their own. The mangled body was then put into a shell, and conveyed away by a party of men dressed in white frocks and concealed with black silk masks. I understood the seven persons thus executed were highway robbers taken near the city. The laws, as understood in our age of superior light

and civilization, and as explained by the celebrated Marquis Beccaria, in his book of Crimes and Punishments, disclaims all idea of being influenced by a vindictive spirit; their only object being to deter others from the commission of crimes.

It is the custom here, and indeed all over Italy, to bury the corpse without a coffin: the body is placed upon a bier, covered with a black cloth, and carried to the grave by six or eight persons appointed for that purpose; these are preceded by a person bearing the cross and other insignia of the church.

Among other things done by the French, the pains they took to effect the abolishment of the stiletto, denouncing it a capital crime to be found armed with one, is entitled to particular praise. Their exertions also in clearing away the rubbish of ages that had gathered round the Coliseum, the Pillar of Pompey, and other edifices, have been very effectual, and have allowed the eye to take in the whole elevation and symmetry of these buildings. In the Coliseum in particular their labours were attended with much success, as they discovered the vaults and chambers that intersected the arena, and

thereby have enabled the antiquarian to explain many apparent contradictions, and what before appeared fabulous accounts of the ancient poets and other writers. We read in their works of sudden and surprising exhibitions that took place in this spot, which have been attributed to the warmth of a heated imagination. Martial informs us that Titus, not content with the usual exhibition of wild beasts, caused the very scenery of the countries where they were bred to be suddenly brought into view; so that the Romans were astonished and delighted by an unexpected appearance of rocks and forests. From the discoveries that have been made it would appear, that machines, so constructed as to rise and fall at pleasure, were raised from these vaults to a level with the arena, containing the objects above-mentioned, which instantaneously sunk again to make room for some fresh transformation.

The collected weeds and rubbish have also been removed from the temples of Vesta and Concord, so as to enable the connoisseur to view and appreciate something of the beauty and proportions of these edifices. But at the same time truth obliges me to declare,

that though much of this was done under the apparent view of restoring these monuments to their ancient beauty, yet the real object, I fear, of these researches was, to discover and carry off the treasures of art which were supposed to be buried under the ruins,

LETTER XXXVIII.

Description of ROME.—St. PETER.—Churches. VATICAN.—Belgian Artist.—The PANTHEON. Castle St. ANGELO.—The ÆLIEN Bridge.—The COLISEUM.—Fête of a Russian Princess.—French Academy.—Fountains.—Chevalier CANOVA.—Mr. RAUCH.—Female Painter.

Rome, February 1815.

THIS magnificent city, not less remarkable for its present splendour than memorable by the recollection of its past glories, does not at present contain more than 120,000 inhabitants, although it covers a space of about fifteen English miles in circuit. It is scarcely possible for the traveller to make his research with any degree of satisfaction, without the aid of a *Cicerone*. Visitants would do well to wait upon the Chevalier Visconti, who, I need not say, is one of the most celebrated antiquarians of our age; it is true, that travellers may furnish themselves with the *Guida*

di Roma, which is descriptive of all the curiosities, and full of all the minutiae respecting proper days and routes to be taken, but this method will be a very imperfect substitute for that just mentioned.

Rome, with the wonders it contains, has been so frequently, and of late, so eloquently depicted, that I shall not attempt any thing more than a general outline of it; adding a few remarks which were made on the spot. One of the first objects that we hastened to see, was that building, of which it has been justly observed, that it is one of the most august temples that was ever raised to the honour of the Divinity. We are led to judge of the nature and extent of a building from the portico that conducts to it. Hence the double colonnade through which we were ushered to the entrance of this temple, served to raise our expectations and prepare us, in some measure, for what we were to behold; but it far exceeded all the ideas that, either the descriptions of travellers, or the representations of artists have ever been able to raise. We stood lost in surprise and admiration, and it never once occurred to our minds, as it did to that of a

late traveller,* to notice some defects and slight aberrations from severe taste and method which rigid criticism has pointed out. We were absorbed in wonder and amazement at the general effect of this stupendous pile. When the visitant has recovered from the astonishment of a first view, and has leisure and calmness enough to enter upon a more minute examination of its parts, his admiration is in no degree diminished. The united arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture, seem to have entered into a contest, which should outvie the other in producing a masterpiece for the wonder of generations to come. The vestibule, the dome, the twenty-six chapels, the sacristy, and the vestry, are all in the same style of unrivalled magnificence.

Among the churches most worthy of notice after this *proximæ, sed longo intervallo*, are *Santa Maria Maggiore*, *Giovanni di Laterano*, *San Paolo*, which is without the town, *San Pietro in Vincoli*, where there is a famous statue of Michael Angelo; *Santa Agnes*, where are some fine reliefs of Algardi, among which St. Agnes is considered to be a mas-

* Forsyth. Vide Excursion in Italy.

terpiece. After these we visited *San Girolamo della Carita*, which contains that wonder of the pencil, the St. Jerome of Dominichino. *La Trinita dei Pellegrini* is celebrated as being the deposit of the finest efforts of Volterra, the subject of which is the crucifixion of *Santa Bibiana*, and contains also some of the works of Bernini, admired for the lightness and elegance of their drapery. To this list may be added the *Santa Madonna della Vittoria*, the elegant *Chieso de Giesu*, and also that of *Santo Ignace*, as also the church of the Capucins, which contains an admired production from the hand of Guido. It would be fatiguing to enumerate the long list of churches of inferior structure, but still filled with subjects to interest the lovers of the arts.

The palace of the Vatican is splendour itself, but it stands too near St. Peter's to allow its grandeur and magnificence to have their due effect. They say that it contains nearly 12,000 apartments; this, to be sure, is bare assertion, but the very circumstance of such an enumeration is alone sufficient to convey some idea of its extent. Unfortunately the air is extremely unhealthy in this

neighbourhood ; so much so, particularly of late years, that the Pope is obliged to reside at the palace of *Monte Cavallo*, to which place the greater part of the masterpieces of the best Italian painters have been transferred. However, to show that enough remains to make it dear to the artist, it is sufficient to mention that the hall and the gallery are entirely painted by the hand of the immortal Raphael, and I was sorry to see that these matchless productions are partly disfigured by the damp that have penetrated the walls. This inconvenience will shortly be remedied, as they have begun to make windows in the gallery, in order to counteract these ill effects and preserve the paintings. The orders for this work were issued by the King of Naples, when he visited the place, and the lovers of the art will be gratified to hear that these necessary improvements are continued by the present Pontiff.

A painter from Bruges has been occupied for twelve years in copying these masterpieces of art. I was informed that during that period he had not ceased to labour every day, Sundays only excepted, from nine in the morning till dark ; such is his zeal to

accomplish this great and laudable undertaking. He is a man of great talents, and I hope no visitant to this gallery will pass without paying him the compliment of inspecting his copies, which are pronounced to be not only remarkable specimens of laborious perseverance, but also of the perfection of drawing.*

Monte Cavallo, which I before mentioned as the residence of the present Pope, takes its name from the two celebrated equestrian statues which adorn the spot.†

This palace was begun by Gregory the eighth and finished by his successors; it is said to stand in the most airy and healthful part of Rome. The building forms a long

* I am pleased to be able to record another instance of the attention paid to the merits of Raphael, in the copies that have for some years past been making of the celebrated Cartoons of this first of painters, preserved at Hampton Court. I have only to add, that the persevering artist who is there engaged, does not at all yield to the one above-mentioned, either in point of talent or of the enthusiasm with which he prosecutes his object.

† Whoever wishes to form a just idea of these wonderful master-pieces of ancient sculpture, should not fail to pay a visit to the casts which are now exhibiting in this metropolis.

square with an area of considerable extent in the centre ; its furniture is not rich, but it contains numberless valuable paintings. The cupola in the chapel is much admired ; it was painted in *fresco* by Guido, and exhibits some of the finest touches of that great master. There is also a large garden belonging to the palace.

The Barbarini palace has an elegant gallery of paintings ; the famous Magdalen by Guido, and the Gamesters of Caravaggio, are its principal ornaments. The palace of the Prince Doria is a very splendid mansion, and contains a gallery of pictures which is considered one of the finest in Rome. The Borghese, Colonna, Rospigliosi and Farnese are all palaces which merit particular inspection. The *Braschi* palace is noted for the elegance of its vestibule, which is composed of the most beautiful marble and excites universal admiration. What tends as much to the ornament of the city, as to the full display of the beauty and symmetry of these palaces, is that they are unincumbered with those gloomy walls, which are a disgrace to some of the finest buildings of the British metropolis. The foreigner who views for the first time either

Burlington or Devonshire House, would be led to conclude, that either the English were of an unsocial character, or otherwise that the architect, as if conscious of the poverty of his genius, had done his best to conceal the structure from the eye of the critic and connoisseur.

Were it not uninteresting to give merely the names of splendid mansions, I might particularize a hundred others, such as the *Villas Borghese, Piombino, Pomfili, Albani, and Torlonia*. The first of these is frequented as a morning walk by many Roman ladies of distinction. The palace of the Polish prince Poniatowsky, near the *Piazza d'Espagna*, also claims attention, as the prince has a fine collection of antiques, cameos, and precious stones, as also a select depository of paintings. The view from the gallery on the top of the house is extensive and commands a fine prospect of the city and its environs.

The *Campidoglio* is a very large and elegant building, and contains a number of treasures both ancient and modern. The ascent is by a broad flight of steps, on the top of which stands the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, holding their horses by the bridles; at

the bottom are two Egyptian lions, which form two fountains. In the centre of the area stands a bronze equestrian statue of the emperor Marcus Aurelius, which is considered a master-piece.

The Pantheon, or *St. Maria della Rotonda*, is one of the most memorable remains of Roman magnificence. The portico is supported by sixteen columns of granite of the Corinthian order; indeed the effect of the whole edifice is grand and majestic in the extreme. The castle of *St. Angelo* has a covered gallery which leads to the Vatican, it is used as a place of confinement for state prisoners. The *Ælien* bridge leading to it, constructed by Adrian, has many fine statues, but I was sorry to observe that some of them had suffered considerably during the late war. The French had taken possession of this place, but were driven out by the Neapolitans, and it was during the heavy cannonade which then took place that this injury was sustained. The site of this building was formerly used as the burying place of the Roman emperors.

But of all remains of antiquity that strike the traveller with amazement, the most wonderful are those of the Coliseum. This

mighty structure was begun by Vespasian and finished by his son Titus: it occupies nearly the centre of ancient Rome, and was capable of containing ninety thousand people, who were all enabled to enjoy an uninterrupted view of the combats of the wild beasts. From this circumstance some faint idea may be formed of its extent and ponderous magnificence. It is in a considerable degree of dilapidation, owing to the unclassical feelings of the Barbarini family, who pulled down the pillars to build their own palace: hence the well known witticism, *Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecere Barbarini.*

It obtained the name of *coliseum* from a colossal statue of Nero, which once stood on this spot. A wooden staircase has lately been erected for the convenience of the old King of Spain, who has for some time been resident at Rome, and who expressed a wish to see this building. This temporary structure has not been removed, and is a great accommodation to visitants, as the old staircase was partly decayed and had become difficult of ascent. An occurrence that happened here during the holy week excited no small amusement. The Russian Princess

D— formed the singular idea of giving a dinner-party within these ruins. This whimsical fete actually took place ; several persons of distinction were invited, and the ambassador of a certain nation, then residing at the Papal court, was among the guests. The scene was curious : these venerable walls that had formerly resounded to the shouts and groans of dying gladiators, now re-echoed the festive strains of a band of music, which was playing during the whole time of dinner. The party was full of glee, and the fete went off with all possible eclat. But what was the surprise of the company, when at the moment they separated and were quitting the place to enter their carriages, they found themselves arrested by a guard which surrounded the entrance. They were informed that an order had been issued by the governor of Rome for the arrest of the whole party. The fact was, that all music being prohibited during the holy week, they were arrested for a violation of this order. The ambassador immediately made himself known to the commissary of the police, and gave security that he and the whole party would appear if required, under condition

that they should be released for the present ; though this was complied with, yet the ambassador felt himself so much piqued by the treatment, that he went direct to *Monte Cavallo* to the holy father, and complained of what had happened. The consequence of this visit was, that an immediate order was given, not only that the whole party should be set at liberty, but also that a proper apology should be made by the commissary, who had caused the party to be arrested.

On the summit of *Scala de Monte* is situated the French academy. It is a spacious building, and has an extensive garden ornamented with some very good statues, and laid out in a variety of shaded walks. It serves as a fashionable promenade for the ladies, and Cupid is often suspected to be sporting amidst its bowers. From the terrace in front we enjoyed a most delightful view of the city. The *Piazza d'Espagna* with its busy multitudes, and the *Corso* terminated by the *Porta del Popolo*, lay stretched below us, behind which towered the magnificent dome of St. Peter's, backed by the blue mountains in the distance. The view from the terrace in the rear of the building was not less

interesting as we looked over ancient Rome, and enjoyed the pleasing prospect of a variety of villas, among which the Villa Borghese was the most conspicuous.

The academy has been considered as in a flourishing state, and has produced some men of talent, among whom is Le Thiers, whose compositions have excited such great and deserved interest. This establishment having been warmly patronized by Napoleon, it is no wonder that its members feel a particular devotion towards him, which is conspicuous in many instances, but particularly in the following. As soon as the escape of Bonaparte from Elba was known, they immediately set about displacing the Bourbon arms and substituting the Imperial in their place. In this project they were opposed by the mandate of the Pope ; but when the news of his reaching Paris arrived, these orders were disregarded, and the ancient arms appeared in their former situation.

Much has been said of the celebrated fountains that refresh as well as adorn this capital. So numerous are they, that imagination seems to have exhausted its efforts to produce new modes of embellishment.

Of the ancient aqueducts, three only remain to supply modern Rome, and yet they are amply sufficient for this purpose. The modern fountains that struck me as most remarkable for beauty and ingenuity, were those of Trevi and Termine. The design of the latter is very appropriate and very happily conceived. Moses is represented on one side, in the act of striking water from the rock: on the other, Aaron is seen conducting the Israelites to the brink of the torrent. In the former, Neptune is represented in his car in the attitude of commanding the rocks to divide and the waters to burst forth around him. The ministering tridents, and the sea horses attached to the chariot of the god, are conceived with great boldness and do honour to the genius of the sculptor. Indeed, the *tout ensemble* of the *Fontana di Trevi* is so grand and imposing, as to leave little doubt of its being one of the most magnificent structures of this kind in the world. Besides those here described, there are numerous others, which, if they cannot stand the test of severe criticism, are proofs of the inexhausted genius of those who designed them.

Among the columns that adorn Rome, those of Trajan and Antoninus stand most conspicuous. They are both constructed of the finest white marble, and are nearly of the same height, about one hundred and twenty feet. A spiral line of relievos, running from the base to the top of the column, pourtray the battles and triumphs of those emperors. The column of Antoninus is more defaced than that of Trajan, and the sculpture of inferior workmanship. They were formerly crowned with colossal statues of their respective founders ; but these have long since disappeared, and the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, without much attention to consistency, supply their place. Who would ever have imagined that the figures of these messengers of peace could be made to top edifices erected in honour of blood and desolation.

We saw the studies of some of the most celebrated artists of this place. Of all those who have contributed to adorn their country and have bade fair to rival the efforts of ancient art, the Chevalier Canova stands the most pre-eminent. To the fame of the artist he unites the finish of the gentle-

man, and is not less remarkable for his genius and talents than for his unassuming and amiable manners. Among other statues which he was preparing, we were particularly delighted with an elegant figure representing Peace, which was intended for the Emperor of Russia. A likeness of the Princess Paul Esterhazy was in Canova's best manner; never had he a more interesting subject, and never were the graces of his chissel more deservedly bestowed. As a particular favour, he was polite enough to shew us the colossal horse, which two years ago he had been ordered to make for a man, who seems to have patronised the arts with no other view than to render them subservient to the gratification of his personal vanity. The horse was in the attitude of rearing, and was marked with great power of muscle and a firm expression of the nostril. It is one of the largest of the kind that has been attempted by any modern sculptor, and is esteemed by the few who have seen it as a perfect masterpiece. Canova has been characterized as the exclusive sculptor of the soft and the beautiful; but this statue, as well as the colossal figure of Religion intended for St. Peter's, and the Hercules and

Lychas in the palace of the Duke de Bracciano, are proofs of the contrary, and shew that he equally excels in the sublime and the beautiful. He had also begun the statue of the Ex-Emperor, which was intended as the equestrian figure to the horse, but this we did not see. It is said that he has been ordered to metamorphose the features of this modern conqueror into those of some hero of former times. The transformation will be curious. However, as some who are judges in these matters have found a resemblance between the features of Napoleon and those of Nero, the artist may spare himself the trouble, and merely alter the name without varying the character of a kindred countenance.

Altogether we were much delighted with Canova ; to the consciousness of superior genius was united that modesty which is, or ought to be, its inseparable attendant. He was plainly dressed, and displayed none of those peculiarities which are too often affected by men of distinguished talent. He conducted us through at least eight or ten spacious rooms, and seemed to have a number of pupils, some of whom it is to be hoped will inherit the magic mantle of their great master.

We also visited the study of a German painter who resides in the *Strada Babuino*, and excels in animal painting. We were delighted with the numerous specimens of his talents, and particularly with a large picture representing a groupe of the most remarkable animals, among which his lion stood very conspicuous by the majesty of his countenance and the terrors of his eye. The power of expression and brilliant colouring in these productions, made us regret that this artist should confine himself to one exclusive branch of painting.

Mr. Rauch, celebrated as the sculptor, who designed the well known monument of the late Queen of Prussia, also claimed our attention. We visited his residence in the *Strada Felice*, and were much gratified with the elegant designs which it contained. The same street where this gentleman resides can also boast of a female painter of landscapes, of very promising talents, and who, I am happy to say, meets with liberal encouragement. The day we called upon her, Louis Bonaparte had purchased a highly-finished production of her pencil representing the environs of Rome.

We did not leave unexplored Tivoli and Frascati, names so endeared to the classical traveller. The former place is about sixteen miles from Rome; we were enchanted with the view presented from the summit of the windings of the Anio, known by the modern name of Tiveroni, the villas, the ruins, and the rocks that are scattered in romantic groupes through the landscape. From the windows of the inn is caught a view of the celebrated waterfall, which with its murmurs once soothed the ears of Horace and his munificent patron. The distance was bounded by the Sabine hills and the snowy summits of Soracti.

From thence we proceeded to Frascati, to visit the Tusculan villas and the Belvidere, which commands the most extensive views, and can boast of an assemblage of the most delightful and picturesque scenery. Some ancient tiles which were lately dug up at the convent of Rufinella, and which are stamped with the name of Cicero, are sufficient to mark this spot as the scite of the celebrated villa of that illustrious Roman.

We returned to Rome with our minds warmed by the recollections of the great men who have immortalized these places, and who resorted here to unbend from those cares which the administration of the affairs of so vast an empire could not but create.

LETTER XXXIX.

State of Alarm at ROME.—Banditti.—Departure of the Pope.—Proclamation.—Chevalier DE L'EPERON.—Ceremony of the Holy Week.—Malaria.—Departure for FLORENCE.

Rome, March 1815.

A REPORT is at this moment prevalent that the Neapolitan army has passed the papal frontiers, and is fast advancing to the capital. All is bustle and agitation, and fugitives are constantly dropping in, who serve to spread new terrors. Yet amid the general alarm there are not a few countenances which can scarcely conceal their joy. Certain disciples of the revolutionary school, some resident Frenchmen, whom more than curiosity has drawn to this place, as well as certain Romans who held lucrative offices under Bonaparte, hoped once more to behold the finest country in the world the scene of confusion and bloodshed, as it is in times of dis-

tress like this only that such characters find their advantage.

A letter was some days since intercepted, which stated, that a plan was in agitation to seize and carry off the Pope; the consequence was the arrest of the Neapolitan Consul, who had been long suspected, and it was pretended not without reason, of acting an underhand part, and of being informed of the dark designs that were brooding. I went one day to his house concerning a passport, and was surprised to see the bustle that prevailed there. All the apartments were furnishing afresh, and every preparation seemed making for the reception of some one of consequence. The intention of all this was now sufficiently explained.

Expectation is now at its highest pitch. Groupes of politicians are daily seen in the *Piazza d'Espagna*, in all the fervor of debate; each is earnest to contribute his portion of news, and to make the greatest display of his range of correspondence. I cannot help comparing the countenances of these politicians to a barometer, for the news of the day made as many changes in the one, as the surrounding atmosphere does in the other.

An extract from one letter will raise the newsmonger's mercury to fair, and that of another will sink it down to cloudy. His countenance at ten in the morning may be approaching to serene, but the gazette at twelve will suddenly change it to stormy.

What tends to increase the alarm among the visitants here, which was already but too general, is the daily report of outrages committed by bands of robbers, who profiting by this state of confusion, infest most of the public roads. Among others who fell into the hands of these outlaws, were the Honorable Mr. Perceval and Mr. Trench, who were stopped and robbed between Fondi and Terracina. A party of these banditti, armed with blunderbusses, surrounded their carriage and hailed them with their usual salute of *cala a bassa*. They forced them to alight and insisted on their lying with their faces on the ground. To this the postillion submitted, but these gentlemen did not relish the ceremony, and only knelt down, while three of the gang stood over them with the muzzles of the pieces to their breasts. In an instant the carriage was stripped and the trunks thrown over the hedge, where no doubt

others were stationed to receive them ; but such was their hurry, that they left a bag of Spanish dollars belonging to Mr. Trench behind the seat of the carriage ; the latter also being more on his guard than his companion, had presence of mind to conceal his watch, which by that means eluded the rapacity of the robbers. It is imagined that this party were in ambuscade to waylay the Honorable Mr. Howard,* but by a fortunate accident for him his carriage broke down on the road, by which he saved his property.

Additional confusion is caused by all the post-horses being bespoke by the government ; and the *veturini* being determined to make a harvest of the general perplexity, have the conscience to ask from sixty to one hundred pounds sterling for a carriage and four mules to Florence. Nothing can be a scene of greater confusion than the *Piazza d'Es-pagna* at this moment ; it is crowded with English and other travellers, some earnestly engaged in inquiring the news, and others employing sometimes threats, at other times

* Now Lord Clonmore.

promises, to induce the postmaster to furnish them with horses.

To put a climax to this scene of consternation, a proclamation has been posted up at every corner of the town, announcing the departure of the Pope, in consequence of the approach of the Neapolitans to his capital. It states that during his absence a regency has been appointed, and concludes with a hope that his holiness will soon be enabled to return to the bosom of his people; exhorting them in the meantime to preserve peace and order, and to submit to the appointed authorities.

Nearly the whole college of cardinals followed the Pope, as also did the foreign ambassadors and most of the travellers of distinction. Among the few members of the sacred college who remain, is Cardinal F—, whose countenance very visibly betrays his feelings, and the perpetual smirk that reigns on it forms a singular contrast to the gloom settled in every other face.

Nothing is now thought of but the hurry of departure. Files of carriages are daily seen quitting the town, so that this place which but

a fortnight ago was crowded with strangers, and particularly with English visitants, is now quite deserted and gloomy. However, amidst all the melancholy that hangs over the place, there were some occurrences to enliven the scene ; among others we have received much entertainment from a young Englishman, whose father we are informed is a monied man and carrying on an extensive business in London. This young man, it seems, came to Italy on a speculation to purchase mosaics and other curiosities ; but his ambition did not stop here. Seeing in this country so many ambassadors adorned with the insignia of their respective orders, and so many knights whose breasts glittered with honorary decorations, he was determined to rank among them. He accordingly purchased the order of *L'Eperon*, and was never without that badge, which dangled at his breast as he strutted along the *Corso*, and was always adjusted with the utmost nicety when he seated himself at the *table d'hôte*. Many were the winks and nods from every quarter, and many were the jokes that passed round ; but so wrapt up was he in the supposed dignity he

derived from this purchased emblem of honour, that he never once imagined himself to be the object of ridicule. This young man is not the only person whose follies have laid him open to observation. Various are the inspirations that appear to have arisen from the contemplation of the ruins of this ancient mistress of the world. We have already seen a Princess giving a dinner in the *Coliseum*, and an Englishman of some note come to contemplate these wonders and to establish a punch and smoking club. We leave philosophers to divine upon what principles of association these notions were founded.

This breaking up of the life and society of Rome has taken place on the eve of the holy week, and proves doubly mortifying to many who have come, almost purposely, from the most distant quarters, to witness the various ceremonies and affecting rites of this sacred season.

Having had the prudent foresight to purchase horses for ourselves, we are not in that disagreeable hurry to leave Rome to which many other travellers are subjected. But those who have been forced to quit the

place have not so much reason to regret it, as the absence of the august chief of the catholic world, and of the greater part of the college of cardinals, contributes to throw a gloom over the usual exhibitions of the season. St. Peter's could not boast of any illumination, and much of the celebrated and affecting music was totally omitted. It struck me very forcibly that several parts of the service, and particularly those portions which were selected from the lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah over the oppressed and fallen Jerusalem, were by no means inapplicable to the present circumstances of this city. "How solitary stands the city once filled with people! How is the lustre of the gold obscured! How have the stones of the sanctuary been dispersed! The mistress of nations is become like a widow; the queen of provinces is made tributary. The ways of Sion mourn, all her gates are destroyed; her priests sigh, and her virgins are become desolate. The pride of thy towers is thrown down, and thine enemies have fixed their tents within thee!" These moving sentiments were rendered doubly pathetic by the

plaintive tone in which they were chaunted as a solo, by one of the first singers of the Pope's chapel. To give an idea of the splendid assemblage which the Vatican would have boasted under more favourable circumstances, I need only mention that, even in the present state of affairs, the attendance was numerous and highly respectable.

At length we have thought it prudent to prepare for our departure, and take leave of this magnificent city with many a longing and lingering look. We enter upon the dreary Campagna, where every thing presents an aspect of desolation, and gives the idea of the silence without the repose of a country scene. Nothing can be more affecting than the present deplorable appearance of poor neglected Latium. The few peasants who are still bold enough to inhabit it, bear in their bloated features and livid complexions the marks of the pestilential vapours that continually flag around this place, and which are making increasing advances upon Rome itself. I have heard the observation made by men of discernment, who resided for some time in that city, that the *malaria* is found yearly to

spread so widely, that an apprehension is entertained lest that noble city, like its unfortunate neighbours Ostia and Albano, should in a few years become little better than a splendid wilderness. Singular as the fact may appear, the increasing progress of this pestilence that walks in the noon-day, may be traced from street to street, nay even from house to house, so that at certain seasons many parts of Rome, especially those in the vicinity of the river, are almost deserted.—Many plans have been proposed by the engineers and the scientific to counteract its destructive influence; but hitherto they have all proved ineffectual. An ingenious author thinks that the government, by clearing the woods of *Nettuno*, have taken away one of the safeguards against the progress of the noxious vapours. He considers that this mephitic air by being heavy, and therefore brooding upon the ground, may be stopped by low hills, woods, and even buildings. In proof of this, he adds that that part of Rome which lies on the south-east sides of its eminences is naturally more unhealthy than the other quarters. To shew how abrupt it is in its effects, he mentions

that only a narrow road separates the two villas, Lodovici and Medici; yet the former is subject to the *malaria*, and the other is a refuge from it.

What is a still more singular fact, the cells of the convent of Calixtus, which face the country, are unhealthy in summer, while the opposite side of the convent is free from its influence. Might not the ingenious method which has been pursued in draining the fens of Cambridge and Lincolnshire be beneficially applied here? A spirit of decision and of co-operation towards the accomplishment of this most desirable object seems wanting among the Romans. The monied men have too confined views; they only look to their present interests, without calculating upon future advantages. They have no idea of rendering a service to future generations by projecting a distant benefit.

From the midst of these dreary plains we cast a last look at the spires and domes of the holy city; where, to use the energetic language of an eloquent author, "She appears shorn of her greatness and her splendour, and seems to have chosen her present deso-

late and insulated situation, to stand at a proud distance from the other cities of the earth. Hither, like an empress hurled from her throne, she has retired in dignified composure to conceal her sorrows in solitude."*

* Vide Chateaubriand's Recollections of Italy.

LETTER XL.

Road to FLORENCE. — VITERBO. — AQUAPENDENTE. — RADICOFANI. — SIENNA. — Delightful Scenery. — Rural Gaiety. — FLORENCE. — Hotels. — State of Society. — Theatres. — General Description of the Town. — Gallery. — Palaces. — Churches. — Environs. — Climate.

Florence, April, 1815.

THERE are two principal roads from Rome to Florence; the one through Foligno, the other through Viterbo and Sienna. The former, though a circuitous route of twenty miles, is much more pleasant and more replete with interest. However, on account of present circumstances, we thought it advisable to take the shortest.

The first place of any note we reached was Viterbo, standing in the midst of a picturesque country, which, however, is too much neglected, partly owing to the indolent dispositions of the inhabitants, and partly to the want of encouragement from their go-

vernment to devote themselves to agriculture. We found every inn crowded with fugitives; provisions were excessively dear, and no accommodations were to be procured for money. It is a homely proverb, that "it must be an ill wind which blows no one any good;" and the landlords now experienced the truth of this adage, as they reaped a plentiful harvest from the urgencies of the times. Finding every place full we hurried on with a crowd who were in the same situation as ourselves.

Near Aquapendente we passed a range of lofty mountains, whence we enjoyed a very noble and extensive view: after which the road became hilly, and the country assumed an appearance of sterility, bearing in many places evident marks of having suffered by volcanic eruptions, the ground being in various parts abrupt and broken, and covered with fragments of lava.

At a short distance from Radicofani we entered the Tuscan territories. Our passports were demanded at the custom-house, but the officers were civil and obliging. The traveller will find but little trouble from them, on the assurance that he is no merchant and carries nothing contraband with him; it will

be all the better if this assurance be accompanied by a *douceur* of a few *paoli*. We approached Sienna, and though the country and its neighbourhood is remarkable for neither fertility nor beauty, yet in some parts it offers most extensive and enchanting views.

Sienna is a delightful town situated on a rising ground; the streets are regular and airy, and the general appearance of the houses gay and cheerful. The inhabitants had a cleanly and healthy look, and seemed very friendly to strangers. The ladies are generally esteemed handsome, and speak the Italian language in all its purity and elegance.

The chief inn is an extensive building, and the accommodations were excellent, though we found every thing very dear; but possibly that might be owing to the present unfavourable circumstances. We took advantage of the short space of time allowed us, and snatched a hasty view of the cathedral. It is an extensive building in the florid Gothic style, and the front is overloaded with those ornaments which are peculiar to the Lombard school. The pavement is in the richest style of Mosaic beauty: a composition representing the history of Abraham and his

son fills the various compartments, and the figure of the patriarch grasping his knife in the act of sacrifice, is executed with considerable power. The materials of which these pavements are composed are of a wonderfully durable nature, as they have been exposed to the tread of multitudes for above a century, and yet are but little impaired by the general attrition. The pulpit also claims its share of admiration from the beauty of its design and the ingenuity of its carved work. Here are also two very fine statues from the chissel of Bernini; one representing the penitential features of St. Jerome, whose body, wasted by fasting, forms a fine contrast with the soft and pensive graces of the Magdalen that weeps at his side.

We regretted not having leisure to ascend the tower of the palace *dei Signori*, which commands so bold and extensive a view that on a clear day the spires of Radicofani can be distinctly seen.

The country from Sienna to Florence is full of beauty and fertility; the swell of the hills on each side of the road was festooned with vines and enlivened by groves of olives. Nothing can exceed the de-

lightful state of this climate, which is more uniform than other parts of Italy and remarkable for the serenity of its pure and azure sky. It was Sunday when we passed through a small village on the road : the peasantry were all in their best dresses ; those of the women in particular were very becoming. They wore hats with plumes of black feathers, a simple boddice of the same colour, and very short petticoats, after the manner of the Swiss. All was life and cheerfulness ; the sound of music was heard in many of the houses, where as we passed we could see them dancing with the utmost gaiety.

On reaching Florence we intended to put up at *Schneider's*, which is esteemed the best inn in Italy, but were disappointed at finding it quite full, on account of the influx of travellers, who were retreating before the Neapolitan army ; we were, therefore, obliged to take up our quarters at the opposite hotel, called *Dei Quatri Nazioni*. The situation is equally good, but in point of convenience and comfort it is far inferior to the other. As we made a stay here of about ten days, I am enabled to furnish more particulars respecting this place than I have had the

means of doing in the latter towns we passed through.

The inhabitants of Florence are better educated, of more industrious habits, and in general better looking in their persons and neater in their dress than in any other part of Italy. They are of a gay and lively disposition, and passionately attached to music and dancing. We often saw parties in the evening dancing to the music of the guitar, or accompanying their voices with the sound of this instrument, and forming concerts in the open parts of the streets. The ladies have the reputation of being the handsomest women in Italy: they are very tasteful in their dress, and easy and affable in their manners. Jealousy is a demon almost totally unknown here; instead of the confinement to which women were formerly subjected, they now enjoy as perfect a degree of freedom as the ladies of Paris itself. If I were asked to decide upon the relevant advantages and disadvantages of the present and the former mode of treatment towards females, I should certainly give the preference even to a little latitude rather than to the severity of the former system. The husbands

of Italy seem at last convinced of the truth of that maxim, ' that the honour of a wife is best secured in her own guardianship ;' and that if a woman does not esteem it worthy her own regard, it must be still more undeserving of his. Hence bolts, bars, and spies, are entirely banished from Florence, and indeed from almost every part of Italy. The husband quietly takes his own morning ride or walk, and leaves the ladies to receive their company in their boudoirs with perfect ease and freedom from restraint.

I found the inhabitants generally polite and attentive, and they appear to have banished the greater part of that reserve which formerly precluded them from inviting strangers to their houses. It is not the custom here to give dinners ; they adopt a more economical plan, and receive their visitants at evening parties and assemblies. In some of these societies a spirit of gambling is but too prevalent ; they do not, however, play so high as at Naples, nor is the spirit of economy carried to so rigid an extent as in some other parts of Italy. At some of the parties they were liberal enough to treat us with lemonade and refreshments, an effort of gene-

rosity which we did not experience at many assemblies in Rome or Naples, where a glass of water was the only luxury to be procured.

‘*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*’ is the well known proverb ; but though the Italian language is here predominant in all its purity, yet I cannot say that I admire the harsh and guttural manner in which they pronounce the *c* ; indeed it is a matter of surprise, that a pronunciation, so repugnant both to the genius of the language and the musical ear of the people, should have become general in this particular province of Italy, which is at no great distance from the capital, and is, as it were, under its immediate influence. The ingenious have attempted to account for this singularity, by supposing that these guttural sounds, so peculiar to Tuscany, are a remnant of the ancient Etruscan dialect, which has survived the lapse of ages, and shaped the articulation to this peculiar and habitual accent.

We visited the evening assembly of the Marchioness M—, where we had the honour to meet many English ladies of distinction, and several noblemen, as well of that as of other nations. The evening passed agree-

ably, and I was much delighted with the vivacity of the Florentine ladies, who seemed anxious to vie with the fair Englishwomen in the spirit and charms both of their manners and conversation. The Marquis and Marchioness of L—ni also give parties here, which are attended by all the elegance and fashion with which this city abounds. This nobleman formerly held the situation of Prussian ambassador at the court of France, is esteemed a person of considerable information, and possesses great urbanity of manners.

On approaching Florence its general appearance is picturesque and extremely beautiful; it is situated in a vale watered by the river *Anio*, a stream celebrated in song. The hills around it swell in gradual ascent towards the Apennines, and are in general well wooded and adorned with villas, whose white fronts peep from among the orchards by which they are surrounded, and give a pleasing diversity to the landscape.

The city is divided into two parts by the river, over which are four bridges of elegant architecture, particularly that called the

Ponte della Trinita. These bridges, and the tasteful buildings lining each bank of the river in this part of the city, is by far the most beautiful and interesting. The streets are generally broad, and well paved with flag stones; the houses have a cheerful appearance, and are lofty and well built. Several squares, and a profusion of churches and palaces, render Florence one of the finest towns in Italy. It is generally allowed to be a more lively, and certainly is a more healthy residence than Rome:

The population is estimated at about 86,000 inhabitants. The river is navigable for small vessels, and the town carries on a considerable trade; its manufactures chiefly consist of silks and satins, which are much esteemed, as are also the marble and alabaster works and mosaics, for which the Florentines have always been famous.

Among the buildings most worthy of notice are the celebrated gallery, the old palace, the cathedral, and the churches of *St. Lorenzo*, *Santa Maria Novella*, and *Santa Croce*. The first of these buildings is considered the most elegant of the kind in the world.

It is built in the form of the Greek letter Π ; its length is more than five hundred feet, and the court enclosed between the wings is sixty-four feet in breadth. The entrance to this elegant depository of the most celebrated masterpieces, both of ancient and modern art, is well designed, and the vestibule very appropriately adorned with the busts of its illustrious founders, the Princes of the house of Medicis. The cieling is painted in fresco, and the different galleries are adorned with pictures and lined with busts and statues. These galleries are bordered by a suite of halls or departments, spacious and well proportioned, which are set apart for particular specimens of art. One of these halls is consecrated to the reception of the celebrated groupe of Niobe and her children, and another, which is by far the most beautiful, once held ‘*the statue which enchants the world.*’ The sacrilegious hand of the enemy has during the war stript the temple, and borne away its almost idolized inhabitant to the less genial banks of the Seine. One of these chambers contains a large collection of mathematical instruments, another a cabinet of

medals, and a third an arrangement of valuable armoury.*

Besides the old palace, that of Pitti, so called from the name of the builder, is principally worthy of notice. It has an imposing, but not a magnificent appearance; the side fronting the gardens is the most elegant. The first story is in the Doric, the second in the Ionic, and the third in the Corinthian order of architecture. There is a fine grotto in the court yard, and a beautiful statue of Hercules, supposed to be by Lycippus. Fourteen of the finest apartments of this palace are filled

* As visitors to this gallery can always procure a guide and a catalogue, it would be superfluous to enter into a detail of all, or even a portion, of the numerous masterpieces of different schools which adorn its walls. The author has only to add, that since writing the above it is grateful to reflect upon the act of justice that has been rendered to this, and indeed to every other plundered collection, by the restoration of the treasures which Bonaparte had carried off: an act of justice rendered by the united firmness and bravery of those brother-heroes, who avenged the cause of liberty on the plains of Waterloo, and that of the arts on the banks of the Seine :

‘ *Revendicar col ferro, e a’voti tuoi*

‘ *Render l’Itale spoglie Anglici Eroi.*’

with paintings of the Italian school ; it is magnificently furnished throughout and has a good library. The garden belonging to it is very noble and extensive, occupying a site of no less than three Italian miles in circumference ; it spreads into very fine walks, is ornamented with numerous fountains and statues, and is also remarkable for a good menagerie ; it is called the *Giardino Boboli*. The entrance is decorated with two superb pieces of statuary, the one representing the youthful conqueror of Goliath, by Michael Angelo, and the other Hercules and Cacus, by Bandinelli. This garden is very liberally thrown open to the public, and forms one of the principal rendezvous of the inhabitants on Sundays and holidays, after the hours of church and during the summer evenings.

There are a multitude of other palaces in Florence, of varied design and grand and imposing architecture. The churches also are numerous and splendidly decorated with a profusion of paintings of the most celebrated masters. The cathedral is an edifice of great extent and magnificence, and certainly may rival the first of the kind in Europe. It is built in the Gothic style, and was the first effort

of the reviving arts. It was finished by Arnolfo di Lapo in 1298, and in the following century the magnificent cupola was raised by Brunelleschi, to which the following inscription, copied from the edifice, alludes :—

Tal sapea sasso sasso

Di giro in giro eternamento io strusse;

Che così passo passo

Alto girando al ciel mi ricondusse.

The walls are constructed with black and white marble, and the interior was painted by Zuccheri and Vasari. It is paved with variegated marble, which gives it a very elegant and pleasing effect. This place derives additional interest from the circumstance of the several illustrious characters who repose here: among other monuments the classical traveller will not fail to visit those of Brunelleschi and Giotto; nor will his interest be less excited by the only portrait existing of the poet Dante, which is supposed to be genuine.

Near the cathedral stands the Baptistery; an octogan building of considerable beauty, and which serves as the Baptistery of the whole city of Florence. Approaching it we saw the doors guarded by centinels and an immense crowd of people collected in front. On en-

quiring the cause, we learnt that a Jewess and three of her daughters, who were wealthy inhabitants of the place, had embraced Christianity, and were that morning to receive the rites of baptism. We entered and saw these converts arrayed in long white robes, kneeling in front of the altar and engaged in fervent prayer. Several of the most distinguished inhabitants of the town were present and had come to act as sponsors.

On quitting the church, we were struck with the magnificence of the three spacious portals of bronze, celebrated for the beauty of the relievos with which they are adorned. They represent subjects from scripture, and were finished by Andrew Ugolini of Pisa. It is said that when Michael Angelo first beheld these master-pieces of art, in a moment of enthusiastic admiration he termed them the "Gates of Paradise!"

Among the other churches, *Santo Marco* and the Dominican church of *Santa Maria Novella* are particularly distinguished for the richness and beauty of their paintings. Among the squares the most remarkable is the market; it is adorned with several fine statues, particularly one of Ceres by Donatello; the

figure of a Boar, by Peter Tacca, is also much and deservedly admired.

The climate is generally esteemed healthy, though the summers are very sultry. The breezes, which usually set in towards the evening, are extremely refreshing. Few of the inhabitants are seen in the streets during the day; they rise very late, and throng out to enjoy the cool of the evening, when they parade till a late hour. Then it is that all the elegance and beauty of the place are to be seen abroad. The fashionable walk is round the *Casino*; a very beautiful park, where the Grand Duke and many other noblemen have their palaces: it is always well attended, particularly on Sundays and holidays.

We paid a visit to the opera, called *Teatro della Pergola*; it is a handsome and extensive building, has four rows of boxes, and is elegantly decorated and well lighted. On the evening we were there, the attendance was numerous and the music well executed, but the *corps du ballet* was not very powerful; the only good dancer was a Madame Conti. We also visited the *Teatro del Cocomero*, where nothing but tragedies are exhibited, but these performances are far below mediocrity.

A few days ago a printed proclamation was attached to all the corners of the streets, informing the inhabitants that the Grand Duke had been necessitated to quit his capital, in consequence of the approach of the Neapolitan army. As the people are faithfully attached to their sovereign, the news spread a general gloom through the place ; and the account of the escape of Napoleon from the island of Elba arriving at the same moment, the general confusion was heightened by it, in proportion to the unexpectedness of the event.

It is wonderful how soon the ridiculous report of the English having connived at his flight spread here. When all was in the utmost disorder, and English travellers naturally expressed some anxiety to obtain post horses, the inhabitants used to observe, what reason have they to fly ? they need be under no apprehension from a man with whom they keep up so good an understanding ! The city was thrown into an additional alarm by the arrival of an Austrian courier, Colonel Aspern, who, it was reported, brought the news of the entrance of the Neapolitans into Bologna ; a report that proved but too correct.

A few days before we quitted the town I observed the celebrated Madame de Ca——a, together with her sister, at the windows of *Schneider's Hotel*: her presence in this place was a sure indication that Murat was expected. She seemed to enjoy the bustle and confusion that prevailed, and smiled at the alarm of the numerous fugitives who were flying from the city. As I stood in front of the hotel, I was not a little astonished to hear a noble general calling to her in a loud voice, requesting the favour of a letter, either to Murat or the commanding officer, to obtain permission for a lady of distinction to pass unmolested through the Neapolitan army.

LETTER XII.

Departure for MILAN.—BOLOGNA.—Neapolitans.—MURAT.—Procession.—MODENA.—Scene of Confusion.—Neapolitan General.—REGGIO.—Croat Hussars.—Anecdote of a Croat.—PARMA, PIACENZA.—Commandant of the Place.—LODI.—PAVIA.—MILAN.—Spirit of the Inhabitants.—Marshal BELGARD.—Cathedral.—Churches.—Opera.—General Remarks on the City.

Milan, April 1815.

THE road from Florence to Bologna is extremely good, and presents a succession of delightful scenery ; the country is fertile and smiling, and the fields are rich in olive trees and vineyards. The road leading to Logano is hilly, and the mountains around it covered with lava, still retain marks of former volcanic eruptions. The custom-house on the frontiers of Tuscany is situated between Feligara and Cabbillario. At this place we had the honour of meeting Lord Grenville Somerset and

Lady Clare, with her son and daughter: we joined their party and proceeded on the road together.

From Logano to Pianoro we enjoyed a most delightful view, which for beauty and variety is almost unequalled. The sea, the Po, part of the Alps, and the rich plains of Padua and Verona, form the most striking and prominent objects of this exquisite picture. About three miles from Feligara, near Pietramala, is a spring called *Acqua buja*, which catches fire the moment it comes into contact with a lighted taper. At the distance of four miles from Feligara, at the top of a high mountain, is to be seen a small volcano almost always emitting flames, which are increased by stormy or rainy weather.

About eight miles from Bologna we saw for the first time several Neapolitan soldiers: they were badly equipped, and had nothing very warlike in their appearance. We were informed that, a few days ago, a neighbouring village had been thrown into great confusion, through some excesses which a number of Neapolitan deserters had been committing. The peasants sounded the tocsin, armed themselves, and courageously attacked the in-

truders and drove them away. On our arrival in the town we found every thing in a state of agitation. The streets were crowded with Neapolitan soldiers, and a number of the inhabitants, chiefly composed of the lower orders, were collected in the market-place and in the main street; very few of the more respectable class were seen among them. We staid at *Il Pelicano*, which is the best hotel in the place: it is an extensive building and affords good accommodation. We found here many Neapolitan officers; but the disturbed situation of the town subjected us to inconveniences, which we should not have met with in more peaceable times. We heard that Murat was expected that very evening from Ferrara.

On our arrival in the town we were surprised to learn that there were several British officers of rank, who had been seen on the parade walking arm in arm with the King. In the evening the mystery was cleared up, for on my calling at the royal palace to have our passports examined, I met one of the supposed British officers, in whose person I recognized an aide-de-camp of the King, whom I had the pleasure of knowing in Naples:

he confirmed the report of the expected arrival of his sovereign. I afterwards saw several other Neapolitan officers who were dressed in blue great coats, after the fashion of those worn by English officers. This was another specimen of the arts resorted to by Murat, who thought it would have the effect of making his subjects believe that they were British Officers, and consequently that he was on good terms with that government; a stratagem which had its desired effect even on some of the more respectable inhabitants. Several of the persons to whom I spoke at the palace affected to be very gay and cheerful, in consequence of the victory which they assured us Murat had gained over the Austrians near Ferrara, but it was not difficult to see that much of it was assumed.

The inhabitants of this town are neither so well disposed nor so industrious as those of Florence; nor are they so sincerely attached to their government, as they were formerly infected with the revolutionary mania, and are not yet totally recovered from its effects. They also appear much inferior to the Florentines in the cleanliness of their

houses, as well as in the neatness of their attire.

About ten o'clock in the evening we were surprised with a confused noise in the street. The King had arrived, and his satellites had formed themselves into a procession to welcome him on his entrance. They were preceded by a profusion of lighted torches, and accompanied with bands of music escorted by the king's guard. There was a great crowd collected, who gave vent to their joy by vociferating at the corner of every street, "*viva Joachimo Napolione!*" and accompanying this exclamation with loud huzzas. As soon as the noise of their affected rejoicings had ceased, we heard very distinctly from the window of the hotel a soldier exclaiming, '*Pourquoi ne criez-vous pas vive le roi? n'êtes-vous pas payé pour cela?*'

I was obliged to call a second time at the palace of one of the ministers for our passports, and was admitted the moment I was announced. Here I found several of the officers, and had the honour of conversing some time with the Duke of Gallo, who received me with great politeness, and told me that our passports should be sent to the

hotel without delay. He likewise desired me to inform the noblemen and gentlemen who formed our party, that every facility should be afforded for our passing without molestation through the Neapolitan army, and that he would pay them a visit in the evening. With regard to the passports the Duke kept his promise, but he did not make his personal appearance.

The first view of the narrow streets of this town does not tend to convey an idea of the fame it has acquired. Many houses near the market-square have colonnades, which are lofty and very convenient to the inhabitants, but they darken and encumber the street. The cathedral is a modern structure, and by no means in a style of good taste; we found, however, much in its interior to admire, and particularly the altar erected by the late bishop, which is very chaste and elegant. There is also a fine painting over the high altar by one of the Caracci. *St. Agnes*, the master-piece of Dominichino, had disappeared during the time the enemy was here. In the *Piazza del Gigante* we admired the magnificent fountain, the work of Jean de Bologne, representing Neptune sur-

rounded by an assemblage of figures in bronze. This statue claims the admiration of connoisseurs, for its power of expression and the correctness of its anatomy. The academy is a splendid building, celebrated for the great men it has produced, and is remarkable as having been erected by a noble youth of eighteen: a rare example of the levity and thoughtlessness of youth checked by a noble and manly zeal for the encouragement and support of letters.

The school of anatomy, the botanic garden, and the library founded by General Marsigli, one of its citizens, are establishments well worthy of notice. The Bolognese were formerly celebrated for their patriotism and public spirit, which led them to resist the encroachments of the see of Rome and the domineering spirit of the neighbouring republics; but since the French invasion the blessings attendant on liberty have in a great measure disappeared. The traveller in vain seeks for that commerce which once rendered this place renowned, and the consequent spirit of industry which it produced. Like the rest of the towns of Italy, it withered in the grasp of the French, and will require many years to regain its former character and

fame. It is impossible to pass the *Via Emilia*, which conducts from Bologna, without feeling the recollections awakened at the scenes of beauty and fertility, which smile on every site that once bore witness to the last expiring efforts of Roman liberty.

The road continued very good, and was diversified by many beautiful views, till we reached Castel Franco, near which stands Fort Urbano, now almost entirely neglected and of very little importance, though it has four bastions commanding the surrounding country. We crossed the Panaro by a beautiful bridge which has lately been constructed over it. The Neapolitans and Austrians fought here a few days ago; marks of the battle were sufficiently evident, and the walls of many of the houses were completely perforated with cannon balls.

On reaching Modena we found the beautiful gardens before the gate of the town covered with Neapolitans; in fact, the whole place exhibited every mark of the devastating spirit of war. Many thousands of the inhabitants were employed in repairing the redoubts, and the surrounding country was covered with cannon and baggage-waggons.

I visited General Ter——, who had the command of the whole forces of the district, in order to present our passports, and was received with great politeness. He very kindly pointed out the best route we could take to avoid molestation from the armies; and in the course of conversation informed me that he had been engaged a few days before in a severe action with the Austrians; that he was in great danger of being taken prisoner, and escaped by swimming across the river, having been once entirely surrounded by the Hulus and Croats. His escape was in a great measure facilitated by the gallant exertions of General Filangeri, who was himself severely wounded and taken prisoner. He spoke of the Austrian cavalry in terms of warm admiration : *Les Hussars Autrichiens se battent comme les diables*, was his emphatic expression.

The shortness of our stay in Modena did not allow us time to examine the place; but the streets we passed through contained many elegant buildings. In front of the palace we saw the Neapolitan guards drawn up in review; they appeared a very fine body of men. The main street is long, and the houses have colon-

nades. The environs of this city are very delightful, the plain in which it is situated being covered with vineyards and enlivened with groves of olives and other fruit trees. So severe were the restrictions under which travellers were laid at this time, that even though our passports had been duly signed, we were obliged to obtain an order from the commandant of the place to let our horses pass the gates of the town.

A very good road brought us to Reggio, which is a small fortified town situated on the Crostolo: it is well built and has a neat and cheerful appearance. We had only a moment to spare, which we employed in taking a glance at the cathedral, which is an elegant structure adorned with some fine paintings by Guido. The inhabitants bear a good character for courage and industry. At the time we passed through three hundred Neapolitans occupied the citadel.

The landlord of the inn where we alighted related to us an exploit performed by an Austrian Croat, which shows their fame for bravery is not without good foundation: some days before, while the Neapolitans occupied the gates of the town, the Austrian advanced

posts were but a few miles from the place, a Croat, by way of defiance, passed several of the Neapolitan outposts, and shot one of the sentinels dead on the spot at the very gates of the town. He seized the man's musket as the trophy of his daring enterprize, gave a hurrah to the soldiers in the guard-house, set off at full gallop, and reached his companions in safety.

About three miles from Reggio we encountered two Croats who formed the first Austrian advanced post: they were on horse-back, and the brace of pistols which they held in their hands, together with their ferocious aspect, rendered doubly fierce by their black mustachios, gave them a very formidable appearance. Shortly after we met an officer with a party of about ten men who were bivouacking: he demanded our passports, and appeared not a little pleased when I answered him in German.

As we advanced, the country seemed to improve in beauty and fertility. The various, bold, and fantastic outlines of the Appennines form a magnificent back-ground to the picture, which prevents the eye from being fatigued with the uniformity of the

plains. The different farm-houses that bordered the road were marked by neat inclosures and surrounded by most luxuriant gardens; rows of elms divided the fields, and were frequently hung with festoons of vines. Every village we passed wore a cheerful appearance, and was ornamented with an elegant and frequently magnificent church.

Parma is a large and airy town, but appeared to possess no buildings of any magnitude, at least as far as we could judge from the rapid manner in which we went through it. On passing the gates we saw a party of about four hundred Croats bivouacking in the plains; they were well mounted and presented a very martial appearance. On the road to Piacenza we passed the banks of the Trebia, renowned as the scene of many ancient battles and of a memorable contest of recent date.

We were delighted with the small village of Firenzuola, which stands in the midst of a landscape of great beauty and liveliness. We found Piacenza in a state of alarm and agitation, as they expected a visit from the Neapolitans. All the hay and combustibles were brought out of the town, and precautions

taken to resist a bombardment. We learnt that it was the determination of the commandant to defend the place. We waited on him with our passports, and should he prove as brave as we found him talkative, the town will stand a good chance of not being surrendered. It is well fortified, and delightfully situated on the river Po. In the market-square stands a brass statue of Alexander Farnese and his brother Rannuccio.

We were detained a whole day in this place, as the bridge over the Po, which is about a mile from the town, was undergoing a repair, in expectation of the passage of Austrian troops. We took leave here with regret of the two noblemen and their party, in whose society we had the honour of travelling from Bologna. Our journey laid towards Milan, and they continued their route to the Tyrol.

The road was still interesting, and as we approached the spreading meadows lay in rich luxuriance before us. It is on these pastures that the cows which produce the celebrated Parmesan cheese are fed.

Lodi is situated on a high ground shelving towards the Adda. The main street is decorated with some buildings of respectable ar-

chitecture ; among which the Merlino palace, and that of the Bishop, which is not yet completed, were the most conspicuous. We passed the spacious market-place, and saw the turrets of the cathedral towering above the surrounding edifices, but we had not time to pay it a visit.

At a short distance from the inn where we alighted, is the celebrated bridge that recalls to mind the great battle that was fought near it, and which bears its name. The boy who accompanied us thither as our guide, was very particular in directing our attention to the spot where, it is said, Bonaparte performed such prodigies of valour.

The wide extending plain appeared to improve in beauty as we advanced towards Pavia, and was only broken by fine swelling eminences adorned with groves of olives, and enlivened by innumerable village spires and country-houses that looked cheerfully from among the trees. This town deserves notice as being the birth-place of the celebrated Pietro di Pisa, one of the restorers of early literature. It is well furnished with establishments for science and for the promotion of learning, and has a good library and halls for lectures on

different subjects; the inclination to attend them is all that is wanting to fulfil the original purpose of their foundation. It is gratifying to reflect that this city has always been the first to oppose the tyranny of the enemy; if the other parts of Italy had followed its example, or possessed its noble spirit, the rights of this beautiful country would not have been trampled upon by an insulting foe. The edifices in Pavia are not deserving of particular attention, but one of its churches is interesting to the classical scholar, as it contains the ashes of Boetius, who rose like a meteor of taste and learning, in an age overshadowed by barbarism and ignorance.

A short and pleasant stage brought us to Milan, which though a large and magnificent city, yet in its general appearance did not answer our expectations. We found the streets in general narrow and irregular, but well paved with large flag stones and kept very clean: it is adorned with few edifices of sufficient elegance or beauty to detain the traveller. The first object that claimed our attention was the cathedral, which, after St. Peter's, is considered the largest church in

the world. Different from many fabrics of this kind in Italy, which are simply faced, it is entirely composed of solid white marble, and is supported by fifty columns; it is in the Gothic style, ornamented with a profusion of figures of various sizes, and is kept in excellent repair. The interior is in unison with the splendour of its exterior decorations: it is divided into five naves, supported by one hundred and sixty large white marble pillars, and can boast of many statues of merit. The figure of St. Bartholomeo, in particular, is much admired: the apostle is represented in the act of being flayed, with his skin thrown like drapery about his middle. It is finely enough executed to be physically horrible to contemplate; but it seems to have been considered by Agrati as his master-piece, by the following not very modest inscription on the pedestal:

Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati,

Here stands the tomb of the celebrated St. Charles Borromeo, a man whose virtues adorned the episcopal chair of this city, and who was not less memorable for his piety than

his munificence. His body reposes in a shrine of rock chrystal ornamented with the episcopal robe, and bearing in his hand the mitre and crosier to which he added such lustre. The dome is very spacious: a case of chrystal is suspended from its roof and encircled by gilded rays; this, we were informed, enclosed one of the nails by which Jesus Christ was attached to the cross, and which Constantine the Great had formerly used in the bridle of his horse. It is said that during the holy week, at the performance of certain parts of the service, the congregation were astonished to behold a machine in the form of a cloud descending from the dome. It alighted before the high altar, and the officiating archbishop stepped into it in his full robes; it was then drawn slowly up to the roof, from which he loosed the chrystal case, and descended as slowly with the sacred relic elevated in his hand. After remaining during the rest of the service upon the altar, it was again replaced in its former situation, accompanied by the ascent and descent of this painted cloud.

The building has undergone various repairs and improvements during the stay of the

French. This was intended to flatter and amuse the people, and to prepare their minds to applaud Bonaparte's coronation.

The next churches that meet the traveller's attention are *San Vittore* and *Santo Ambrogio*. The high altar of the former is particularly splendid. The latter church is also a valuable structure: it is said to be the same in which the eloquent father of the church, to whose honour it is dedicated, formerly used to officiate; and the doors of bronze to be the same which the indignant pastor closed upon the unworthy Theodosius. Here, among other paintings, we particularly admired a St. Jerome by Paris Bordoni.

The Dominican convent is celebrated by possessing the Last Supper, the great *chef d'œuvre* of Leonardo da Vinci. Unfortunately for the fame of this master, the refectory, on whose walls it is painted, was converted by the French into a stable. Besides it has so much suffered by the dampness of the spot where it is painted, that to admire it in its present state, we were obliged to have recourse to our imagination. This convent was formerly very rich, but Bonaparte expelled the monks and seized upon the treasure, which is

said to have amounted to little less than thirty millions of francs.

We visited the opera, which is a very extensive and elegant building, but miserably lighted: the pit was absolutely in darkness. We found the orchestra very powerful, and the singing superior; but the dancing was but indifferent. If I were to form my judgment from this place, I should not think the Milanese any great amateurs in music, as the whole company, and particularly that of the boxes, appeared to pay little or no attention to the performers. In many of the boxes the parties were deeply engaged at cards, and were generally concealed from observation by a green curtain in front. I was invited to one of these parties, where was a *conversazione*. A table was placed in the middle of the box covered with ice-creams and other refreshments. The company were as loud in their mirth, and appeared as much at their ease, as if they had been in their own drawing-room. This is a singular practice, and strangers who receive an invitation to such a party must be much astonished at being conducted to a box on the third tier of the theatre, instead of a saloon.

Among the palaces which ornament the town that which the late Viceroy inhabited is the most considerable ; it is furnished in a superb style, and ornamented with many paintings by the first masters. The mansion of the Governor, Marshal Belgard, was fixed upon by Bonaparte as his place of residence during his stay in Milan. It is situated beyond the gates, and is an elegant structure, magnificently decorated and surrounded with extensive gardens. The great hospital and the town-house also deserve a visit ; and the traveller will form no mean idea of the wealth of the town by a view of the *Strada Orefice*, which can boast of a succession of no less than two hundred and sixty jewellers shops.

We visited the new barracks at the *Champ de Mars* and the amphitheatre, erected by the French ; it is a singular edifice of modern days, computed to contain nearly forty thousand spectators. During the residence of Bonaparte in this city, horse-races and rowing matches took place there : in three hours they could fill the arena with water sufficient for the boats. In one of the saloons stood three arm-chairs, intended for Bonaparte, the Ex-

empress, and the Viceroy of Italy. When seated on this embroidered throne, Napoleon would no doubt have imagined himself a second Vespasian receiving the homage of an adoring people.

From these edifices we passed to the Ambrosian library, which, notwithstanding its appellation, owes its origin to the munificence of Cardinal Borromeo; it contains a choice cabinet of medals and antiques, and is rich in a store of valuable manuscripts. One of the most curious and interesting volumes was a collection of the various works of Leonardo da Vinci, with drawings, designs, &c.; but this, with many other valuables, has been removed during the last war.

The inhabitants appeared of industrious habits, and during the short time we spent among them they were uniformly civil and attentive. They affect not to feel any warm attachment to the Austrians, though they are known to act towards them with kindness and indulgence; for which many urge in their defence, that the change of government has reduced them to poverty, and that they had more reason to be

attached to the French revolutionary government, because it expended large sums of money among them, and afforded employment to numbers of their mechanics. I was astonished to hear such short-sighted reasoning from the inhabitants of a city that has suffered so much, and so deeply, from the avarice and rapacity of many revolutionary generals. Nor was the loss of the works of art, and other valuables of that description, the greatest violence offered to the feelings of the Milanese; a still deeper wound was inflicted, not only on the middling classes, but also on many of the most considerable families of the town, by their being forcibly deprived of their children, through that horrible engine of tyrannical ingenuity, the conscription. What a feeling for a parent, solicitous for the welfare of his children, to see them torn from his arms at that critical age, when they require all his watchfulness and solicitude, and when they are not only exposed to the loss of the invaluable benefits of education, but also to the ruin of their moral and religious principles. What an infatuation! to hear people hardly recovered from their recent misfortunes, launch into

the praise of the very instruments which inflicted them. The fact is, that the former government knew how to forward its own interests and secure its footing, by intriguing with the lower classes of the people, and enriching them at the expense of the more wealthy and industrious inhabitants. Workmen of revolutionary principles were always selected to carry on the improvements at the cathedral, and many ingenious mechanics were refused employment, because they maintained their loyalty and patriotism. At the same time, also, to gratify the passions of the multitude under the mask of luxury and varied amusement, every species of vice was propagated to an alarming extent. I fear that more than half a century will be necessary to counteract the pernicious effects of such unprincipled policy. It is fortunate for this city that the present government has kept a watchful eye upon the conduct of those inhabitants who were suspected of revolutionary attachments. A few days before our arrival a plot was discovered, and fortunately crushed before its maturity. To all appearance it was connected with the twofold circumstance of the escape of Napoleon, and the advance of

the Neapolitan army under Murat. From the few particulars I could learn, it would appear that the neighbouring peasantry had been deluded into a plan of rising *en masse*, to recover what they were taught to believe, *their liberty*; that sacred name which has been so much and so often profaned, and so frequently made the cloak of the darkest designs of faction and rebellion. Upon receiving this information, the Governor, with very laudable zeal, took the most prompt measures: the gates of the town were shut, the partizans of treason were intimidated, and their plan fell to the ground.

The ramparts afford an agreeable walk, and command a pleasing view of the town, which they encompass, and its environs. The public gardens near the Governor's palace are very pleasant and much frequented by the gaiety and fashion of Milan. The environs are delightfully ornamented by a variety of villas, among which Castellazzo is remarkable for the neatness and elegance of its decorations, particularly a very fine statue of Pompey, held in great estimation by connoisseurs. Monte Brianza affords a delightful summer retreat in a situation which presents a diversity of beau-

tiful landscape. Not far from this place is the celebrated Casa Simonetta, well known for its famous echo, which is said to reverberate the sound of a pistol more than thirty times. The climate is considered as very healthy, though from its proximity to the Alps the winters are rather severe.

Of the society of the place I am not enabled to give you any just idea, as we had no intention of making any stay here, and consequently were not provided with letters of introduction. I had, however, the honour of being presented by General Swinburn to Marshal Belgard, who has greatly distinguished himself in the service of his Sovereign ; he received me very politely, and, knowing the spirit that animates the Austrians, treated the advance of the Neapolitan army with contempt. General Swinburn is here, *commandant de place* ; he was born in Ireland, but is now in the Austrian service. He behaved with much bravery, and during the last war lost an arm in a severe engagement with the French.

LETTER XLII.

Departure for VENICE.—BERGAMO.—BRESCHIA.—LAGO DI GARDA.—PESCHIERA.—Scenery.—VERONA.—Amphitheatre.—Sketch of the Place.—VICENZA.—Works of PALLADIO.—PADUA.—Outline of the Town.—MESTRE.—Gondola Packet.—VENICE.—SANTO MARCO.—Churches.—Palaces.—Public Buildings.—RIALTO.—Arsenal.—Opera.—State of Society.—Concluding Remarks.—Islands.—Return to MESTRE.

Venice, May 1815.

AFTER quitting Milan, we had no object to detain us on the road till we reached Venice. Our journey was consequently rapid, and afforded no opportunity for more than a few hasty remarks on the towns we passed through and the scenery we viewed on the road. The country from Milan to Brescia is beauty itself, and the soil all richness and fertility. The first town of any consequence we passed was Bergamo, which is delightfully situated on the slope of a hill and presents

a widely extended and magnificent prospect. The plains we had passed lay bathed in those blue vapours which give such a delicate outline to the Italian landscapes, and which, when copied by their painters, seem to the eye which has not actually beheld the scene, too vivid for nature. The day was remarkably fine, and never, during my journey, had I a more sensible proof of the truth of the following observations of an acute and enthusiastic observer : ‘ These vapours, when shed over
‘ the landscape, soften down whatever might
‘ be too hard or prominent in its features ; yet
‘ the shades have nothing dull or heavy about
‘ them, and are never thrown into such deep
‘ masses, but what some straggling ray breaks
‘ through the foliage or glances into the recesses of the rock. The water, the land,
‘ and the sky, are marked with a peculiar
‘ tint that harmonizes the whole ; by means
‘ of an insensible gradation of colour their
‘ different surfaces blend so insensibly one
‘ with the other, that it is impossible to determine the exact point where one shade
‘ finishes and the other begins. In viewing
‘ the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, you have
‘ no doubt admired that luxuriance of azure

‘ light, which seems to surpass nature in
‘ beauty, and is therefore set down as the
‘ creation of the painter ; yet this is the very
‘ light of an Italian sky.’*

Proceeding to Brescia, we admired the wild and beautiful scenery around us : in one direction towered the Alps, in all their majestic grandeur ; in another lay a delightful and fertile country, abounding with a softer and more beautiful scenery, rendered doubly interesting by the singularity of the contrast.

Brescia appears to be a town of considerable strength, and displays some buildings of superior architecture, particularly the cathedral, which is a handsome structure, and which at the time we passed was undergoing some considerable repairs. The environs of the place are pleasingly adorned with country houses and fine gardens, which present an aspect of cheerfulness and fertility.

At Peschiera is a fortress, situated at the extremity of the *Lago di Garda*. The town is indifferently built, and can boast of no palace of superior structure. The road near this place

* Vide Chateaubriand's Recollections of Italy.

was excellent, and lay upon a descent through the midst of corn-fields, variegated with vines and interspersed with olives. The view into the plain was beauty itself; the fine swells of the landscape were seen covered with villages, churches, and country residences. Before us in full expansion shone the *Lago di Garda*, which Virgil celebrates as the greatest ornament of Italy; it is so calm, clear, and unruffled, that at the depth of about thirty feet the bottom is easily distinguishable. It was enlivened by many boats, most of them loaded with timber, which were sailing in various directions, to the Griswold and Tyrol, where the inhabitants carry on a brisk trade. Sermione, its principal promontory, has been celebrated by Catullus as his favourite residence: its banks are adorned with the most beautiful scenery.

Verona is situated on the Adige, between a hill which forms the last swell of the Alps and the skirts of an immense plain, extending from these mountains to the Appenines. The high grounds behind it are adorned with most delightful villas and gardens. Its inhabitants are computed at about forty-eight thousand. The interior of the town is divid-

ed into two parts by the Adige, which forms a peninsular, in which the whole of the ancient as well as a part of the modern city is enclosed.

Though most of the houses are of ancient structure, yet they presented an aspect of regularity and occasional grandeur of appearance, particularly the *Piazza dei Armi*, which is the grand square. We had merely time to snatch a hasty glance of the far-famed amphitheatre. This is one of the most magnificent remains of Roman architecture that has descended to our times; though not so large, it is equal in its materials and solidity to the Coliseum. Excepting one portion of wall, which contains three stories of four arches, that rise to the height of eighty feet, the whole of the exterior circumference has long ago been demolished. It is supposed to have been capable of containing between twenty-two and twenty-four thousand spectators; there are forty-five seats, rising one above the other. To give an idea of its vastness, it is only necessary to state that its outward circumference is 1,290 feet, the length of the arena 218, and its breadth 129. There is an inscription, marking the epoch when the Em-

peror of Austria sat there, and on another seat a similar notice of a visit from Buonaparte.

In the evening we went to the theatre, which is an extensive building, constructed after the designs of Palladio and containing five tiers of boxes. The performances were but of an inferior nature, though the singing was above mediocrity. During the day the same company perform in a small theatre built in the amphitheatre.

Our time permitted us merely to view the cathedral, and to admire the noble picture of the Assumption, from the pencil of Titian, which is its greatest ornament. It is a matter of regret, that the royal palace in the grand square has not yet been finished; but to judge from its appearance, it would, if completed, have been a very elegant building. The best hotel in the town is *Il Sole*, situated near the cathedral; but it was, during our stay in town, exclusively occupied by the King and Queen of Spain and their retinue, who were retreating from Rome in consequence of the advance of the Neapolitan army; we were, therefore, obliged to fix our residence at one of the second-

ary inns, which we found very indifferent in its accommodation. The King of Spain has been detained here longer than he intended, in consequence of all his plate and other articles of value having been stolen at Bologna, as they were on the way to Mantua.

Vicenza is an ancient town, and abounds with the works of Palladio, who was born here, and who seems, with laudable pride, to have peculiarly exerted his talents in ornamenting his native place, which can boast of nearly twenty palaces, all planned by this great architect, and stamping it with a character of mingled grandeur and beauty. Nor is this splendour confined to public edifices alone; many of the private buildings display the same superiority of architecture.

The town-house is distinguished by the very appropriate appellation of *Palazzo della Ragione*; it has a spacious hall and contains some good pictures. The *Palazzo del Capitano*, which is the residence of the commandant of the place, that of *Nievi*, of *Coldogno*, and of the *Marchese di Capra*, with its elegant rotunda and splendid portico, all bear testimony to the taste and genius of Palladio, under whose direction they were raised. The gate of the *Campus Martius* is also built from a design by

him, on the model of the triumphant arches of the ancients.

The church of the *Madonna del Monte* is situated a little way beyond the city, on the summit of a mountain from which it takes its name, and which commands a delightful view of the adjacent country as far as Padua; the ascent is rendered easy by steps, which have been formed for the convenience of pilgrims and religious processions.

Padua is eighteen miles distant from Vicenza, and the road to it is through a fertile plain, rendered pleasant by being lined with mulberry trees.

The city contains many evidences of its proximity to the birth-place of Palladio, in the number of edifices that have been erected after his designs; among which is the abbey church of *Santa Justina*, which was executed by Andrea Riccio: in many respects it resembles St. Paul's in London, and contains a library, hall and cloister, all in the best style of architecture. The next place which merits the attention of the traveller is *Il Salone*, or the town-hall (it was begun 1172 by Peter Cozzi, and finished 1306), which is remarkable for its magnitude. The saloon contains

many old paintings by Giotto. In the building is a monument in honour of Titus Livius, who, as is well known, was a native of this place. The inscription has nothing elegant or classic; but the last line, which expresses the generosity of the Paduans, proves that it was not the want of will which prevented Padua from offering a greater honour to this illustrious historian. *Hoc totus staret aureus ipse loco.* A house which is asserted to have belonged to him is still shewn to strangers.

Few places are so illustrious for their attachment to learning and science as this city, which amid all the distractions of Italy, seized the first moment of returning tranquillity to lead mankind to pursuits of wisdom and peace. Hence the lists of her university display an assemblage of names beyond what those of almost any other learned society can boast. With her, Petrarch strung his impassioned lyre; with her, Galileo lifted up his enquiring eyes to the heavens; with her, Columbus meditated his discoveries of unknown lands; and not one of her churches is devoid of some spot consecrated by the remains of genius or patriotism. The most celebrated religious edifice in Padua is the Franciscan church,

dedicated to St. Antony, a saint whose name is perhaps oftener invoked throughout Italy than that of any other in the calendar. The chapel of the saint himself is rich in votive offerings, and contains some fine basso relievos and figures in bronze of exquisite sculpture. There are several other chapels in this church, dedicated to different saints, and vying with each other in the richness of their decorations. It also abounds with interesting monuments of the Comara and other celebrated families.

In our hotel we found the Neapolitan general d'Heri——t, a prisoner of war, who was on his way to an Hungarian fortress, escorted by an Austrian officer. All we could learn concerning him was, that he was taken near Milan, on his way from Paris, and that dispatches from Buonaparte to Murat were found concealed in his boots. There are two routes to Venice; one by Fusina and Dola, the other by Mestre. Gondolas may be procured at both places, but the accommodations are better at Mestre for the carriages and horses, which must be left there; the road is likewise better, and only makes the trifling difference of two or three miles. The conveyance by these gondolas is attended with no dan-

ger, and they cross the channel in the roughest weather ; although we went over in a violent storm, we felt no other inconvenience but getting wetted by the sea. The ride from Padua to Mestre is delightful ; the road is lined with magnificent palaces and adorned with tasteful gardens. The view of the river Brenta is very interesting ; it is enlivened with numerous gondolas and other small boats. The fanciful dress of the peasants in the villages on its banks give additional gaiety and picturesqueness to the scene. As we approached the mouth of the river we felt all eagerness and expectation to discover the queen of the Adriatic, rising serene and beauteous, like another Venus, from the midst of a foaming sea. On reaching the strand we were surrounded by a clamorous crowd of boatmen ; each one was loud in the praises of his own gondola and his own expertness. The sea was rough and we selected a large boat, rowed by three men and a boy who acted as steersman, to whom we paid five francs. These boats at first sight present rather a sombre appearance : the seats have black cushions, and the other parts of the vessel are covered with a lining of the same funereal hue. They are pointed and very

narrow, and are furnished with a small cabin, lighted by a window on each side, with a glass door in front, but are so low that passengers are unable to stand upright in them. The side windows are made to open, so that in hot weather the luxury of a sea breeze, and an uninterrupted view of the scenery may be fully enjoyed. These vessels are usually manned only by two men, one of whom stands at the stern while the other rows: they are generally civil, and manage their boats with uncommon dexterity and address. They can make at the rate of from five to six miles an hour with ease. We passed a fort, where we were hailed by a sentry, and obliged to go to the Austrian guard-house to shew our passports.

We now approached Venice, and were at once surprised and delighted with the beautiful sight of this large and magnificent city, with its innumerable palaces and churches, domes and spires, emerging, as it were, from the waves; together with its profusion of small and attendant islands floating on the bosom of the Adriatic. We rowed up the grand canal, and admired the lofty buildings of rich and varied architecture that adorned

both the banks. We took up our residence at the *Hotel de Gran Bretagne*, which is certainly the best in the place, although it is not remarkable for cleanliness, nor are the accommodations of any very superior kind. The landlord makes it a rule to compliment English travellers by charging them double the sum of those of any other nation; we therefore found it necessary to be on our guard against this usual imposition. We met here several English noblemen whom we had the honour of visiting, particularly Lord and Lady Cawder, with whose urbanity of manners and interesting remarks on the place, we were much delighted.

There is in *Santo Marco* a good *restaurateur's*, where travellers, to whom economy is an object, may dine for the moderate sum of three or four francs.

The general aspect of Venice presents an assemblage of magnificent edifices, both public and private; and though the generality of them are by no means in the purest style of architecture, or affording the most pleasing combinations of ornament, yet their united effect is grand and imposing. The first build-

ing of consequence that we visited was the church of *St. Marco*. This edifice is overloaded with a variety of inconsistent ornaments, so as to resemble rather an eastern pagoda than a Christian temple; yet the splendour of its paintings, and the richness of its Mosaics, recompense in some measure for these defects, and divert the eye of the visitor from criticising with too great severity. The pavement is also very rich in marbles of different colours, representing a variety of animals and a profusion of foliage.

San Giorgio is another very elegant church, from the designs of Palladio. Its cloisters are very bold and elevated. It was in this church that the last conclave was held, when, with a spirit worthy of the best days of the republic, the cardinals proceeded upon their election of a new Pontiff, unbiassed by the mischievous politics of the time, and unawed by the influence of Buonaparte and his satellites.

Santa Maria della Salute is another of the works of Palladio, and bears testimony to the taste and invention of that great architect. It contains several very superior paintings by

Bassano and Paul Veronese, together with some well executed relievos and statues from the chissels of celebrated artists.

Among the palaces that of *Grimani* and the *Ducal* palace claim the most particular attention. The latter is in the Gothic style, and presents an appearance of ponderous magnificence. It is remarkable as being the place where the Senate and different Councils of State used to assemble in the days of her republican glory. It is also particularly rich in paintings, and especially in the masterpieces of Paul Veronese, whose subjects are full of poetical feeling, though this great master was too fond of wasting his time and displaying his ingenuity in the more subordinate parts of his composition : his satins and velvets must have cost him infinite and unnecessary pains. Here we also admired Tintoretto's Paradise with its wonderful profusion of figures, and Palma's Last Judgment, which in its various details may almost be said to rival the Inferno of Dante.

The interior of the opera house is very splendid and well lighted, and far surpasses the idea which a stranger is led to form from its external appearance. We found the

singing excellent ; among the best performers was a Signor Veluti, who has a fine voice, but by no means a graceful deportment ; we saw him in the character of a Roman Emperor, but he trod the stage with so little dignity, that he rather reminded us of a lazaroni on the wharf at Naples than of so august a personage. The *corps du ballet* was but very indifferent, which we were surprised to observe, the French having so lately quitted the city, for they are always professed partizans of this species of amusement. There are several other theatres in the place, but they are seldom open except in the time of the Carnival.

The beauty of the bridge, called the Rialto, is greatly impaired by the double row of shops that runs across it and impedes the fine view of the city that it would otherwise command. The bridge itself is entirely of marble, consisting of a single arch ninety feet in width. It is the privilege of great names to confer interest upon objects of which they make even the most trivial mention : the line which Shakespeare has given to this boast of Venice rushed into my mind as I stood admiring its fine proportions, and I seemed individually

interested for Shylock when I thought of his reproach to Antonio :—

“ And oft on the Rialto you have rated me.”

I had the honour to accompany Lord Fitzgerald to see the arsenal, which occupies an entire island, and is fortified at once by its own ramparts and the surrounding sea. It is a spacious building and affords much to gratify the curiosity of the visitant. The entrance is guarded by two immense lions cut out in granite, which formerly adorned the Piræus of Athens. On entering I was struck with the magnificence of the halls, and the spacious staircase of marble. In one of these halls I admired a beautiful statue by Canova ; an aerial figure of Fame is represented in the act of crowning the celebrated Admiral Emo. The armoury contains several weapons of ancient construction, which, as they are placed by the side of more recent implements of war, form a singular contrast, greatly to the advantage of the superior ingenuity of modern times. Here we also saw the famous *Bucentaur*, the ancient state galley of the republic : it is a gorgeous memorial of the fondness of the Venetians for gilded finery ; but the wantonness of

the enemy has not even spared this curiosity, but stripped it of many of its ornaments.

From the manner in which some authors have described Venice, one would be led to imagine that it was one of the most enchanting spots upon earth. I must say, that to me the very reverse appeared the fact. Its chief attractions consist in a continual routine of licentious and frivolous amusement, which must soon disgust and weary every reflecting mind: nor can those who cease to take pleasure in them find here any relief in the charms of Nature. The luxury of a ramble in the fields is not to be obtained. The only walks are through noisy streets, or amid the everlasting bustle of the *Piazza di St. Marco*; and there is no other way to vary the scene but by being rowed about in a gondola, the very motion of which generates indolence, and where the senses are continually annoyed, both by the sight of disagreeable objects and the noisome effluvia that exhales at low tide.

Among other points on which I differ from many writers who have eulogized this city, that of the beauty of its women does not form the least. An author, whose work now lies before me, but who I am almost led to

imagine never saw Venice, otherwise than on a map, has made the following observations : *Les femmes sont en général belles, bien faites, pleines de grâces et d'esprit ; elles y vieillissent moins vite que dans les autres climats chauds de l'Italie, et les hommes y conservent de la fraîcheur et de la force, jusqu'à une âge très avancée, &c. &c.* I am not ambitious enough to wish to set up my taste as a standard, but candidly to tell the truth, even at the expense of the ill-will of the ladies of Venice, I must say that I never beheld such a mixture of features, Italian, French, and German, as their countenances exhibited. Added to this, they have not the most healthy appearance, though they endeavour to shew it by the use of a profusion of paint. I must, however, do them the justice to say, that they are graceful in their deportment and display considerable taste in their dress.

I have already mentioned the *Piazza di St. Marco*, and as it is the central point of the gaiety and amusements of Venice I must not leave it entirely undescribed. It is a kind of irregular quadrangle formed by a variety of buildings, all different in their structure, and singularly contrasted in their external decora-

tions. The *Ducal* palace and the church of *St. Marco*, which I have already mentioned, together with the church of *St. Geminiano*, and a rich line of buildings fronted in the Grecian style, called the *Proccureria nuova*, ornament this place. The arcades by which it is surrounded are the constant resort of a mixed multitude of Jews, Turks, and Christians; and the numerous coffee-houses are seldom left empty for a moment. I frequently entered these places when every seat was occupied. Gentlemen with their families sat with as much gravity over an ice cream as politicians in England do over the newspapers of the day; yet I never found them so occupied as to be inattentive to strangers: they readily yield their place, and on more than one occasion I was actually forced into the seat which had thus been relinquished for my accommodation. None of that reserve is found here which is so prevalent in more northern nations.

Ladies do not scruple to visit the *casinos*, and other places of public amusement, as jealousy no longer has any influence here. Indeed, since the Revolution, the people seem to have rushed into the opposite ex-

tremes of their former reserved and suspicious habits; hence the ladies indulge themselves without scruple in various liberties, which in most other countries would be deemed a breach of decency and decorum.

Many families of distinction have apartments elegantly furnished over the Piazza, where they invite their friends to sit at the windows and enjoy the view of the mingled crowds and varied amusements that, particularly on Sundays, are passing below.

In the evening this favourite walk with its numerous shops and coffee-houses, is illuminated, and has a most brilliant effect. Here the descendants of the illustrious assertors of the rights and protectors of the liberties of Venice, wile away the night in trifling conversation and idle amusements, and are frequently seen yawning home at nearly day-break. Among the casinos, that of *Signori* has the most select company; and in order to insure its being kept so, no one can be admitted without a previous introduction by one of its members.

We one morning ascended the steeple of *Sto. Marco*, and enjoyed a most extensive and delightful view of the city, and its

numerous dependencies. The day was remarkably fine ; the broad expanse of the Adriatic spread around us, and a sky of the purest azure was over our heads. Among the many islands which seem to attend, like so many satellites around their queen, that of Murano is the most conspicuous ; it is situated about a mile from Venice, and is remarkable for its manufacture of the celebrated Venetian mirrors. It was formerly a very flourishing place, and many of its palaces, though now nearly deserted, bear testimony to its former magnificence. But it is almost unnecessary to add, that the discoveries of other nations in later times, with respect to the casting of glass, has struck at the root of all its wealth, and reduced it to comparative insignificance.

The climate can be scarcely otherwise than unhealthy at Venice, as rains are very frequent and extremely heavy, particularly in the spring. The north east wind, which generally prevails, likewise renders the air chilly and the rooms so damp, that we found it necessary to have constant fires. The winters are in proportion as severe as the heat in summer is oppressive. In the latter

season the tides are so low, as to render the canals not only offensive, but pestilential; and during the winter gales the lower parts of the town are frequently inundated. To complete this catalogue of grievances I must add, the water is at all times disagreeable to the palate, and unwholesome to the constitution.

Let it not be imagined that I have viewed this city, so famed in history, with the eyes of prejudice; almost all the travellers I have met with here have coincided in my opinions, and I found few of them who could be induced, after having inspected the objects most worthy of notice, to spend above a week in the place, in spite of all the gaiety and attractions of the *Piazza di St. Marco*.

LETTER XLIII.

*Departure from VENICE.—MESTRE.—TRE-
VISO.—BASSANO.—TRENT.—Mountain Sce-
nery.—TYROL.—Patriotism of the Inhabi-
tants.—BAUTZEN.—BRIXEN.—Amateur Post-
master.—BRENNER.—STEINACH.—JOSEPH
NAGEL.*

Munich, June 1815.

TIRED of the confinement of Venice, and longing once more for the sight of green fields and wooded lanes, we hired a gondola and returned to Mestre, whence we proceeded to Treviso, through a delightful and well cultivated country, which repaid us for the tedium of the latter part of our sojourn at Venice.

Treviso is a considerable old town; the streets are wide and well paved, and most of the houses have colonnades in front.

The next place we reached was Bassano, which is most delightfully situated at the extremity of a narrow valley, twelve miles to the

north of Vicenza, and is watered by the river Brenta, which proceeds to Padua and empties itself into the Laguna. This is the native place of the famous painter Giacomo di Ponte, and of his four sons, known by the name of Bassani. The town is ornamented with a very fine cathedral, which can boast of some good paintings by this celebrated master, and a great many elegant buildings, both public and private. The bridge over the Brenta was first built after the design of Palladio, but was totally destroyed by the great inundations in 1748; the present was constructed from the plans of Barthelemy Farrari.

On our way to Trent we passed through Primolano, which is a beautiful village at the head of the valley of Trent. The road to the latter place is one of the most agreeable in Italy; it is surrounded by the Alps, whose lofty summits, clad with eternal snow, present at all times an aspect of grandeur and sublimity. When we passed, every scene breathed the freshness and delight of spring. Our ears were greeted by the harmonious notes of innumerable songsters, who seemed to feel the influence of the season and to

enjoy the beauty of the spot they inhabited. Nothing can afford a more striking contrast than the scenery on this road : on one side of us towered the dreary emblems of winter ; on the other laid the serene and smiling beauties of spring and summer.

The lofty range of mountains which we passed near Primolano forms the magnificent boundary between Germany and Italy. Trent is a small fortified town, delightfully situated in a fertile valley. Its streets are broad, regular, well paved, and remarkable for their cleanliness, being refreshed by numerous lesser branches of the river Adige, on the banks of which it is built. We took up our quarters at the *Hôtel d'Europa*, which is considered the best in the place. From their proximity to Germany, the inhabitants here have more the manners of that nation than of Italy ; and their language is a kind of *patois*, but they all understand German extremely well. We saw the Bishop's palace and visited the hall where the celebrated council was held from 1545 to 1563, the decrees of which have exerted so despotic a sway over the religious opinions of a great part of Europe. Though this convocation

was opened in the cathedral, its sessions were generally held in the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, and there is a picture still existing, which represents the council sitting in full synod. The cathedral itself is remarkable neither for its elegance nor size ; and though its organ is considered very fine, it is yet supposed to be inferior to that of the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*. The climate is very healthy, though the neighbourhood of the Alps renders it extremely cold in winter and as intensely hot in summer.

From Trent we proceeded by a good road to Botzen. We noticed on the way that the Tyrolese are not remiss in the cultivation of their land, and their industry is well repaid by the fertility of the soil. The men are in general stout and tall, and the women handsome. Patriotism appears to be their predominant virtue ; they hold the French in the utmost abhorrence, while on the other hand the English are esteemed and respected. Botzen is a small town, situated on the river Eisac, and surrounded by high hills, which are covered with vineyards that give it an airy and cheerful appearance. It can boast of a strong castle, and the

houses though not lofty are in general well built. The cathedral contains some good paintings; but with this exception, there is little in the place to interest the curiosity of the traveller.

A succession of varied and beautiful scenes brought us from Botzen to Brixen, which is a small town situated on the Eisac and surrounded on one side with high mountains, finely cloathed with wood, and on the other with fertile plains. The houses are in general lofty, and the streets neat and regular. Its cathedral is decorated with many beautiful pictures. The most elegant structure in the place is an academy for the education of young English ladies. We found the postmaster at the inn where we alighted an amateur in paintings; he had a tolerable good gallery, which he took no small pride in displaying. From this place we proceeded to Brenner, a village situated on the top of a high mountain, whence we enjoyed an extensive and delightful prospect of the surrounding country. The road from Brenner to Steinach being exceedingly bad, we were obliged to procure an extra number of horses to facilitate our progress across

the mountains, which continually exhibited a most interesting mixture of the sublime and beautiful in scenery. Near the public road we observed an inscription announcing that this had been the site of two Roman towns, of which there are now scarcely any vestiges remaining. At Steinach, which is a small village, situated in the midst of a landscape of great wildness and beauty, we stopped at the only inn in the place, which is kept by Joseph Nagel, who has obtained considerable fame for the bravery which he exhibited in many instances during the war. He shewed us, with evident pride, a gold medal, which the Emperor of Austria had honoured him with. He told us, speaking of the renowned Hoffner, that he was shot by the French at Milan, and described him with great warmth, as a brave soldier and the idol of his countrymen, over whom he possessed so great an influence, that it needed but his presence to stimulate them to rise against their tyrannical oppressors. Among other particulars, he said that he believed the sword which Hoffner had the honour of receiving from the Emperor of Austria was carried to England. This same man formed one of

a deputation which had attended on the Emperor of Austria, to remonstrate with that monarch against raising any more levies in the Tyrolese dominions. His Majesty, as I have formerly described, received the deputation very graciously, and complied with their requests. Our landlord assured us that his countrymen were so firmly attached to the paternal government under which they live, that no other could have succeeded in alienating their minds from a monarch whom they so warmly love. From Steinach we proceeded to Schönberg, where we alighted at the Post-house, a very good inn, and from the windows of it enjoyed a fine view of the beautiful and romantic scenery around. We proceeded thence to Inspruck, the road to which place is tolerably good, though a part of it is very rough and mountainous. The gates of this town are elegantly built, and it can boast of two magnificent palaces, one of which is adorned with a number of excellent paintings: and in the public square there is a fine pillar, together with an equestrian statue of the Archduke of Austria. They have an university, a public school, and a handsome theatre. We were shown the spot where the Tyrolese en-

countered and completely routed the French: it is situated near a very fine stone bridge. This battle was rendered remarkable by the manner in which the Tyrolese were armed; besides the disadvantage of being obliged to contend with regular troops, they were unprovided with any weapons excepting pikes, pitchforks, and pistols: yet in spite of these discouragements, their noble and patriotic enthusiasm triumphed over their oppressors, and a number of the enemy were slain or drowned.

This town is rather thinly inhabited, containing only about 12,900 souls. The aspect of the inhabitants is healthy, and the women appear particularly handsome and well dressed.

From Inspruck we proceed to Salzburg. The scenery on the road is full of variety; at one time presenting to view the most delightful landscapes, at another nothing but dreary and deserted wastes. Till we reached Hoffner we found the country in rather a good state of cultivation, but from that place to Salzburg it appears extremely barren. Hoffner is an unimportant town, distinguished only by a Bavarian custom-house, opposite

to which we alighted at an inn ; but having experienced its accommodations, we would recommend travellers to pass it, unless detained by necessity. Salzburg is situated on the river Salza, and is a considerable town : the houses are in general lofty and built of stone, in the Italian manner. Its situation is extremely pleasant. The castle stands on a bold and steep rock. The cathedral deserves particular notice : it is situated in a beautiful square, called *der Domplatz*, and built of free stone, after the design of St. Peter's at Rome. It is ornamented with a statue of the Virgin in bronze, finely executed, but of a size somewhat too colossal ; it also contains a number of very fine paintings.

The palace of the late bishop is an extensive and elegant building, situated near the cathedral. We were shown the apartments where the late Empress of France (Maria Louisa) and her son resided, as well as those of Buonaparte : they were all decorated in the most superb manner. To a person desirous of combining economy with comfort, the moderation of all charges in this town must render it desirable as a residence. A very small income will here command all

the conveniences and some of the luxuries of life, for the inhabitants have not been corrupted by the example of rapacity and extravagance set them by the enemy whilst they were in possession of the town, wasting the resources of the suffering people in continual feasting and debaucheries. The conduct of the late brave and excellent Moreau, while he commanded in the city, was however the very opposite, and his noble and generous endeavours to soften and alleviate the rigours of war, and to restrain the excesses of his officers, are remembered with the gratitude they deserve. The palace in which the Crown Prince of Bavaria at present resides, is an extensive and elegant building, and commands a fine view of the river and the environs of the town.

We particularly admired the gates to a passage which had been lately cut through the Mönchsberg mountain, and which laborious undertaking is extremely well executed. They were begun by the Bishop of Saltzburg, and there is over them a bust of the prelate, with this happy inscription: "*Te saxa loquuntur.*" Beyond these gates is a walk which forms the favourite rendezvous of

the inhabitants and where seats are placed for their accommodation. Among the other public buildings that ornament this town the most prominent are the church belonging to the University, the Holy Trinity, the Franciscan, and the St. Sebastian church; the latter has a remarkably fine and extensive burial ground. The theatre of this place, though not large, is neatly built, and its interior is very elegantly decorated. The night we attended it was well filled, and, among other person of distinction, we observed the Crown Prince and Princess of Bavaria. The library, which formerly contained many valuable works, was despoiled during the revolution of the greater part of its treasures.

An anecdote is related of a wine merchant, resident in the *Dom-Platz*, who wishing to ingratiate himself into the favour of the French, or being himself infected with revolutionary principles, gave them a hearty welcome, and immediately on their arrival presented them with several hogsheads of wine, for which he would receive no recompence. But this act of liberality was appreciated as it justly deserved. When the enemy were obliged to quit the town, they returned his kindness by gratefully staving several

hogsheads of wine and overflowing the streets with their contents.

The road from Salsburg to Munich is hilly and one of the worst in Bavaria, though not from a deficiency of tolls; but, to compensate in some measure for its disagreeableness, it abounds with interesting scenery. We were particularly struck with the delightful situations of the village Obing and a small town called Waging.

On our arrival at Munich we took up our residence at the *Der Schwarze Adler* (Black Eagle), which is a superior hotel with very comfortable accommodations. Munich is a considerable town situated on the Iser. The houses are high, but the streets, though spacious, are not well paved. The principal square, called *Der Grosse Markt*, is surrounded by shops, and contains the town-house, which is very beautiful. The royal palace is the most elegant edifice here; the plainness of its exterior does not enable the spectator to form an adequate idea of the splendour of its interior, which is magnificently adorned. The royal chapel also contains some fine paintings, among which one from the pencil of the celebrated Michael

Angelo is particularly admired. The barracks, which are close to the palace, are very extensive, and are built with much beauty and solidity.

Among many other fine buildings may be ranked the old palace, and that which is inhabited by Prince Eugene, late Viceroy of Italy ; together with a number of splendid mansions belonging to the nobility. The arsenal and the cathedral are also superior structures ; the interior of the latter is ornamented with three beautiful paintings, though in other respects it is rather deficient in decoration. Of the churches, which are built in a more classical style of architecture, those of St. Augustine and St. Peter rank the first, and are enriched with several paintings of excellence. We were much pleased with our visit to the hospital, the King's stables, the military school, and the royal library. The royal gallery also claims attention, as it contains a superior selection of paintings of the Flemish, German and Italian schools. Among a multitude of others, we were particularly struck with three of the productions of Murillo, representing groups of Spanish beggar-boys, which I think may contend, in point

of powerful expression, with the celebrated paintings on the same subject in the Dulwich collection. Indeed, in the few works I have seen of this renowned Spanish painter, I have always admired that warmth of colouring, and that fidelity to nature and truth, which characterize his pencil. This establishment is situated under the colonnade in the *Hof Garten*, and is a splendid and appropriate structure. There are two theatres in Munich, which are both elegant edifices, and the performances are of a superior order: one of them, which is called the court theatre, is situated in the royal palace; its interior is richly ornamented, the boxes are very tastefully decorated, and the ceiling of the saloon richly painted. The house is brilliantly lighted, and well attended by the higher classes. The other, which is of a description rather inferior, stands near the *Iser Thør*; the exterior is neat, but it has scarcely any internal decoration. It is chiefly frequented by the middle classes, but I must do their taste the justice to say, that the performances were but little inferior to those of the royal theatre.

The environs of the town are enlivened by gardens, and a variety of places of public resort. Among the former, the *Hof Garten*, and that called the English Garden, from the circumstance of its being laid out after the English taste, are the most conspicuous. The walks are delightful; benches are placed for the accommodation of visitants, as they are frequented by all the best company. The river Iser, which is a clear and remarkably rapid stream, passes through the English garden, under a neat bridge, which conducts to a variety of romantic walks amidst the numerous shrubberies, and along the banks of the stream. The whole of this delightful enclosure was laid out by the celebrated Count Rumford, and does great credit to his taste. At the entrance of the court garden stand two coffee-houses, which are kept by Frenchmen, and much frequented by the politicians of that nation.

At Nymphenburg, being a distance of half a mile from the town, stands a royal palace with extensive gardens. The rides to the village of Paesing and to the garden at Osterwalde are extremely pleasant and very much frequented.

The ladies of Munich are in general handsome and dress with considerable taste : the inhabitants are lively in their dispositions and very fond of dancing. In the places of public resort just described waltzing may be seen in all its perfection, and on Sundays and holidays these favourite spots are crowded with all the *beau monde* of the capital. I had the honour of several times seeing the King and Queen, together with some of the younger branches of the royal family, walking in the English garden without any attendants, and without the least ostentation. His Majesty generally appeared dressed in a blue coat, wore a round hat, and was without any mark of distinction, except a narrow black ribbon edged with white, which was fastened to one of the button-holes of his coat. The royal family are very benevolent and affable, and are consequently much beloved by their subjects.

I have seen the former Viceroy of Italy riding with the Princess of Bavaria, his consort, in an open carriage drawn by four white horses ; he seemed to excite no small degree of attention and interest, to judge by the marks of respect shown to him as he passed.

LETTER XLIV.

Departure from MUNICH.—Arrival at AUGSBURG.—Gallery of Paintings at the Hotel.—Description of the Town.—Arrival at DETTINGEN.—Atrocious Attempt.—Battle of HOECHSTADT.—ULM.—General MACK.—Delightful Scenery.—GEISSLINGEN.—Arrival at STUTGARD.—Description of the Town and Environs.—English Ambassador.

Stutgard, May 1815.

ON quitting Munich we were much delighted with the scenery which presented itself. Each side of the road was adorned with villas and beautiful gardens, which bore testimony to the taste and industry of the inhabitants. The country appeared to increase in fertility as we approached Augsburg, which is a considerable town, situated in the midst of a landscape of great richness and beauty. It is a fortified place, and has an antiquated appearance, from the great number of houses that are built with pointed

roofs, after the fashion prevalent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ; but in the principal streets most of the houses are of elegant modern architecture. We alighted at the *Drei Mohren*, which is considered the best hotel in the place. We were not a little amused with our landlord, who is a great amateur in painting, and has a gallery which he exhibits to his visitors : it contains some tolerable copies of the works of celebrated masters ; but what particularly amused us, was a catalogue with which he presented each of us, professedly written in English, but the most complete masterpiece of nonsense I ever beheld. I very much regret not having kept a copy, as it would have afforded no small share of amusement. The most conspicuous buildings in this town are the palace where the bishops formerly resided, and the town-house, which contains some fine paintings. The cathedral is remarkable for its richly painted windows and curious inscriptions. The main streets are decorated with a number of fountains : some are very elegant and are ornamented with brass statues.

At this place we had the honor of joining the Earl of Sunderland,* who was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Ward and the Honble. Mr. Perceval. This meeting was particularly agreeable, as we had formerly spent some time in their company at Vienna ; and we agreed to continue our route together to Stutgard. After quitting Augsburg we remarked, that though the country was not so fertile as that we had just past, yet the cultivation was not neglected.

We were not a little surprised on entering Dettingen to find the town crowded with Austrians, who were on their march to the frontiers of France. Even the hotel where we alighted was filled with officers and attendants of the Austrian Archduke, who was hourly expected.

The postmaster pointed out to our notice here the mark of a ball, which was fired at the present King of France, while he was standing at a window of one of the front rooms. The ball happily missed his Majesty and entered the frame of the window. It is surprising that though this took place in the broad day, the perpetrator of so daring and atrocious an attempt should to this very

* Now Marquis of Blandford.

moment have escaped unnoticed. Of course we were all eager to visit the spot where the memorable battle of Hoechstadt was fought, which lies but two miles and a half from the place. The excursion was particularly interesting, as we were accompanied by a noble descendant of the above mentioned hero, who seemed to feel all the proud and animating sensations which such a scene was calculated to awaken in his mind. A mill on a branch of the Danube marks the place where the battle raged with the greatest fury. The plain is now converted into corn fields, and forcibly recalled to my mind those beautiful and expressive words of the poet:—

- ‘ Scilicet et tempus veniet, cùm finibus illis
- ‘ Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
- ‘ Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila :
- ‘ Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
- ‘ Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.*

* There, after length of time, the peaceful swain
Who ploughs the turf that swells o’er armies slain,
Shall cast, half gnawed with rust, huge pikes in air,
And hollow helms that clash beneath the share,
And ’mid their yawning graves, amazed, behold
Large bones of warriors, of gigantic mould.

The next place we passed was Ulm, a considerable town situated on the Danube. The lofty houses with their painted roofs gave the place an air of antiquity. We alighted at *Das Rad*, which is considered the best inn in the place, and found there every comfort and convenience. The cathedral is a beautiful Gothic structure. Its interior, which is considered a master-piece of that style of architecture, is very extensive and superbly decorated: it is supposed to be two hundred feet long, and ninety-two broad. The town-house has little to recommend it to the traveller's attention, since, like the public library, it has been stripped of almost every thing valuable.

The name of this town made a conspicuous figure in the annals of the late war, being surrendered by General Mack to the French, with its powerful garrison of 36,000 men. Various opinions have been entertained of the conduct of this general, and the greater part have severely censured him. If I may judge from the conversation I had with an old inhabitant, I should consider his faults as arising rather from incapacity as an officer than from any treasonable intentions.

We travelled on a good road from Ulm to Geisslingen, and found this part of the country more picturesque and better cultivated than any through which we had lately passed. The landscape was enlivened by a number of comfortable villages, the neatness and general appearance of the inhabitants was in unison with the scenes amidst which they dwelt, and the whole aspect of the country tended strongly to remind us of some parts of Italy which we had the most admired.

Geisslingen is but a small town, consisting almost entirely of a long straggling street. We had no sooner alighted at the hotel than the room was filled with women, who came to offer us toys of bone and ivory, which are made here in great perfection, and which, indeed, constitute one of the principal branches of the trade of the place.

The country continued to increase in interest till we reached Stutgard, where we alighted at *Der Römische Kaiser*, which is considered the best hotel in the place; it stands on the *Graben*, directly opposite the English ambassador's. Stutgard is a very considerable and well built town, situated on the Necker, over which there is a bridge.

of very elegant design. Among the finest buildings the most prominent is the royal palace, delightfully situated near an extensive park. It is a noble structure; the interior is very splendid, and several of the apartments are filled with the productions of the most celebrated masters, as well as with numerous well executed statues. From the windows of the palace there is a most delightful view of the environs of the town, which in the distance embraces the groves of *Mon Repos*, the favourite residence of the Queen, of which I shall shortly have occasion to speak. These delightful scenes are multiplied in a variety of spacious mirrors ranged round the apartments. We were not a little surprised to see in many of the apartments a variety of paintings and engravings, representing the victories of the French over the Germans, subjects which did not appear to us calculated to awaken any very pleasing ideas in the mind of his majesty. We were also shown the Queen's apartments, which though inferior to the former in magnificence, surpassed them in taste and neatness. The elegant embroidery of the screens and chairs attracted our attention: it was particularly

pointed out to us as the work of her majesty, of whom the inhabitants always spoke in terms of the warmest affection. We were also conducted to the aviary, which is an extensive room, filled with birds of the greatest rarity from all quarters of the world.

The old palace is situated but a short distance from the present residence of their majesties; it is an extensive building, and is at this time converted into government offices. The town-house, the barracks, the public library, and the cathedral, are buildings worthy of attention. We also visited the theatre, situated near the new palace, which though not large is a handsome structure, with a neat interior. The performances appeared tolerably good, and the audience was numerous and elegant.

The town is enlivened with several fine walks, particularly those in the environs of the palace.

About three German miles from this place is situated the palace of Ludwigsburg, to which we took a ride: its apartments are extensive, elegantly furnished, and adorned with several good paintings. Ludwigsburg is well built, and the streets are wide

and commodious. We dined at an inn directly opposite the palace, at which house we were treated with the greatest attention. About two miles from Ludwigsburg is the Queen's palace called *Mon Repos*, which is equal in elegance to the former; it has an extensive garden laid out in the most beautiful style, and also the advantage of a fine lake, on which the Queen occasionally takes an excursion. The road from Ludwigsburg to *Mon Repos* is lined on each side with double rows of fine regularly planted trees, which gives it a very cheerful and pleasant appearance.

We paid a visit to Mr. Taylor, the ambassador of his Britannic Majesty, who received us with much kindness. We dined several times at his mansion, which ranks among the first buildings in the town, and also had the honour of meeting at these parties the Earl* and Countess of Cunningham, and their daughter Lady Elizabeth. Our evening parties were enlivened by the musical talents of the latter lady, who to beauty of person unites the fascination of a sweet melodious voice.

* Now Marquis of Cunningham.

LETTER XLV.

Departure from STUTGARD.—MANHEIM.—Description of the Town of HEIDELBURG.—FRANKFORT on the Main.—Walks and Environs. — GIESSEN.—WABERN.—Adventure of JEROME BONAPARTE.—Arrival at CASSEL.—Description of the Place and its Neighbourhood. — Palace of WITHELMSHÖHE.—Elector of HESSE CASSEL. — Departure for MÜNDEN.—Bustle among the Fashionables there.—GÖTTINGEN.—State of the University.—BRÜGGE.—HILDESHEIM.—HANOVER and Environs. — ZELL.—LÜNEBURG. — HAMBURG, Description of the Inhabitants.—Anecdote.—Commerce.—Climate.

Hamburg, June, 1815.

THE road from Stutgard is not invariably good ; the most delightful part of it we found lay between Stutgard and Heidelberg.

Manheim is a considerable town, situated on the conflux of the Rhine and Neckar ; it

has a fine market-place, a considerable trade, many linen, tobacco, and cloth manufactories, and about twenty-two thousand inhabitants. Its greatest ornament is the cathedral, which is of elegant architecture. Next to this is the palace, an extensive building, though much defaced by the bombardment of 1795. I shall briefly mention the remaining public edifices of this place which deserve notice. They are, the arsenal, the mint, the cannon foundry, the theatre, the botanic garden, the observatory, and the academy.

The inhabitants of Mannheim appear to be very industrious and active. Their favourite rendezvous are the palace gardens and the bridge over the Neckar.

From Mannheim we passed rapidly to Heidelberg, which is a small but neat and regularly built town.

Having nothing to detain us on the road we proceeded thence to Francfort on the Main, which is a very large and considerable town, generally well-built, though in some parts of it there are houses whose antique appearance forms a striking contrast with the elegant lightness of the more modern edifices. Among the finest buildings are the cathedral and

town-house, in which are exhibited portraits of all the German Emperors ; the palace of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, the exchange, the hospital, and the Casino. From the bridge which is built over the Main we enjoyed a delightful prospect. The trade of this place is very flourishing and it can boast of a great number of opulent and enterprising merchants. It contains a population of nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of about six thousand Jews, who before the French revolution were subjected to great restrictions which have been since removed.

The town is enlivened with a number of delightful walks ; the most frequented are those round its ramparts and others which are situated about the environs. The neighbourhood of the town is ornamented with some very fine gardens ; among which the most conspicuous is that of Mr. Bethmann, which is very richly ornamented with statues of the Graces, from the chisel of Canova. The great commerce of this place renders two fairs necessary, one is held at Easter, the other in August or September, at which periods the town is very gay and lively. In going from

Frankfort to Cassel we passed through Giessen, a place which is only remarkable for containing the tomb of the celebrated Werter and the fountain raised in honour of his Charlotte.

From Giessen we passed on to Wabern, a small town with a palace which was formerly the residence of the old Elector. We were told there that Jerome Buonaparte, during his reign as king of Westphalia, visited this place in his retreat before the Cossack army, and remained here a sufficient time to collect his friends together; but finding his safety consisted in flight, he borrowed a carriage from the post-master which he filled so full with officers both within and without, that before they had proceeded far from the town it broke down. No serious accident following, his ex-majesty ordered the horses to be taken out, and mounting one of them proceeded at a quick pace from the scene of danger; not forgetting, however, to order his servants, (for whom he appeared to fear nothing), to be careful in preserving every thing they possibly could.

The road from Wabern to Cassel is very good, and the scenery with which it is adorned

is delightful ; what contributes most to its beauty is a view of Wilhelmshöhe in the distance, a most romantic and beautiful palace of the archduke.

Cassel is a considerable place situated on the Fulda ; it is divided into the old and new town. The latter is very finely built, but the old town is much inferior.

Cassel can boast of a new royal palace, which is a magnificent edifice, surrounded with lofty pillars of the Ionian order ; the interior is splendidly and tastefully furnished. The old palace was nearly destroyed by fire, but they are rebuilding it with much spirit. Its site was remarkably favourable ; a fine lawn lay before it, and it commanded a most extensive and beautiful prospect. The environs of Cassel are delightful ; they are rendered doubly interesting, being the site of the superb palace of Wilhelmshöhe, which has an extensive garden attached to it. From Cassel to this palace, which is about half a mile, we rode through a straight avenue lined with trees. The palace is built on the eminence of a towering rock in the manner of the times of chivalry ; and, indeed, its whole appearance

tends to inspire the mind with feelings belonging to that time. Its apartments, which are extensive and magnificently furnished, are adorned with paintings of Italian masters. The garden, which forms a kind of amphitheatre, is laid out very tastefully in the English style: for extent, beauty, delightful avenues, and superb waterfalls it is almost unequalled. From an eminence at its extremity we enjoyed an enchanting view of Cassel and its environs. Near this spot stands a very curious cascade, as well as a bridge, which is named the "Devil's bridge." To render this place a complete paradise, birds are chaunting their melodious songs from every spray; indeed, it is almost impossible for imagination to conceive a spot in every respect more delightful.

The present Elector is a prince of very refined taste, and we were informed that he is continually making judicious alterations and improvements in the palace and gardens, the execution of which he personally inspects. The road from Cassel to Münden is exceedingly bad, but more particularly so for the first three miles from Cassel. The wheel of

our carriage was broken by the deep ruts of the road, and we proceeded very slowly till we arrived at Münden where the accident was repaired. This small town is situated at the confluence of the Weser and Fulda. We had scarcely alighted at the inn when we were waited upon by a young officer of Hussars, who came to invite us, in the name of the Colonel, to attend a ball which was that evening to be given in honour of the birth-day of his Majesty the King of England ; and it was with no small degree of regret that we were necessitated to decline this invitation, our departure being arranged for a very early hour the following morning.

Towards evening the whole place presented a scene of life and bustle. Hair-dressers were seen busily posting from house to house, and the *marchandes de mode* were all on the alert. A *fiacre*, which we understood was the only one in the place, was in constant requisition ; so imperious was the demand for its services, that notwithstanding the miserable and half starved condition of the animals who drew it, and in spite of the broken windows of the shattered vehicle, it was con-

stantly rolling through the street. Two or three families were conveyed at the same time, so anxious and urgent was the occasion. The uninvited part of the inhabitants sat before their doors to enjoy the sight of the fashionables thus rapidly whirled along to the scene of gaiety. I could not look on many of these groupes without a smile: the men were phlegmatically smoaking their pipes in their long white nightcaps and powdered heads, while the women sat by in their broad bonnets decorated with a profusion of long floating ribbands, sometimes gazing with delight on the passing spectacle, sometimes busily occupied in knitting.

Göttingen, a place celebrated for its valuable and extraordinary library, is a fine town, situated on the Leine, and, unlike many of the smaller towns of Germany, can boast of grand buildings and commodious streets enlivened with rows of trees. It contains a very celebrated university, which was founded in 1734 by Baron de Münchhausen, an Hanoverian minister, whose portrait is conspicuous in the library of the first story, which is the finest and most complete in Germany, con-

taining above a hundred and thirty thousand volumes, among which are several curious works, one of which is the Bible written upon leaves of the palm tree.

The university is now in a very flourishing condition, possessing above eight hundred students, among whom are some English noblemen with their tutors. The students have acquired a good character from the inhabitants, who praise them for their peaceable disposition. During the time this place was occupied by the French, the students had frequent and serious quarrels with *gensd'armes*, not liking to be deprived by foreign troops of rights which had been secured to them by the established customs of German universities. We visited the botanic garden which contains a rich and curious collection of plants. The ramparts afford a fine walk round the town and are much frequented by the inhabitants.

The first town at which we stopped after quitting Göttingen was Brügge, which is a small unimportant place, but the inhabitants are very industrious and possess a considerable linen trade. This place formerly be-

longed to the king of Prussia, and was lately ceded by his majesty to England. The road from Brügge to Hildesheim is in many places almost impassable, and the country is barren and uncultivated.

Hildesheim, which is very ancient and irregularly built, is divided into the old and the new town, and contains very few objects worth notice. It is ornamented with a palace in which the late Bishop resided, and a cathedral, but neither of them is remarkable for elegant architecture. The other public buildings are the town-house, the public library, &c.

In passing this place we were particularly struck with the fine squares and walks about the town. From hence we proceeded to Hanover, which is a large and considerable town, situated on the river Leine, which rushes with great rapidity through it. The houses are generally after the ancient style of architecture. It contains about 15,700 inhabitants. The town is ornamented with several fine buildings, among which are the royal palace of the Duke of Cambridge, the elegant mansion of General Walmoden, the cathedral, the

opera house, and the library, which contains many valuable manuscripts of the celebrated Leibnitz.

The walks about this town are very beautiful; one of them is adorned with elegant monuments of Leibnitz and of Werlof. Although the site of the city of Hanover is a sandy plain, it is not without some finely cultivated spots and elegant private gardens. Of the latter, the best belongs to General Walmoden, and is frequented by the inhabitants of rank and distinction; next to this is the garden of *Neuhous*, which is situated in the body of a thick wood, whence frequently issues the mellifluous notes of the nightingale. *Herren Housen*, and the garden of the Baroness von Decken, exceed in beauty and elegance those of any other in Hanover.

From Hanover we passed to Zell, on the way to Hamburg; we found the road sandy, barren, and in every respect uninteresting. Zell is a small town situated on the Aller, thinly inhabited by about 7,500 inhabitants. The royal palace is almost totally destroyed, and has been some time uninhabited; it is said that the government intends to repair it,

and we saw a quantity of materials collected for that purpose before its gates.

The cathedral contains the tomb of Queen Caroline Matilda ; the cannon foundry and the riding school are worthy of inspection. The most admired public walks are those round the ramparts of the town and the English garden. We were informed that the society of this place is very select, and the inhabitants being very attentive to strangers, the latter find no difficulty in getting introduced into their families. The road from Zell to Lüneburg is over the famous Lüneburg heath, which was formerly infested by a desperate gang of robbers, headed by a butcher, named Lenz, upon whose capture and execution the band dispersed, and travelling on this road thus became safe.

Lüneburg is a large fortified town situated on the Ilmenau. The market square is very fine and spacious, but all the buildings it contains are gloomy and of antique architecture. The town is very thickly inhabited, and carries on a considerable transit trade with Hamburg and Germany.

St. Michael's church is adorned with a fine ship made of massy gold; it also contains many elegant mausoleums of deceased noblemen of this town. Among the finest buildings here, are the palace, the library, and academy. The ramparts of the town, as well as the tea gardens near the gates are very much frequented.

The road from hence to the ferry, situated opposite to the *Zollenspücker* is sandy and much neglected. The ferry is a quarter of a German mile long, and the men who attend the boats are very expert. The traveller is carried direct to the inn, which is well situated and commands a fine view over the Elbe.

The journey from thence to Hamburg is delightful; the country fertile and well cultivated, and the beauty and variety of its scenery was doubly interesting to us, who had just left the dreary shore on the opposite side of the Elbe.

The environs of Hamburg present a melancholy picture of the horrors of war. The road is covered with the ruins of houses; the trees that once adorned them have been cut down, and the beautiful hedge-rows that for-

merly enlivened the spot have been levelled with the ground. The industry of the inhabitants and the flourishing state of their commerce will enable them shortly to repair these damages; nevertheless the injuries they have experienced from the French will long be felt by the present, and perhaps by a future generation. Half a mile from this town we passed another ferry, which is not so extensive as the former. There are several good inns in Hamburg: the best are situated on the public walk, *der Jungfern Stieg*, opposite the banks of the river Alster.

This large commercial city is divided into the old and new town, both nearly of equal size. Most of the houses are lofty, and have pointed roofs, which gives them an ancient gloomy appearance. It is situated on the Elbe and Alster; the latter river enters the city by small streams, and forms an elegant basin. The fortifications of this place are extensive, and on the ramparts are very beautiful walks, adorned with rows of trees. It contains now about 120,000 inhabitants, but the popu-

lation was much more considerable before the late war. On the entry of the French many families were obliged to quit their native place, and reluctantly seek an uncongenial refuge under foreign governments, and many of them were even obliged to leave all they possessed to the merciless foe. According to ancient custom, the gates of this city are closed every day at sunset, and any person who may wish to enter it after that time is obliged to pay a sum, which is increased every hour till midnight, after which time no person is allowed to pass on any pretence whatever. The situation of Hamburg is delightful, and is enriched with finely cultivated gardens and elegant houses. It derives great advantages from its contiguity to the Elbe and other navigable rivers, and in consequence ranks among the principal commercial towns in Germany.

One of the finest walks is the *Jungfern Stieg* which is situated near the Alster. There are two coffee-houses, where the Hamburger smoaks his pipe ; but the more fashionable take an ice-cream before they amuse themselves by a sail on the river Alster. This is the favourite promenade both of the higher

and lower classes of the inhabitants. I overheard there a group of mechanics in conversation together. One observed while lighting his pipe : “ thank God, the French are gone, and we can again smoak our pipe in quietness !” * Happy people ! who may now puff off their misfortunes with the fumes of their tobacco ! But such is human nature, we soon lose the recollections of our misfortunes. As a proof of this, I may relate a circumstance that happened to a friend of mine at the *Hôtel Potoki*, during the eventful period of the French revolution. He was in the coffee-room, observing two skilful players at billiards, when he was accosted by a Frenchman, who was dressed in rather a superior manner. After some observations on the game, the person thus addressed my friend ; “ *comment aimez-vous notre cuisine ?*” The latter was astonished at the observation, and only recovered from his surprise when he was informed that this well-dressed French-

* During the time the French were in possession of the town, nobody was permitted to smoak in the public walks.

man, who had been so free and easy in his manners, was the cook of the house, who during the week goes to market with his basket, and on Sundays plays off the Marquis, and is anxious to support the character he once held in society.

About a German mile from Hamburg stands Wandsbeck, a delightful village which is the chief ornament of the environs. The latter are enlivened by elegant country-houses and pleasant rural walks; those on the Elbe, near Altona, are by far the most frequented.

Among the many fine buildings which adorn the city of Hamburg, are the exchange which was built under the direction of a Mr. Ramé, the hotel of Count Potoki, the town house, and the arsenal. The most elegant of the churches are the cathedral which is a beautiful structure; St. Nicholas, which is remarkable for its organ supposed to be the largest in the world; and St. Michael, from which we had an extensive view of the town and its environs.

We visited the theatre which is situated at the *Kälbermarkt*; the interior is gloomy and the boxes are neither elegant

nor convenient. Its first tragic performer is Hertzfeld, who compensates in some degree for the disadvantages of the building. There are many balls and concerts given at the Vauxhall Garden of *Ramke*.

For the extent and prosperity of its commerce, Hamburg, at one period during the war, was supposed to be inferior only to London and Amsterdam. Its port is crowded with vessels, which at ebb-tide lay aground, but are not damaged in consequence of the bed of the river being very soft. The climate is rendered very unwholesome by the constant rains, and the narrowness of the streets in which so immense a population is crowded. Many of the inhabitants, whose poverty obliges them to live in cellars, suffer severely by the inundations, which are occasioned by the height of the tide in some seasons of the year.

The Hamburgers consider industry as the most useful of all virtues; and it is on this account, that Hamburg can boast of so great a number of wealthy citizens, many of whom seem determined to preserve the dress and manners, as well as the

spirit and enterprise of their forefathers. The women are remarkably handsome, and particularly attentive to the neatness and propriety of their appearance. The inhabitants of Hamburg were never celebrated for morality, but their depravity seems to have increased in a shocking degree since the French revolution. It is to be hoped that the re-established government will tend to abolish some of the nurseries of vice, with which this city at present but too much abounds.

For the management of their poor, they deserve, however, particular commendation. By the praise-worthy exertions of a body of two hundred of the most respectable part of the inhabitants, a few years since employment was provided for the lower classes of the people, health was restored to the sick, instruction given to the ignorant, and mendicity entirely banished from the streets. Those benefits were effected by the most humane, benevolent, and judicious regulations; the good effects of which will be felt as long as plans so congenial with true policy shall continue to be acted upon.

From Hamburg our journey lay towards the

capital of Denmark. Holstein is partly fertile and partly barren and uninteresting; the road is very sandy and offers but few pleasing prospects. The towns generally consist of red brick houses, the windows and shutters painted green, which gives them a cheerful and neat appearance. The inhabitants look healthy, are very industrious, and bear a good character; they are attached to their sovereign and their patriotic spirit is well known.

The King transferred the bank from Altona to Copenhagen, in order to unite the bank notes of Holstein and Zealand: those of the latter were always under par, but the former retained their primitive value. The inhabitants of Holstein did not approve of this royal order; they called a council, and concluded on sending a deputation to the King, requesting his majesty to call in their bank notes, for which royal mark of favour they professed themselves willing to pay the sum of 1,200,000 dollars. His majesty received the deputation very graciously and granted their request.

Their military establishment during the last war consisted of 26,000 men, in addition to 8,000 Danes who served against the Swedes,

They could have brought forward 60,000 men in case of necessity.

The postmasters have orders to allow the traveller no horses without first examining his passport ; but they are not very rigid in the execution of this royal decree. The post travels so quick, that letters are conveyed in fifty hours from Hamburg to Copenhagen. Every postillion has a written paper mentioning the time of his arrival and departure, and so strict are the regulations, that for every quarter of an hour he is behind the time allowed by the post office, he must pay a fine of twelve Danish skillings.

We were detained only a short time at the custom-house at Pinneberg, which is a small town with but little to interest the traveller. Sleswick is a long straggling place, consisting nearly of a single street. We passed the palace of the Count Gottorp, which stands in a delightful spot, and being surrounded with a canal and a small road has quite the appearance of a fortress in miniature. On quitting this place we enjoyed many fine views from the eminences of the road, which continues hilly as far as Apenrade ; the country is well cultivated and produces great quantities of corn.

We had the pleasure of first seeing the Baltic from an eminence on entering the small town of Apenrade, which is built on the gulph of that sea, and presented us with a fine burst of wild scenery through the opening of the woods by which it is surrounded. Our landlord during the evening showed us two large apartments filled with pictures, which he had executed himself without any instruction in the art: and as far as I was able to judge, they were very creditable specimens of taste and industry.

At a short distance from the town of Snoghoe, on an eminence, we saw the ruins of a large palace, which was burnt by the Spaniards during the last war. The Crown Prince of Sweden resided in it, and was with difficulty saved from the fury of the flames. The fire was fortunately discovered in time by a painter, who immediately gave the alarm: so that the inhabitants were all saved, but most of its valuable decorations fell a prey to the flames. We went to Middlefahrt over the Little Belt, which in this place is only half a German mile broad; the stream is very rapid, but the ferry boat being in good order and the men expert, we made the passage in half an hour, though the wind was so

slack that they were obliged to row half the distance. Nyburg, where we embarked to cross over the Grand Belt, is a considerable town, and contains several handsome buildings, but it is thinly inhabited, has little or no trade, and presents a very gloomy appearance. The packet-boats are of sixty tons, strongly built, and manned with able seamen: they sail every Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the morning. Carriages and horses must be sent on board an hour before the time of sailing; and as soon as the bell on the wharf rings for the passengers, it is advisable to repair on board without delay.* They sail with all winds, and in spite of the rough and tempestuous gales they are exposed

* We had to pay for our servant, carriage, and two horses as follows:—

	Doll.	Shil.	Dan.
Freight after the tariff.	8	77	
Schreibe Pfenige (for writing).	0	51	
Bronpeig	2	48	
Loading and unloading	6	0	
Present to the captain	3	0	
	25	80	

About twenty-six dollars are a pound sterling, according to the exchange.

to during the winter season it is very rare to hear of a packet being lost. We stopt long enough at the post-house at Ringstedte to visit the church close by, in order to see the tombs of the Kings Canut and Eric, no part of which remains except a large stone upon the ground with an inscription on it. The church contains many other relics and ancient bas reliefs on the walls. The last town we passed before we entered the capital was Roskild; in its cathedral are the tombs of the kings of the house of Denmark.

The innkeepers in Zealand are remarkable for their rough and unpolished behaviour to strangers, receiving them with coolness and indifference, although they make them pay exorbitant prices for their accommodation: they also affect great patriotism, and are often loud in their invectives against most of the European nations. The inns have no sign over their doors, but are called by their proprietor's name. The road from Roskild to Copenhagen is very good and well studded with country-houses: the inhabitants also present an appearance of healthiness and activity, so commonly observed among the Danish peasants.

A short distance from Copenhagen we passed a large obelisk erected by the inhabitants in 1793 to the honour of Christian the Seventh, on his abolishing vassalage: four female figures, gracefully executed in white marble, surround its pedestal.

The gates of the city are strengthened by two portcullises which give it a very imposing and warlike appearance. It is altogether a strongly fortified place, and its ramparts are well mounted with cannon. The houses are lofty and commodious, but are of no regular order of architecture. The streets are wide, and have the advantages of a side pavement.

The exchange is a fine old building, the interior of which is filled with shops. The new palace is a stately structure situated in a square ornamented with buildings of superior workmanship, in the middle of which stands the equestrian statue of Christian the Fifth. The other elegant edifices which adorn the town are the palaces of the great treasurer and of Prince Augustenbourg. We visited the hospital and the barracks, and found them kept in the best order. There is another extensive square

which is adorned with the equestrian figure of Frederick the Fifth ; the artist received for it half a million of rixdollars, and had a pension settled on him of one thousand dollars per annum. They are actively engaged in rebuilding the old palace destroyed some time since by a fire, which originated in one of the chimnies.

Among the churches that of our Saviour appeared to be much superior to the others in the beauty of its architecture and the grandeur of its design.

The theatre is a magnificent building ; but as it is only open in the winter, we were not enabled to judge whether the acting and the decorations of the interior corresponded with its external elegance. I visited a small theatre without the gates of the town where rope-dancing was the principal amusement, I saw in the stage-box one of the royal Princes, accompanied only by an aide-de-camp ; he was plainly dressed, and a ribbon, the insignia of some order, was the only mark of distinction he wore.

The king's garden is one of the most

fashionable walks: it is laid out with great taste, is kept in good order, and is certainly the finest in Copenhagen. It contains a great number of orange trees, and is ornamented with some fine statues. To render it completely delightful it is frequently enlivened with music, and the Danish ladies attend it till late in the summer evenings. There is also another beautiful walk on the ramparts of the town, but it is very little frequented by the higher classes.

The university, which was founded in 1475, is a noble building, and is, as well as the military and naval academies, provided with professors of very superior talents. The royal library contains more than three hundred thousand volumes; many of them are extremely valuable; here are deposited the manuscripts of the celebrated traveller Mr. Niebuhr. We were shown the first book ever printed in Denmark, it is dated 1492.

The port is supposed to be superior to any in Europe; we observed many vessels loading and unloading in the middle of the city,

the canals communicating with the sea being sufficiently broad and deep to permit vessels to pass and repass.

We were highly delighted with a visit to the royal gallery and museum, both of which are adorned with many curious and valuable objects. It is necessary to inform the professors the time when a party are desirous of seeing this singular collection in order that one may be in attendance; for which purpose each visitant is expected to pay about a guinea. If once the hour is appointed for their attendance, the money must be paid, even if the traveller should be detained by the most serious accident.

The environs of Copenhagen are picturesque and well cultivated, and are enlivened with a great number of neatly built houses, with large and beautiful gardens, which command an extensive view of the sea. We visited one of these country-houses, which besides its own elegance and the superior charms of its situation, had the additional interest of having been the head-quarters of Lord Cathcart.

The environs are also adorned with several

royal palaces, among which the most magnificent is that of Fredericksbourg. Its church and the knights' saloon are exceedingly splendid; the garden attached to it is extensive, and ornamented with some fine statues.

On Sundays the inhabitants generally take an excursion into the country, carrying refreshments with them, and dining in the open air, after which they walk in the king's park, which is often honoured with the presence of the royal family, who have a tent erected there, where they partake of refreshments, and appear to enjoy the rural beauty of the scene.

Copenhagen contains about one hundred thousand inhabitants, who are in general industrious and active; but the good effects of these virtues are counteracted among the lower classes by a fatal attachment to strong liquors. Education is very little diffused amongst them; their behaviour towards strangers is below what might be expected from a civilized nation, and in this respect different from their neighbours the Swedes. They appear particularly loyal, and are warm and sincere in their attachment to their sovereign. They, nevertheless, seem

to entertain a partiality in favour of the ruler of the French nation, as they manifested great displeasure when the *corps diplomatique* illuminated in honour of the glorious victory of Waterloo. The front of the house of Mr. Foster, British ambassador, was the most splendid on that occasion, representing Prince Blucher and the Duke of Wellington crowning the bust of Louis the Eighteenth, over which was written *La Belle Alliance*. Towards evening the inhabitants gathered in crowds before the door, and testified their displeasure by hissing and throwing stones at the windows and the porter's lodge, and damaging the transparencies, with loud shouts of '*vive l'Empereur !*' but a patrol on horseback soon dispersed them, and arrested the ringleaders of the disturbance, who proved to be a student and a soldier.

The King often visits the palace of Fredericksburg, which from its rural and retired situation is extremely agreeable to him, being a contrast to the bustle of the Court, as his Majesty has a great taste for agricultural pursuits. Although he has reigned since 1808, his coronation has not yet taken place, but the ceremony is expected to be

performed on the 30th of July next. His Majesty lives with great economy, and does not like show or splendour. He often walks unattended even by a single footman, or without any badge of distinction, and is extremely condescending and affable to those he meets.

We had a very delightful ride to Elsinore, over a fine gravelled road, lined on each side with lofty trees, and adorned with many elegant mansions; the most conspicuous are those of König and Count Bernsdorf. Before the latter stands a monument, erected on the occasion of the Count's emancipating his peasants from feudal slavery.

We stopped but one day at Elsinore, a small uninteresting place; the streets are narrow, and the houses have nothing to recommend them to notice. We caught a passing glance of the cathedral and the town-house, both of which appeared to be very indifferent structures.

The situation of the town, is, however, delightful; and its port is one of the most considerable in Europe, all vessels arriving from, or going to the Baltic being obliged to pass it,

and pay the sound duties to the King of Denmark. To the left of the port stands Fort Cronenbourg, which is built of stone, and has a grand and magnificent appearance, more resembling a palace than a fortress. In this fort they shew the apartments formerly occupied by the unfortunate Queen Matilda. Here we enjoyed a beautiful view of seventy-five sail of merchantmen, coming from the Baltic, most of them ships of between two and three hundred tons burthen. The Swedish coast can be very distinctly seen, and in fair weather the passage from this port to Helsingborg may be made in less than thirty-five minutes.

The population of Elsinore is computed at about 5,500 souls.

With our minds full of the divine Shakespeare, we took an excursion to the celebrated garden of Hamlet; it is about two miles from the town, and is laid out in a most beautiful style, with fine avenues, and many delightful bowers, placed on elevated parts, from whence we were gratified with a most extensive and agreeably varied prospect of the Danish and Swedish

shores, enlivened with innumerable vessels of all sizes, sailing majestically upon the foaming ocean.

We likewise saw the platform on which tradition says Hamlet was accosted by the ghost of his father; nothing remains but the ruins of a tower which formerly stood on the same spot, and which is now only a heap of rubbish.

Having visited the port and seen the antiquities of the town we returned to Copenhagen.

I have to express my acknowledgments to Mr. Foster, Minister Plenipotentiary from Great Britain, for his invariable kindness and polite attention during my stay in Copenhagen; and also to his amiable and accomplished lady, whose urbanity of manners, added to her high attainments, are acquisitions rarely to be met with in these regions. Their politeness was rendered doubly gratifying, as the inhabitants are rather jealous of admitting foreigners into the private circle of their families, and without their introduction I should have had very little opportunity of forming an opinion of the society and manners of Copenhagen. I had the honour of visiting the Marquis de Bonay, ambassador of his majesty the King of France,

with whom I had been acquainted at Vienna. I was present at a fete given in commemoration of the victory gained at the battle of Waterloo by Count de Donau, minister plenipotentiary of his Prussian majesty, where I had the honour of being introduced to several persons of rank and fashion; amongst them were some Danish ladies of distinction, who appeared amiable and accomplished.

We returned to Hamburg by the route which I have already described, and after remaining there a short time proceeded on our way to Bremen, and crossed the beautiful bridge near Harburg; much has been said in praise of the design and execution of it, and the French take great credit to themselves for having left such a noble monument of their skill and industry behind them. I do not at all feel disposed to deprive their army of any reputation it may have justly gained: but on this occasion the fact is, that the wood of which the bridge is composed was taken in requisition from Mr. Peter Godefroy, an eminent merchant at Hamburg; and the workmen employed (the number of which amounted at one time to nearly two thousand),

were inhabitants of that city, who were put in requisition for the undertaking. The general opinion relative to the bridge is, that the solidity of the building is not equal to its beauty, and that its permanence will not exceed ten years, during which time the receipt of the toll will scarcely cover the expence of keeping it in constant repair, as hardly any carriages pass but posts, and all heavy waggons go by water to Harburg. Near the bridge are two small ferries, conducted by a rope from shore to shore, as in many parts of England, which secures the advantage of a quick passage in all weathers.

Harburg is an inconsiderable town, but it is well fortified, with strong ramparts and a drawbridge. This is one of the many towns that were doomed, during the late war, to suffer severe privations, having been bombarded several times by the French. On entering it we saw nothing around us but the ruins of houses, and every other mark of the desolating spirit of the foe.

The road from thence to Bremen is very indifferent, and the country uninteresting. It is a large well built town situated on the Weser, has a very flourishing and extensive commerce, and contains about 46,000 inhabitants.

In consequence of moving sand-banks, large vessels are prevented coming up to the town, and are under the necessity of loading and unloading at Bracken, which is situated eight German miles from Bremen. We alighted at the *Hôtel de Philadelphie*, and found the accommodations excellent and the people civil and attentive.

Among the finest buildings here, is the cathedral, in which is shewn a vault that has the peculiarity of preserving bodies from putrefaction. This church is a very ancient building, and has long subterraneous caves in the Gothic style. The exchange, the arsenal, and the prison, are all respectable edifices well adapted for their several uses. There are many squares here, in some of which markets are kept; one of them is ornamented with a fine statue of the giant Roland. The Weser passes through Bremen, and divides it into the old and new town; these are connected with the main street by a wooden bridge. The inhabitants, as far as we were enabled to judge, appeared industrious and active.

From Bremen we passed through Diepholz to Osnabrug; the road was sandy, barren, and

quite uninteresting till we drew near the latter town, where we were highly delighted with the scenery which surrounded us. The country is fertile and well cultivated, presenting alternately pasture lands, high hills, and lofty pine woods. We were particularly struck with the size of the trees, one of which we measured; it was eight yards in circumference, with proportionable branches and exceedingly high. The situation of Osnabrug is agreeable and cheerful, though the town is irregularly built and the houses are very low. It is supposed to contain between 8 and 9000 inhabitants.

Dining at the *table d'hôte* of our hotel we were informed of a dispute between a French and a Prussian officer, which took place there a few days previous. The former was a prisoner dining at the table; he observed that the allied army would be driven very shortly from France to the very heart of Germany, and perhaps to the very spot where he now sat. Indignant at the audacity of this exclamation, the Prussian officer desired him to drop this unbecoming conversation, and to recollect in what company he was. The

Frenchman, in order to calm his antagonist, ironically asked him to drink a glass of wine with him. No, said the Prussian, there is but one way in which I can empty a glass of wine with such a man as you, which is by throwing it in your face ; this he accordingly did. The result of the quarrel was that they were both brought before the commandant, and the French officer obliged to leave the town.

The finest buildings here are the cathedral, which can boast of many valuable relics of antiquity, and the town-house in which the peace of 1648 was concluded. Here we saw the portraits of all the ambassadors who were present at the celebrated conferences which ended in the ratification of the treaty of peace. They preserve in the same room two wooden boxes, in which were deposited, for the benefit of the poor, the fines of the ambassadors who arrived after a certain time : also a lustre which was used in their evening discussions ; and a tumbler, on which is painted the arms of the various powers engaged at the conferences. There are likewise two books which contain the arms of the ancient Bishops of Osnabrug.

The *Freyung* is the favourite rendezvous of the inhabitants; it is ornamented with a pleasant walk. This town has many manufactures where a coarse kind of linen is fabricated. The road thence to Munster is in good repair, but rather hilly; the country is fertile and well cultivated.

Munster is a large fortified town, the houses are lofty and irregularly built with pointed roofs; those in the main streets have colonnades which give them an imposing appearance.

Among the public edifices in this city that are deserving attention, is the town-house. It was here that the treaty of peace was concluded in 1648; and we saw in one of the apartments portraits of the ambassadors who ratified it, likewise the cushions on which they sat, and the crucifix to which they prayed for the success of their endeavours. The next building worthy of notice is the cathedral, the architecture of which is partly in the Gothic and partly in the Roman style. We saw on the steeple of the church of *St. Lambert* three iron pikes, on which were fixed the heads of John of Leyden

and two of his accomplices. This fanatic, who was at the head of the anabaptists, made himself master of the town, and with his followers committed many atrocities. They likewise shewed the iron pincers with which, being made red hot, these deluded men were tortured to death.

The palace is a neat building, but it has no pretensions to an imposing or splendid appearance. The gardens attached to it are extensive and beautiful. The environs which formerly were occupied by fortifications, now afford numerous delightful public walks and tea gardens.

This town was exceedingly rich before it was invaded by the French, who despoiled it of all its most valuable ornaments and treasures, plundering the cathedral of its massy silver, besides laying very heavy contributions on the people.

The inhabitants look unhealthy and are careless in their dress. The women are not handsome, but are in general well educated. This place was very much crowded with wounded soldiers of the allies, who had fought at the battle of Waterloo. We con-

versed with several surgeons belonging to the hospital, who assured us that the convalescent were continually presenting petitions to be allowed to join the army. Many Prussian soldiers belonging to the *Landsturm*, were often heard to express their sorrow that they could not conquer or die for their king on the field of battle. One of the surgeons was the son of a clergyman, and belonged to a corps of that army; he said, that the lines were promiscuously composed of noblemen, clergymen, professors, students, merchants and peasants; most of them had volunteered their services, and all were fraught with noble and patriotic enthusiasm for the good cause.

Of the father of the above mentioned surgeon a curious anecdote is related. Frederick the Great, on the death of one of his chaplains, being desirous of replacing him by a man of talent, took the following mode of ascertaining the qualification of the candidate for the nomination. He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text the following Sunday, from which he was to preach extempore. The clergyman accepted the offer. The whim of such a probationary sermon was spread

abroad widely, and at an early hour the Royal Chapel was crowded to excess. The King arrived at the close of the prayers, and on the clergyman's ascending the pulpit, one of his Majesty's aides-de-camp presented him a sealed letter. The preacher opened it and found nothing but a blank paper; yet in so critical a moment he did not lose his presence of mind. "My brethren," said he, turning the paper on both sides, "here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things," and he proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse on the wonders of the creation.

LETTER XLVI.

Departure from MUNSTER.—The HAGUE.

—Description of the Town.—Inhabitants.—

Dutch Dress.—Journey to HELVOETSLUYS.

Packets.—Voyage to HARWICH.—Grateful

Sentiments of beholding again the British Shore.

Hague, August 1815.

FROM Munster we proceeded to the Hague, which is a beautiful and well fortified town; the buildings have a fine effect from their regularity. Its situation is particularly pleasant, being only about two miles from the sea. Among the most elegant of its structures are the royal palace, the palace where the states assemble, and that of the Princess of Orange.

The city is adorned with many beautiful walks, which are much frequented. The park, which is supposed to be one of the finest in Europe, is also a favourite rendezvous; indeed it would be difficult to enumerate all the pleasant

promenades with which the environs abound. The churches are in general of an inferior architecture, their interior neat, and without ornament.

As far as we were enabled to ascertain, the inhabitants appear very select in their society and are particularly scrupulous of admitting strangers into their private circles. We had the honour of being present at a ball given by Mr. James, British *Chargé d'Affaires*, which was attended by many Dutch ladies of high rank. They were dressed after the French fashion, but resembled that nation only in outward appearance, as they are very reserved to strangers, though in their more immediate circles they are amiable and agreeable.

The dress of the middle class of females is very singular; it generally consists of a long waisted gown of broad striped woollen or cotton stuff, three or four thick petticoats, black stockings, and clumsy shoes with large silver buckles. Their head is ornamented with a mob cap fastened under the chin, with a kind of black bonnet over it. They usually adorn themselves with large gold ear-rings and necklaces and a profusion of rings of the

same metal on their fingers. The men are stout and rather corpulent, with red cheeks and cunning eyes. Their dress generally consists of a claret coloured jacket, trowsers in the Cossack style, thick shoes, and immensely large buckles; a round curled wig unpowdered, and a small hat; a stump of a pipe is constantly in their mouths. They seem interested and suspicious, but are themselves honest; their hands are generally in their pockets, as if fearful of being robbed; they grin without laughing, and are civil without being polite.

The revolutionary army entered this town in 1795, and quitted it in 1813. Their residence in it will not be quickly effaced from the recollections of the industrious inhabitants, as besides other disadvantages it gave a mortal blow to morality, the duties of which the Dutch till then had been so scrupulous of observing. We had the honour of seeing the King, as he was proceeding in state to the house of representatives, amidst the reiterated acclamations of a loyal people. We next saw him at the French theatre, where the same sentiments were renewed and with still more enthusiasm, it being the birth-day of his Majesty, who ap-

peared very much affected by the repeated acclamation of affection with which he was greeted. Several canals pass through the town, and there are some good drawbridges built over them. Packets * go hence to every part of Holland. The environs are delightful, being enlivened with several elegant palaces and other edifices. That of Ryswick, at which the peace was concluded, is situated about half a mile from the town.

I was under the disagreeable necessity of leaving Mr. Maxwell here, as he went to visit Spa before his return to England. On this occasion I felt a deep and sincere regret, as we had shared many perilous and many agreeable hours in the course of our tour. I had likewise on many occasions derived much benefit from his sound judgment and valuable information, as also much pleasure in his agreeable conversation and urbanity of manners. I proceeded by a good road to Delft, which is a small neat place built in the usual manner of inferior Dutch towns. A canal passes through it, and it is lined with trees which tend to give it a cheerful aspect; it is only remarkable for being the birth-place of the celebrated Grotius.

* They are called *Treckschuyten*.

Crossing a small ferry I reached an island, where I was accommodated with a worn-out gig, and a horse so much in unison with it, that I was hardly able to decide which was the most miserable. After having proceeded half an hour in this uncomfortable conveyance I reached another ferry, by which I crossed the river Maese to Briel. The passage was rough, but as the men are very expert and attentive, and the ferryboats good and commodious, I reached the shore without any other inconvenience than that of getting wet by the spray.

Briel is a large, well built town, and has an extensive trade with all parts of Holland. As there are frequent conveyances from it to Helvoetsluys, which is but seven English miles distant, I availed myself of one of them, and arrived there in about an hour. It is small and irregularly built; a canal passes through it, over which is a good wooden bridge. The town is well fortified, but the port is very much exposed, and affords only indifferent shelter in the tempestuous gales with which these seas are often visited during the winter months. The packets lay up the canal, but even there they are in much danger and exposed to accidents, as the sea is seldom

calm, and rushes up with great violence. Our packet was detained three days through the inclemency of the weather and contrary winds. The town is very dull, and its environs are barren and uninteresting. The inn at which I took up my abode, called the *English Packet Inn*, was but indifferent and their charges very extravagant. *

Growing tired of the long detention, our captain at length determined to brave contrary winds, and complying with the earnest and often expressed wishes of the passengers, put to sea amidst those disadvantages. The packet was crowded in consequence of its long stay at the port, and the company consisted of a mixed party. Among

* The following charges I had to pay from the Hague to Helvoetsluys :—

	Flor.	Stubers.
A gig to Delph	8	0
Ferry to the island	0	8
Gig at the isle	0	14
Ferry at Briel	0	7
To carry the baggage	0	12
Carriage to Helvoetsluys	3	14
Passage in the packet	28	0
	41	15

About 4l. 3s. English.

those who chiefly attracted my attention was a haughty commissary and a half-pay captain with their wives, both I believe came from Malta. There were likewise two young Englishmen who left London only three months ago, and after having taken a ramble through Paris, Brussels, &c. were returning home with empty pockets, but full of remarks which their short tour had enabled them to make. There was likewise a Dutch schoolmaster on his way to London for the purpose of purchasing books; he was accompanied by a Dutch merchant. But the most amusing groupe consisted of a Jew, clerk to a mercantile house in Hamburg, and a broad-shouldered *soi-disant* merchant of the same persuasion, who pretended to claim acquaintance with every one on board, but could not succeed in the attempt. He boasted of his mercantile speculations and his acquaintance with one of the late Lord Mayors of London. To make the picture compleat we had also on board an industrious Irishman, who with his wife and two children had left England to procure leeches in Holland, of which he had gathered a large stock in a box that he had on board. It is a pity the poet Wordsworth had not been of our party, he has already immor-

talized one leech-gatherer, and this son of Hibernia might have given double play to his genius.

‘ He told me that he to this pond had come

‘ To gather leeches, &c.....

‘ And he had many hardships to endure,

‘ From pond to pond he roam’d, from moor to moor,

‘ Housing by God’s good help, by choice or chance,

‘ And in this way he gain’d an honest maintenance.

‘ My question eagerly I did renew :

‘ How is it that you live, and what is it you do ?

‘ He said, that gathering leeches far and wide

‘ He travelled, stirring thus about his feet

‘ The waters of the pond where they abide.

‘ Once I could meet with them on every side,

‘ But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;

‘ Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.’

We had a very rough and uncomfortable passage, owing to the high winds and the number of passengers on board. Our captain walked up and down the deck, assumed a very consequential air, with his telescope under his arm, occasionally applying it to his eye, with as much apparent importance as if he had been surveying an enemy’s line drawn up to receive him. Among all his passengers, the commissary and his wife were the only persons he seemed to think worthy his attention, as he deigned to converse with

none but them. His austerity, however, did not disdain the gross flatteries which the Jew merchant lavished on his naval skill when we saw land.

As soon as we reached the port and dropped anchor, the captain ordered out his boat, and without bidding adieu to any of his passengers, with the exception of his friends above-mentioned, went on shore, as if he had been some distinguished passenger, and not the captain of the packet. But all other thoughts were now absorbed in the contemplation of that shore, from which I had been above two years absent. There was nothing to detain me at Harwich, and I immediately set off for London, and hastened to Downing street, with the packet for government, of which Mr. James, the British *Chargé d'Affaires*, had done me the honour to make me the bearer.

It is impossible to describe the pleasure and satisfaction I experienced on finding myself once more in a country which, next to my native land, I love beyond all others. I shall not attempt to make a minute comparison between England and the continental states that I have visited, but the contrast which they afford is too striking to be passed by altogether.

Less favoured by nature than many neighbouring kingdoms, she yet possesses comforts peculiarly her own. If she is not visited by the mild temperature and clear blue sky of Italy, her domestic circles and cheerful fire-side amply compensate for the loss of both. If England be not the cradle of the arts, her splendid collections of their most precious remains sufficiently prove the encouragement she has afforded them, and her judgment in the choice shews her capability of appreciating their worth. But, above all, her excellent constitution, the prudence of her legislators, and the mildness of her government, have given her a degree of civil and religious liberty, wholly unknown to foreigners, and the splendour of her arms, and the extent of her commerce, have rendered her the admiration and envy of the world.

THE TURKISH PASSPORT.

The Seal of the Sultan.

(In the central position.)

APPENDIX.

The servant of the Sultan.

(On the left side.)

توکل علی الله

I rely on God.

(On the top side.)

COPY OF THE TURKISH PASSPORT.

And victory is not except from God.

(Vide page 46.)

وما یفعل الا الله

And my prosperity is not but through God.

(The lower side is not marked plainly enough to be read.)

TRANSCRIPTION.

شریف عالی پاشا و ارغیس و کوردوس القیاری اندیلر
زید قلیم و قمره کاشان و انجیل و یونان لری و رجوع اهالی
و انجیل لری زید قلیم انجا یونان که ایکلنده بکراده
لری و انجیل لری و انجیل لری و انجیل لری
مستطی انجیل لری و انجیل لری و انجیل لری

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APPENDIX

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COPY OF THE TURKISH PASSPORT

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(Vide page 46.)

THE TURKISH PASSPORT.

THE SEAL OF THE SULTAN.

(In the central division.)

عبدہ السید احمد

The servant of him (God) Assaiyid Ahmad.

(On the left side.)

توکلت علی الله

I rely on God.

(On the top side.)

و ما النصر الا من عند الله

And victory is not except from God.

(On the right side.)

و ما توفیقي الا بالله

And my prosperity is not but through God.

(The lower side is not marked plainly enough to be read.)

TRANSCRIPT.

شریعتشعائر طرابلس و ارخوس و کوردوس قاضیلری افندیلر
زید فضلهم و قدوة الاماحد والاعیان ویوده لری و وجوه اهالی
و دربند اغای زید مجدد هم انها بولنور که اینکلنده بکراده
لرندن ————— و ————— ایکی نفر
مستامن خدمتگار لریله طرابلس دن اتنه یه عازم اولملریله

TRANSLATION OF THE PASSPORT.

To the Magistrates, the Judges and Effendīs of Tarābalija, and Arkhūs and Kūrdūs, may their learning increase, and the model of the most renowned, and of the nobles, their Waiwodas, and the chiefs of the people and the commander of Darband, may their glory increase, it is made known, that of English officers, ————— and —————, two trusty persons, with their servant, journeying from Tarābalija to Athens, being to be conveyed in a hospitable manner with a courier for known purposes, and to be provided on their journey with necessaries for travelling, and the customs of hospitality to be observed towards them ; on account of their passing on their way in safety, and of their being forwarded from Tarabalija to Athens, whither they are going, Our Diwan has written and issued this command and sent it by a courier : God willing, on their arrival it is necessary that, in the manner pointed out, the customs of hospitality being observed, they pass in safety and with despatch to their intended place. Agreeable to these commands act.

17th of the month Zi-l-Kaada, year 1229.

THE END.

TRANSLATION OF THE PASSPORT.

To the Magistrates, the Judges and Friends of Tarābājā, and Akhūn and Kūrdā, may their learning increase, and the model of the most renowned, and of the nobles, their Waiwōdā, and the chiefs of the people and the commander of Darband, may their glory increase, it is made known, that of English officers, _____, two trusty persons, with their servant, journeying from Tarābājā to Athens, being to be conveyed in a hospitable manner with a courier for known purposes, and to be provided on their journey with necessities for travelling, and the customs of hospitality to be observed towards them; on account of their passing on their way in safety, and of their being forwarded from Tarābājā to Athens, whether they are going. Our Diwan has written and issued this command and sent it by a courier: God willing, on their arrival it is necessary that in the manner pointed out, the customs of hospitality being observed, they pass in safety and with despatch to their intended place. Agreeable to these commands act.

17th of the month Zi-l-Kadd, Year 1230.

THE END.

یانلرینه ترفیقلقنده تاتار ایله قضاها ی مذکوره یه وصول و
 بیتوتلرنده اوازم مسافرتلرینی رویه و مراسم مهماننوازیلرینه
 رعایه اولنهرق اثنای طریقده امنّا و سالما مرور لرینه و دربند
 دن اتنه جانبنه عزیزمتلرینه مبادره اولنمق بابنده دیوان
 موزه وفا اشبو بیورلری تحریر و اصدار و تاتار ایله ارسال
 اولنمشدر ان شاء الله تعالی وصولنده کرکدر که بر وجه
 مشروح مراسم مهماننوازیلرینه رعایه اولنهرق امنّا و سالما
 مرور و عزیزمتلرینه مبادره برله بر موجب بیورلری عمل و
 حرکت ایلیه —

شهر ذی قعدة ۱۷ سنه ۱۲۲۹

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم
 الحمد لله رب العالمين
 والصلاة والسلام على سيدنا محمد
 وآله الطيبين الطاهرين
 أجمعين
 أما بعد
 فبالحمد لله رب العالمين
 والصلاة والسلام على سيدنا محمد
 وآله الطيبين الطاهرين
 أجمعين
 فبالحمد لله رب العالمين
 والصلاة والسلام على سيدنا محمد
 وآله الطيبين الطاهرين
 أجمعين

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